SPORTIN

ANECDO

ORIGINAL AND SELECT

OF

CHARACTERS

ANON

Ex Libris

JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

SPORTING
ANECDOTES;

ORIGINAL AND SELECT;

INCLUDING

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCHES

OF

Eminent Persons

WHO HAVE APPEARED ON THE TURF:

With an interesting Selection of the

MOST EXTRAORDINARY EVENTS WHICH HAVE TRANSPIRED

IN THE SPORTING WORLD;

A correct Description of

THE ANIMALS OF CHASE;

AND OF EVERY OTHER SUBJECT CONNECTED WITH THE VARIOUS

DIVERSIONS OF THE FIELD.

BY AN AMATEUR SPORTSMAN.

ALBION PRESS PRINTED,

FOR J. CUNDEE, IVY-LANE, PATERNOSTER-ROW;

AND J. HARRIS, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

PREFACE

TO THE SECOND EDITION.

To concentrate the scattered rays of knowledge, wit, and humour, though one of the humble, is not among the least useful tasks of literature. Many irradiations of excellence, and many sallies of genius, are often to be found amidst pages of sterile loquacity, and volumes of unimportant matter: they are confounded with that which no one reads, or which is read only to be forgotten; and then sink into unmerited oblivion, overcome by the torpid lethargy and tasteless inanity of those parts among which they are destined to appear.

In every multifarious work there must be variety of excellence; and amid much that merits forgetfulness, there is always something to be found that deserves perpetuity, by being rescued from its perishable part. To confer this perpetuity is the humble office of the collector; who is doomed to toil through countless volumes, ere an aggregate of comparative perfection can be presented to the world.

In offering this second edition of Sporting Anecdotes to the public, the editor has paid particular

attention to two very material points: first, in the selection of a numerous variety of modern articles, and to the peculiar interest and value of them, carefully excluding all those which appeared to be in the least degree irrelevant to the complexion of the work.

In the boundless variety of anecdotes, which almost every work presents that is at all devoted to this peculiar subject, the only, and indeed the greatest difficulty, was to select with a degree of discrimination such articles as might be deemed worthy a place in this collection, particularly those anecdotes which commemorate and record those numerous singularities, and astonishing events, which the ever-varying annals of the sporting world present; so that the reader will find himself in possession of facts, at once important and striking, which have hitherto remained scattered through an immensity of works.

Much attention has been paid in procuring interesting and authentic particulars respecting every animal that is at all connected with the chase; narratives that tend to display either their peculiar sagacity, extraordinary exertion, or instinctive phenomena. In doing this, recourse has been had to almost every production that could furnish precise or characteristic details; and many instances will be found noticed in the subsequent sheets, that have hitherto been very little known, or totally neglected.

It has also been a material object to concentrate, in nearly one point of view, the principal of those descriptions that relate to circumstances and things

which possess a greater or less proximity of connexion with the general subject. Not confined to one particular spot of the globe, our researches have been carried to wherever it was thought probable advantage might be derived: and by presenting particulars of those performances that cannot *happen under our own immediate inspection, it is presumed the important advantage will be gained, of at once gratifying curiosity and enlarging knowledge.*

These may be considered as forming the principal outline of the following work; and, it is presumed, that no apology need be offered for the work itself. When books multiply, and opportunities for reading become comparatively rare, it may be deemed an acceptable service to facilitate the means of acquiring knowledge. Those gentlemen, whose ardour leads them to the boisterous, but healthful, sports of the field, can hardly be considered as possessing much time for extensive or laborious study: yet, that they are anxious to be well acquainted with every minutia of the pleasures they so cordially enter into, is certainly not an unfair deduction: to enable them, therefore, to acquire that information, is the professed object of the following work; and to the Sporting World in general, either in the closet, or as a travelling companion, it will certainly prove a source of amusement, instruction, and advantage.

LONDON, SEPTEMBER, 1807.

CONTENTS.

A

Page

A CASSOCKED huntsman - - - 45
Another Sampson - - - - 48
A tyger - - - - - 54
Ancient and modern coursing - - - 84
An old sportsman - - - - 103
Anecdote of Lord Spencer Hamilton - - 114
Affecting fidelity of a dog - - - - 117
A singular rencontre - - - - 120
Artifices of animals of the chase - - - 129
A monkey cured of hunting - - - 148
A humorous revenge - - - - 149
A characteristic epitaph - - - - 151
A curious case - - - - - 155
Anecdote of P—— of W—— - - - 157
A sporting general's dispatches - - - 167
A facetious enquiry - - - - 185
A critical juncture - - - - 212
A good shot - - - - - 214
A receipt to make a jockey - - - ib.
A horse and a galloway - - - - 218
A fashionable sportsman and his friend - - 219
A singular anecdote - - - - 220
An extraordinary stag hunt - - - 224
Anecdotes of the late Lord Orford - - - 241
A just reply - - - - - 259
A rational dog - - - - - 264
An ancient angling anecdote - - - 299
Amiable sagacity of a dog - - - - 301

	Page
An epistle from Eclipse to King Fergus	302
An ingenious morality on chess	303
Apparel necessary for an accomplished sportsman	305
An ingenious parody	306
A canine epistle	308
An epitaph on a sportsman	310
A characteristic epitaph	329
Astonishing occurrence	343
An epitaph	347
A celebrated markswoman	354
Animal courage	359
Anecdote of the deer	393
A lion hunt	421
A fox chase	451
Amusements of the Palais-Royal	493
A tame pig mistaken for a wild boar	503
Arguments a posteriori	569
A parable, addressed to report-catchers	570
All his faults	575

B

Broughton the bruiser	142
Broad-hints to city sportsmen	170
Biography parodied	230
Bromley, the cock-feeder	408
Badger-hunting	441

C

Character of the late Samuel Chifney	61
Colonel Thornton	68
Curious account of an Asiatic hunting party	106
Character of a Siberian dog	138
Characteristic sketch	146
Curious estimate resulting from Sunday amusements	94
Clerical friendship of canine contraction	356
Cherubim shooting	174

Page

Conjugal sporting - 205
Concise consolation - 214
Canine ingratitude - 215
——— sagacity and gratitude - 240
Coffee-house conversation - 247
Curious bond - 252
——— instances of affection - 278
Canine fidelity - 279
Cyprian hunting - 281
Curious wager - 285
Cautions for the 1st of September - 324
Chloe's vexation - 325
Czarina - 326
Connubial tenderness - 327
Curious map of a sportsman - 329
Character of the blood-hounds - 332
Canine adoption - 368
Cape Buffalo - 404

D

Description of Newmarket in the reign of Queen Anne - 56
Deer hunting - 85
Dead game - 155
Debut of a young sportsman - 202
Diary of a sporting Oxonian - 207
Dr. Franklin's advice to a young sportsman - 216
Death of Tom Moody - 317
Deep play - 556

E

Extraordinary steeple-race - 18
——— feat of a draught-horse - 21
——— fox chase - 44
Epitaph on a favorite fox-hound - 198
Elegy on the death of a sportsman - 239
Epitaph on a huntsman - 258
Extraordinary chase - 261

Page

Epitaph on a horse - - - - 331
——— - - - - 334
Extraordinary fox-chase - - - - ib.
——————— equestrian performances - - 335
——————— pike - - - - 360
——————— slaughter - - - - 460
Epitaph on Highflyer - - - - 362
——— - - - - 438
——— on an old sportsman . . . 571

F

Farmer's man and the dog - - - - 32
Fox-hunting - - - - - 61
Ferocious Scotch bull - - - - 133
Fatal rencontre - - - - - 145
Fox-chase with Mr. Panton's hounds - - 361
Falconry among the ancients - - - 397
Facetious instructions - - - - 419
Female intrepidity 561

G

Gigantic challenge - - - - 23
Good hounds - - - - - 121
Generosity rewarded - - - - 181
Gaming anecdote - - - - 183
General character of the fox - - - 349
——————— hare - - - 387

H

His Majesty as a sportsman - - - 1
Humourous specimen of sporting biography - - 26
Horse races on the continent - - - 64
Hawking - - - - - 67
Hunting adventure of Henry IV. - - - 369
His royal highness the Duke of Cumberland - - 433

Page
Horse chase upon the frozen sea . . . 549
Hug of friendship; or, the cordiality of a bear . . 578

I J

Jockeyship 52
Instance of surprising speed 100
Johnson and his black horse 144
Intrepidity of Henry IV. 164
John Gilpin the second 198
J. J. Rousseau 200
Instance of extraordinary affection in a badger . . 221
Inscription on a favourite dog 229
Interesting narrative of sagacity in a dog . . 243
Instances of affection in spaniels 254
Interested condolence 280
Instructions to Cockney sportsmen 290
Jealousy and revenge of a cock 307
Journal of Timothy Tape 310
Incongruous adoption 322
Journal of a gamester 380
John Tall, the huntsman 553

L

London fox chase 218
Laconic rejoinders 241
Ludicrous metemsychosis 261
——— comparisons 285
——— angling anecdotes 297
L—d Ca—v—sh 366
Leap from Egremont-bridge 427
Lord C——— and the Weird Sisters . . . 436

M

Major Topham 4
Monastic sportsmen 50
Method of fishing with fox-hounds . . . 97

Page
Memoirs of a celebrated sporting lady - - 269
Misfortunes of Christopher Cockney - - - 312
Mr. Richard Knight - - - - 374
— Foster Powell - - - - 415
Manner of hunting the bear in North America - - 377
Major Leeson - - - - - 382
Mr. Phillidor - - - - - 428
Major Baggs - - - - - 452
Mr. Daniel Lambert - - - - 532
Miraculous escape - - - - 560

N

Natural history of the puppy - - - 318

O

Owen Carrol - - - - - 557

P

Place-hunting and Ticket-hunting - - - 161
Pugilistic lingo - - - - 195
Play upon words - - - - 218
Prompt courage of Francis I. - - - 331
Punishment of the stag - - - - 348
Prodigious leap - - - - 377
Peculiar winter diversions of the Russians - - 411
Phillis in love. A sporting tale - - - 572
Parallel between a Newmarket groom and a minister of state - - - - - 575

R

Robert Shaw - - - - - 53
Russian gaming anecdote - - - - 134
Reynard's sagacity - - - - 260
Repartee on Louis XV. - - - - 331
Remarkable leap - - - - 364

Page
Richard Fairbrother 445
Remarkable abstinence of a dog . . . 454
Reynard's sagacity 574

S

South American sporting 19
Sympathetic sensibility at the card table . . 25
Singular method of dispensing justice . . 30
Sagacity of a fox 43
Singular fox chase 55
——— stratagem of a fox . . . 122
Sporting by act of parliament . . . 152
——— ——— ardor . . . 159
Spirit of a greyhound . . . ib.
Sporting anecdote of James I. . . . 173
Surprising courage of a cat . . . 174
Strong reasons for breaking the sabbath . . 200
Sporting portrait of the P—— of W—— . . 225
Sketch of a sportsman of the last age . . 235
Singular race 257
——— sagacity of an English mastiff . . 284
——— property in dogs . . . 289
——— pension 323
——— accident 339
——— boat match . . . 370
——— hare hunting . . . 414
——— character 458
Sporting retort 368
Sir J. Hamilton's dog . . . 371
Sufferings of the post-horse . . . 396

T

The stoat 31
The old English huntsman and mole catcher . . 33
The three and the duce . . . 96
The venerable huntsman . . . 102

	Page
The late Richard Rigby Esq.	122
The fidelity of a dog	128
Tom Roberts	134
The Dutch baron	135
The dog and the pyeman	137
The mastiff	140
The clerical huntsman	145
The successful sportsman	149
The biter bit	149, 165, 201
The venal courtier	150
The parson's tenacity	154
The royal convert	160
The sea-horse	162
The sporting reprieve	ib.
Tony Brun's salt fish	166
The inspired gamester	171
The sporting parson	176
The artful courtier	180
The patient angler	182
The disinterested money-lender	ib.
The venerable sportsman	183
The sporting physician	184
The chase	203
The honest horse	206
The disappointed gamekeeper	ib.
The late duke of Cumberland	211
The bargain	ib.
The hunting connoisseur	215
The inexorable sportsman	ib.
The quaker's view holla	217
The royal chess-player	222
The high-blood of a foxhound	227
The economical sportsman	257
The monkey sportsman	258
The London sportsman	249
The sound horse	259
The humble petition of Duce	282
The duke of Queensbury	291
The prince and the pupil	296

Page
The refined palate 300
The whip hand . . . . ib.
The pheasant 328
The duke de Nivernois 342
The hounds 345
Trotting match 344
The assembly of quadrupeds . . . 348
The affrighted horse 360
The fox-hunting parson 362
The clerical jockey 365
The hunting leopard 381
Tregonville Frampton Esq. . . . 394
The old horse on his travels . . . 398
The sportsman's choice 414
The old English fox-hunter . . . 449
The otter 463
The weasel 471
The stoat 474
The late —— Winyard Esq. . . . 476
The greyhound . . . . ib.
The horse 480
The late Captain O'Kelly 485
The late Sir Robert Walpole . . . 493
The late Charles Hughes 498
The knowing ones taken in . . . 559
The mutton-loving pointer . . . 569
Trotting match 570
The priest and ostler 577

U

Uncommon instance of canine sagacity . . 327

W

Wonderful escape 234
Wolf-hunting 356, 461
Wild dogs 456
Words taken literary 574

SPORTING

ANECDOTES.

HIS MAJESTY AS A SPORTSMAN.

A RETROSPECT of the sporting career of this illustrious character, renowned for his personal worth, intrinsic merit, and transcendent greatness, must be highly gratifying to all the lovers of the chase, particularly as it must call to their recollection, that, a few years ago, the FIRST MAN in the kingdom, was to the sporting world in general, a complete model for imitation. Innately superior to all the little arts of affectation and fashionable duplicity, he personally entered into, and for a length of time happily enjoyed all the pleasures of rationality, all the comforts of society, without a prostitution of judgment, or a degradation of dignity.

The most distinguishing trait in his Majesty's character, as a sportsman, was an invariable attachment to the chase, in which "he bore his blushing honours thick about him;" and held out to many of the ostentatious sprigs of aristocracy who surrounded him, a

most glorious and ineffable example of affability, politeness, and paternal affection. In the field he was more than a KING, by giving the most condescending and unequivocal proofs that his wish was then to be considered only as a *man;* and by fostering under every proper and respectful distinction (that subordination could dictate, and unsullied loyalty happily feel) the truly extatic sensation of personal equalization with his own subjects, of whose affection he had continual proofs, and from whom he was conscientiously and exultingly convinced he had nothing to fear. Before and after, as well as during the chase, he entered into all its varieties with the great number of private gentlemen who constantly attended, and to each individual of whom he paid the most marked civilities. Innumerable proofs of this distinguishing trait might be adduced, but a few will suffice upon the present occasion.

During the indisposition of the late Lord Spencer Hamilton, it was his M——'s custom to enquire of his surgeon (who constantly hunted) the state of his lordship's health; when, being informed "that it was thought somewhat improved by Dr. Blenkinsop, of Reading, who had been with him all night," his M—— expressed himself highly pleased with the kind attention of the doctor to his patient, adding, at the same time, in the hearing of the whole field, that his conduct was very different to the London physicians, whose constant practice it was to alight from their chariots, ask a few trifling questions, write their prescriptions, receive their fee, and then bid you good morning. This observation was thought the more extraordinary, as it was made immediately after his own

personal experience, and a certain eminent M.D. was then in actual attendance, and positively in the line of hearers, when the remark was so *emphatically* made.

On another occasion, when a Mr. Parry, of Beaconsfield, sustained a very severe injury by a most dreadful fall from his horse, almost at the very moment the hounds were seizing the stag, near Hannikin's Lodge, and was for many moments supposed to be dead, his M——, with a tenderness so peculiarly evident to him, sat on his horse at a few yards distance, during the operation of bleeding upon the open heath; the present Lord Sandwich (then Lord Hinchinbroke) bringing repeated injunctions to the surgeon from his M——, that Mr. P. should be taken home to the house of the practitioner, without adverting at all to the expence, which should be amply compensated, under the instructions of the master of the stag-hounds; a matter that was afterwards obliterated with the most princely liberality.

It is much to be lamented (and by the sporting world in particular) that a calamitous affliction---an affliction which, of all others, places those who are the victims to it, in a situation truly pitiable---has now denied his Majesty the pursuit of those innocent pleasures and salutary gratifications. After his first illness, it was fondly hoped, by a grateful nation, that this beloved monarch would again resume those diversions, in which he was fitted to shine with peculiar lustre---but, alas! he resumed them for only a short time; being, from the repeated attacks of his calamity, obliged to decline them altogether. Still his Majesty keeps two packs of hounds, with a noble establishment

of *old* and *faithful* dependents, as well as a very extensive stud of the best hunters in the kingdom.

Although no attachment to the pleasures of the turf were discernible, his Majesty never, till indisposition obliged him, omitted the honour of his annual visit (with his whole family) to the races at Ascot Heath, at which place he gives a plate of 100 guineas, to be run for on the *first day*, by such horses as have regularly hunted with his own hounds the preceding winter; and this race he was always observed more particularly to enjoy, as he was known not only to be attentive to the perfections of each horse, but to analize minutely their qualifications during their exertions in the chase. Though the last races were deprived of the presence of his Majesty, for the reason above assigned, they were, honoured by a visit from the Royal Family.

Such has been the sporting character of this illustrious Monarch, whose many other qualifications have long been the theme of general admiration, and whose numerous virtues have not only attracted special notice, but will render his name and memory dear to posterity—

"To arts, as arms, thy genius led the way,
"And the glad olive mingle with the bay:
"Of social life too—thine the faultless plan,
"Foes warmed to friends, and man acknowledg'd man:
"Fair times! when monarchy is happiness;
"When rule is freedom, and when power can bless!"

MAJOR TOPHAM,
OF THE WOLD COTTAGE, YORKSHIRE.

EVERY public character, who has in the least degree contributed towards the well being of society,

merits some notice to posterity; and few are there to be found who have performed a more active part than the subject of the present memoir, either in fashionable life, or in the more healthful and invigorating pursuits of the sports of the field.

Major Edward Topham is the son of Francis Topham, Esq. LL. D. who was master of the faculties and judge of the prerogative court of York, at which place he resided. He was reckoned one of the most eminent civil ans of his day; and it was in a great measure owing to the number of unfortunate cases that came before him as a judge, which he so strongly represented in a pamphlet addressed to the then Lord Hardwicke, that the act which put an end to the Fleet marriages passed. It was on this gentleman that Lawrence Sterne better known under the name of Tristram Shandy, made his first essay in a little pamphlet which he called "The Adventures of a Watchcoat." Here Major Topham, who was then a boy at Eton, was first ushered into the world of literary warfare, from having it stated that his father, who was there held forth as a watchman, "wanted to cut the parish watch-coat into a dress for his wife, and a pair of small clothes for his son."

The subject of all this originated, says the biographer of "Public Characters," in a dispute with Dr. Fountain, the late Dean of York, who having neglected to fulfil an engagement made with Dr. Topham, engaged Tristram Shandy to endeavour to turn his breach of promise into ridicule. The best result was, that it became the means of first bringing forth into public notice, and afterwards into public admiration, Lawrence Sterne as an author, who was at that

period a curate in the country, and till then totally unknown.

Major Topham passed eleven years at Eton, where he was fortunate enough to be distinguished by frequently having his verses publicly read by the master in school, or, as it is there termed, by being "sent up for good." He afterwards formed one of the numerous band of upper boys, who were very severely punished for being engaged in the great rebellion that took place under Dr. Forster, then master, so highly distinguished for his classical knowledge, yet, in the ways of the world, a very Parson Adams, and of course not well qualified to govern the greatest public seminary in the kingdom, which at one time boasted five hundred and fifty students!

After leaving Eton, Major Topham went as a fellow commoner to Trinity College, Cambridge.—About this time his father died, and in a few months afterwards he lost his mother. His father—which is somewhat singular—although presiding over the very depository of wills, died intestate, and Major Topham had thus a good opportunity of beginning life well for a young man, for he executed all that his father had intended to have done; a circumstance not a little advantageous to his eldest sister Charlotte, who married Sir Griffith Boynton, Bart. now nearly the oldest baronetage in England, and died in child-birth at Burton Agnes, in Yorkshire.

At Cambridge, Major T. remained four years, long enough to put on what is there called "an Harry Soph's gown," which many people would think was exchanging a good for a bad gown; that of the fellow-commoner being purple and silver, and the Harry Soph black silk.

From Cambridge he went abroad for a year and a half, and afterwards travelled through Scotland. This little tour became better known, as he afterwards gave an account of it "in Letters from Edinburgh," published by Dodsley. As the work of a stripling, they were so well received, that the first edition was soon out of print. Thence he removed to the seat of all human joy, in the eyes of a young man, London, and entered into the first regiment of life guards, which in the hey-day of the blood may be thought to make that still greater. There is a principle about some men that never allows them to be quiet or inactive. This operated upon Major Topham in full force. He was soon appointed adjutant of that corps, and shortly after exhibited as a character in the windows of all the print-shops under the title of "The Tip-top Adjutant." In truth he was a Martinette of his day, and shortly converted a very heavy ill-disciplined regiment into a very good one. In consequence of this he received several commendatory notices from the King, and the old general officers of the time.

The Major, however, was not so absolutely absorbed in military tactics, as even then totally to estrange himself from literary pursuits. In the midst of his various avocations, he wrote many prologues and epilogues to the dramatic pieces of his friends; and to these the wits of the day were pleased to attach so much more fashion than falls to the share of fugitive pieces in general, that few plays were brought out that did not produce a request of this kind. To some of Mr. Cumberland's dramatic pieces, and to all those composed by his friend Mr. Andrews, he gave the last word in the shape of an epilogue. Amongst those

that produced the greatest applause on the stage, was a prologue spoken by Mr. Lee Lewis, in the character of Moliere's old woman, which had the effect of bringing for many nights together a full house before the beginning of the play—a circumstance in dramatic story somewhat singular; and an epilogue that was afterwards delivered by Miss Farren, now Countess of Derby.

The managers of Drury-lane, who had protracted their season to great length, at the close of it, to add to their profits, let their theatre for a few nights to a party, collected heaven knows how! of people who fancied they had great stage talents. Hamlet's advice to actors formed no part of their tragedy. Amongst the rest was the father of Lawrence the painter, who having been unsuccessful in the wine trade, as an innkeeper, fancied that he had at least all the spirit necessary for a tragedian. The tragedy too was new, as well as the performers. Horace has observed—

Si vis me flere, dolendum est
Primum ipsi tibi:

but this rule, for the first time, was known to be fallacious; for nothing could be more mournful than the performers, as they cried almost from the beginning to the end of the piece. One character, in fact, never appeared without a white handkerchief to be in readiness for his grief. The result was, that before half the play was over, the audience, which was very numerous, were in a state of convulsion: as the actors roared, the spectators roared with merriment, and every tear of the performer was accompanied with the laughter of the whole audience. Such a tragedy was certainly never performed before, and never has been performed

since. It was this subject, luckily occurring at the time, that Major Topham selected for an epilogue, which was most admirably delivered by Miss Farren. The effect was such, that the elder Colman often declared that it brought five hundred pounds to the Haymarket theatre during that season. The author received from the manager in return a very handsome letter, with the perpetual freedom of the theatre.

Major Topham remained adjutant of the second life-guards about seven years, during which period he succeeded in making it the pattern regiment of the kingdom, and therefore, in some measure, actually merited the appellation of the Tip-top Adjutant. After this, in the regular course of purchase and promotion, he rose to be a captain, in consequence of which the duties of adjutant devolved upon another. What to many men would have been a recommendation, a life of less activity and trouble, was not a life of ease to him. *Nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus*, was applied to a character of old; and an active mind is certainly never less at ease than when it has nothing to do.

At this time he first became acquainted with old Mr. Elwes, who frequently used to dine with him on guard, when he was not engaged in the house of commons. The son of Mr. Elwes was at that time in the same regiment; and it was from this circumstance that Major Topham became enabled to confer on that son those essential benefits which he afterwards performed.—Having great influence with old Elwes, he had often been solicited by his friend to take an opportunity of speaking to the father on the subject of making a will, as from being a natural son he could not have inherited without it. The repugnance to talking about his re-

perty, much more to disposing of it, was in Mr. Elwes inconceivable; and therefore it was a matter of the utmost delicacy and difficulty. Major Topham, however, was fortunate enough to choose a moment, and to find a way to overcome this difficulty, and the two sons owe entirely to him the whole of the immense property they now possess; and when perhaps this property may be estimated at seven hundred thousand pounds, it must be considered as a service in point of importance, that has seldom been performed by one person to another.

From being more of a literary man than in general falls to the lot of officers, he had frequently at his dinner-parties on guard men not usually seen in a military mess. Horne Tooke, the elder Colman, M. P. Andrews, John Wilkes, and many other characters then well known, were in the habits of visiting him there. But although London is a scene which even in its very streets can never appear to want bustle and activity, yet when those streets have been paced over till every stone of them is become familiar employment, for an active mind may still be wanting, and

> "Still that something unpossess'd
> Corrodes and leavens all the rest."

The life of a captain of horse-guards, except when on duty, which was only four days in every month, was at that time a life of perfect inactivity, and therefore soon became irksome to Major Topham. The late Sir George Metham used to say, "that a man who does not feel his blood galloping as he gallops up Highgate-hill," has no further business in London, and with the some kind of business he may be thus engaged. But all business may become familiar, and thus cease to have its allurements.

A circumstance happened about this time to the major, which, as has been said, gave a sort of distinguishing colour to his future life. Mrs. Wells, of Drury-lane theatre, confessedly one of the most beautiful women of the day in which she lived, through the medium of a friend, sent to request him to write her an epilogue for her benefit. He naturally did not deny her request, and of course the reading and instructing her in the delivery produced interviews which the company of a woman so beautiful must always make dangerous. There are, as Sterne says, "certain chords, and vibrations, and notes that are correspondent in the human feelings, which frequent interviews awaken into harmony," and—if puns did not require spelling—frequently produce a *consort*.

What did occur may be easily supposed: a mutual intercourse, in consequence of mutual affection in progress of time took place betwixt them. It may also be naturally supposed, that in return for the greatest gift a man can receive, the heart of a most beautiful woman, that he would devise every method to become serviceable to her interests and dramatic character, and think his time and talents never better employed than in advancing the reputation of her he loved. This desire, indeed, gave a new spur to his mind, and a fresh activity to his genius. It was this idea that first inspired the thought of establishing a public print. It has been said more than metaphorically, that "love first created The World" Here it was realised. Gallantry began what literature supported, and politics finished. It was thus, as we understand, from a wish to assist Mrs. Wells in her dramatic life, that the paper of the World first originated, and which, beginning,

from the passion for a fine woman, attracted to itself shortly afterwards as much public notice as ever fell to the share of a daily, and constantly a very fugitive publication.

Mr. John Bell, who was then one of the most popular booksellers of the time, having by some accident, heard of this intention, proposed himself, under the condition of a third share, and the advantages resulting from printing and publishing the paper. No one was better experienced in this department of a public print. He had been an original proprietor of the Morning Post, and was as well acquainted as any man with the nature and taste of London itself. From the dispositions he made, together with his unexampled dexterity and perseverance, perhaps, more from the conversation which was generally held that such a publication was about to come forth, in one week the demand for The World exceeded that which had been made in the same time for any other newspaper. With the exception of the Anti-jacobin, no public print ever went upon the same ground; not depending so much on the immediate occurrence of scandal of the day, as upon the style of writing and the pleasantries that appeared there. In truth, some of the most ingenious men contributed towards it; and when the names of Merry, Jerningham, Andrews, Mrs. Cowley, Mrs. Robinson, Jekyll, and Sheridan are mentioned as having frequently appeared in this print, the remark will not be doubted. The poetry of The World was afterwards collected into four volumes. Merry and Mrs. Cowley were the Delia Crusca and Anna Matilda, who were so long admired, and who, during the whole writing of those very beautiful poems, were perfectly unknown to each other.

But admired as these productions, and many others were, that appeared in the paper of the World, it is a singular fact that the correspondence of two boxers, Humphries and Mendoza, raised the sale of the paper to a higher degree than all the contributions of the most ingenious writers. It was the fashion of that time for the pugilists to send open challenges to each other, and thus publicly announce their days of fighting. This they chose to do through The World, as considering it the most fashionable paper; and their writing beat Sheridan all to pieces. What shall we say to this? Does it not realise the worlds of Johnson on the subject of the stage?

> "But still reflect, our fate is not our choice,
> The stage but echoes back the people's voice;
> The Drama's laws, the Drama's patrons give,
> For they who live to please, must please to live."

In a short time Mrs. Wells by her own intrinsic merit, added to a little instruction, rose to be one of the first actresses of her time. They who remember her and Edwin for four years, drawing crowded audiences to the Haymarket theatre, to the self-same performances, will judge whether this must not have been true; and they who have seen others repeat the same characters, may, perhaps, observe in the language of Shakespear—

> "Alack the day! seeing what we have seen,
> Seeing what we see!"

Major Topham's wishes, therefore were fully gratified. The paper of The World, of which he was editor, had extended itself beyond his utmost expectations. It was looked to as a repository for all the best writers of the day; it gave the tone to politics, and

what to him was still dearer, it contributed to the fame of the woman he loved.

But alas! the dearest and most sanguine of our hopes are but as breath. Mrs. Wells, in her eagerness to appear in a particular part, to oblige the manager of Covent-garden, too soon after a lying-in of her last child, produced a revolution of her milk, which afterwards flew to her head, and occasionally disordered her brain. It can only be they who once knew her as she really was, that will join with us in exclaiming—

"Oh! what a noble mind was there o'erthrown!"

On this melancholy event taking place, the paper of The World, at which Major Topham had incessantly laboured for nearly five years, and which had now attained an unrivalled degree of eminence, lost in his eyes all its charms. He first determined to let it, reserving a certain profit from its sale; and in a short time he resolved to dispose of it altogether. Reynolds, the dramatist, on this occasion alluding to the name of the paper, quoted not unaptly the following phrase:—

"Who was it lost Mark Anthony the World?
A woman."

They who have known what the daily supply, the daily toil, the daily difficulty, the hourly danger, and the incessant tumult of a morning paper is, can alone know that chaos of the brain in which a man lives who has all this to undergo. Terror walks before him—fatigue bears him down—libels encompass him, and distraction attacks him on every side. He must be a literary man, and a commercial man; he must be a political man, and a theatrical man; and must run through all the changes from a pantomime to a prime minister. What every man is pursuing, he must be

engaged in; and from the very nature and "front of his offence," he must be acquainted with all the wants, the weaknesses, and wickedness, from one end of London to the other.

To view all this might gratify curiosity for the moment: to live in it is to guide a little boat in a storm under a battery of great guns firing at him every moment; but even this has an advantage; it may endear retirement or make seclusion pleasant. In fact, and without a pun, on quitting The World, Major Topham retired to his native county, and has lived two hundred miles from the metropolis, without once visiting it during the space of six whole years.

Who could have done this? Who could have thought that remote hills, solitary plains, and, what is worse, country conversation, would have found charms sufficient to detain a town made man from the streets of London? The physicians would answer, "cooling scenes are the lenitives of fever." After the long labours of a sultry day, where can the weary fly better than to the shade? The man thus circumstanced will naturally say—

> "O rus! quando ego, te aspiciam, quandoque licibit
> Ducere solicitæ jucunda oblivia vitæ!"

Major Topham, we understand, has not found, even in retirement, time hang heavy upon his hands. The duties of a country magistrate, in a large county, are very great, and very incessant. He has a considerable farm of some hundred acres under his own management, and his occasional hours he is dedicating to the compilation of a history of his own life. He has along with him, those who in his retirement have proved his best solace, three daughters, who are said to be nearly

as beautiful as their mother, and whose manners and understandings are reported by those who have seen them, to be equal to all that imagination can expect.

Major Topham, living in the Wolds of Yorkshire, has not been insensible to the pleasure derived from rural sports. Among other country amusements, he has founded many coursing establishments. He was the possessor of the celebrated greyhound Snowball, brother to Major, the property of Colonel Thornton—whose breed is so well known, and so highly esteemed in the sporting world. The daughters of Major Topham are greatly distinguished for their superior skill in horsemanship.

One of the last of his literary works * was the Life of Mr. Elwes. If wide-spread circulation be any test of merit, it certainly had this to boast. It was originally published in numbers in The World, which it raised

* Amongst his dramatic productions are to be reckoned a farce, produced under the management of Mr. Sheridan at Drury-lane, called "Dead Indeed," respecting which the audience fully justified the title, by not hearing above half of it. To that succeeded, at the same theatre, a farce called "The Fool," first produced for the benefit of Mrs. Wells, and afterwards repeated for many nights. The farce which Mrs. Wells had acquired in her performance of Becky Cadwallader, suggested the idea of the latter production, and she realised all the expectations that had been formed upon this occasion.

His next was entitled "Lords without Judgment," performed for many successive nights at Covent-garden. His last piece received the appellation of "The Westminster Boy;" and being brought out to the benefit of Mrs. Wells, proved so in reality—not a Westminster boy being absent who could procure money to purchase admittance. For them, the very name was sufficient; and [illegible] by signal, their operations against it, as Mr. Herman com-

in sale about one thousand papers. It was thence copied into all the different provincial ones, and afterwards, with some revisions, collected and published in a volume. It is now passing through an eleventh edition." The late Horace Walpole used to say of it, "that it was the best collection of genuine anecdote he knew."

Nor has this author been less distinguished for his knowledge and experience as a sportsman, having very handsomely contributed his assistance in writing an interesting account of "ancient and modern coursing," for an elegant and popular work, entitled, "*The Sportsman's Cabinet.*"

In the last place, we find his pen employed in the production of many interesting notes to a new and beautiful edition of Somervile's Chase, illustrated with engravings by that ingenious artist Mr. John Scott.

No man has more of the manners of a gentleman, or more of the ease and elegance of fashionable life, than Major Topham; though fond of retirement, he communicates himself through a large circle of acquaintance, and is of a temper so easy and companionable, that those who see him once, know him; and those who know him have a pleasing acquaintance: and, if services are required, a warm and zealous friend. His knowledge of life and manners, enlivens his conversation with a perpetual novelty, while his love of humour

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menced the prologue. The fact we understand to be, that the name was merely taken to introduce Mrs. Wells, who was a beautiful figure in boy's clothes, in the dress of a Westminster boy. But this, among a thousand others in Stage History, will remain to prove how the fate of many pieces have been determined on ideas totally mistaken.

and ridicule, always restrained within the bounds of benevolence and good-nature, add to the pleasures of the social table, and animate the jocundity of the festive board.

EXTRAORDINARY STEEPLE-RACE.

A MATCH, which had excited much interest in the sporting world, and which amongst that community is denominated a steeple-race—the parties undertaking to surmount all obstructions, and to pursue in their progress as straight a line as possible. The contest lay between Mr. Bullivant of Sproxton, Mr. Day of Wymondham, and Mr. Frisby of Waltham, and was for a sweepstakes of 100 guineas staked by each. They started from Womack's Lodge, at half-past twelve o'clock, (the riders attired in handsome jockey dresses of orange, crimson, and sky-blue, respectively worn by the gentlemen in the order we have named them above) to run round Woodal-head and back again—a distance somewhat exceeding eight miles. They continued nearly together, until they came within a mile and a half of the goal, when Mr. Bullivant—on his well-known horse, Sentinel—took the lead, and appearances promised a fine race between him and Mr. Day; but unfortunately in passing through a hand-gate, owing partly to a slip, Mr. Day's horse's shoulder came in full contact with the gate-post; the rider was thrown with great violence, and, as well as the horse, was much hurt. Nevertheless, Mr. Day remounted in an instant, and continued his course. Mr. Bullivant, however, during the interruption, made such progress as enabled him to win the race easily. The contest for a second place now became extremely

severe between Mr. Day and Mr. Frisby: the last half mile was run neck and neck, and Mr. Day only beat his opponent by half a neck. The race was performed in 25 minutes 32 seconds.

SOUTH AMERICAN SPORTING.

At Lima the diversion of cock-fighting is followed with great avidity, where it was not under any regulation till 1762, the duties of society were not only neglected by many individuals, but there were continual disputes among the amateurs. At length the little square of St. Catherine, near the walls of the city, was fixed upon for this amusement only. It is observed that the brook running here, and the gardens which almost surround this spot, the goodness of air, &c. render the situation most delightful. The building in which the sport is carried on, forms a kind of amphitheatre: the seats naturally ascend, leaving nine open spaces between them for the spectators, who stand. On the outside of the amphitheatre is a very commodious stair-case, which leads to the upper galleries, twenty-nine in number, not including that of the judge, which is distinguished by its decorations and its magnitude. Here this amusement is permitted not only two days in the week, but on Saint's days and on Sundays; the seats in the corridors are let at different prices, but the spectators who stand in the nine open spaces between the area and the galleries, are admitted gratis. Notwithstanding the crowd is often immense, no disorders occur, as the judge, who decrees the prizes to the winners, has always a guard with him to enforce his authority.

Tennis is a game which is free to every one, and is

also a very wholesome recreation: the plays are under no other restriction, excepting that of confining the sums they play for within four piastres.

The bull fights here are regulated both as to time and place; and when the combatants want an occasion to shew their valour, they excite admiration by their activity. The cruel custom of hamstringing the animals that are backward in resenting all other provocation, is extremely blameable, and growing much out of repute. During the whole time, however, the spectators are perpetually teased by the sellers of a kind of punch, which the Spaniards call *agua de berros*; but so strongly impregnated with cresses, that it would be fatal to drink it in a country less temperate than Peru; in fine, the bull fights are attended with much less cruelty than they were, only six years ago.

The most fashionable walk, or promenade, is that of *Alameda*, which is most frequented on Sundays, New Year's Day, and Twelfth Day, (when the judges, or alcaides are elected,) and the 2d of August. The horse-races between the mountains in the environs of Lima, commence on St. John's Day, June 24th, and continue till the end of September. The dew that falls during those months, covering the shrubs and flowers in the sandy plains which terminate the valley, render the season truly delightful; but nothing is so fatal in this climate, as for Europeans to remain out late at night, exposed to the air, or, as they sometimes do, when they sleep in the slender huts belonging to the native Indians.

Here the number of carriages of all descriptions, the variety of their forms and colours, the elegance of the

liveries and the persons of rank that frequent the course, with the magnificent dress of the ladies who grace the scene, render the spectacle indescribably pleasing: however, there is a stiffness and formality among people of fashion, in their manner of saluting each other, which, as it has been long looked upon as ridiculous, is now beginning to wear off apace.

The promenade of *La Piedra Lisa*, is formed for the lovers of tranquillity and meditation. The foliage of the trees by which it is circumscribed, the agreeable umbrage, and the proximity of the river, with the extensive views of the valley of *Lurgoncho*, the cultivated state of the country, and the beautiful landscape which it offers to the eye, fill the mind with the most grateful conceptions. In every other respect, the amusements of the city are daily, as it were, approximating nearer to the taste of the great cities of Europe, if we make allowance for some customs, manners, and peculiarities which in all countries, like the idioms of a language, are transferrable.

EXTRAORDINARY FEAT OF A DRAUGHT HORSE.

An unparalleled instance of the power of a horse, when assisted by art, was shewn near Croydon. The Surry Iron Rail-way, being completed, and opened for the carriage of goods all the way from Wandsworth to Merstham, a bet was made between two gentlemen, that a common horse could draw 36 tons for six miles along the road, and that he should draw his weight from a dead pull, as well as turn it round the occasional windings of the road.

A number of gentlemen assembled near Merstham to see this extraordinary triumph of art. Twelve waggons loaded with stones, each waggon weighing above three tons, were chained together, and a horse taken promiscuously from the timber cart of Mr. Harwood, was yoked into the team. He started from near the Fox public-house, and drew the immense chain of waggons with apparent ease to near the turnpike at Croydon, a distance of six miles, in one hour and forty-one minutes, which is nearly at the rate of four miles an hour. In the course of this time he stopped four times, to shew that it was not by the impetus of the descent that the power was acquired—and after each stoppage he drew off the chain of waggons from a dead rest. Having gained his wager, Mr. Banks, the gentleman who laid the bet, directed four more loaded waggons to be added to the cavalcade, with which the same horse again set off with undiminished power. And still further to shew the effect of the rail-way in facilitating motion, he directed the attending workmen, to the number of about fifty, to mount on the waggons, and the horse proceeded without the least distress; and in truth, there appeared to be scarcely any limitation to the power of his draught. After the trial, the waggons were taken to the weighing machine, and it appeared that the whole weight was as follows:—

	Ton.	*Cwt.*	*Q.*
12 Waggons, first linked together weighed	38	4	2
4 Ditto, afterwards attached - -	13	2	0
Supposed weight of fifty labourers -	4	0	0
Tons	55	6	2

GIGANTIC CHALLENGE.

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

DURING his reign, Wladimir had many wars to sustain, particularly against the Petchenegians. In one of the incursions of these people, the two armies were on the eve of a battle, being only separated by the waters of Troubeje, when their prince advanced and proposed to terminate the difference by single combat between two champions; the people whose combatant should be overcome, not to take up arms against the other nation for three years.

The Russian sovereign accepted the proposal, and they reciprocally engaged to produce their champions. Among the troops of the Petchenegians was a man of an athletic make and colossal stature, who, vain of his strength, paced the bank of the river, loading the Russians with every species of insult, and provoking them by threatening gestures to enter the lists with him, at the same time ridiculing their timidity. The soldiers of Wladimir long submitted to these insults; no one offered himself to the encounter, the gigantic figure of their adversary terrifying the whole of them. The day of combat being arrived, they were obliged to supplicate for longer time.

At length an old man approached Wladimir;—"My lord," said he, "I have five sons, four of whom are in the army; as valiant as they are, none of them is equal to the fifth, who possesses prodigious strength." The young man was immediately sent for. Being brought before the prince, he asked permission to make a public trial of his strength. A vigorous bull was ir-

ritated with red hot irons: the young Russian stopped the furious animal in his course, threw him to the ground, and tore his skin and flesh. This proof inspired the greatest confidence. The hour of battle arrives; the two champions advance between the camps, and the Petchenegian could not restrain a contemptuous smile when he observed the apparent weakness of his adversary, who was yet without a beard: but being quickly attacked with as much impetuosity as vigour, crushed between the arms of the young Russian, he is stretched expiring on the dust. The Petchenegians, seized with terror, took to flight; the Russians pursued, and completely overthrew them.

The sovereign loaded the conqueror, who was only a simple currier, with honours and distinctions. He was raised, as well as his father, to the rank of the grandees, and to preserve the remembrance of this action, the prince founded the city of Pereiaslavle on the field of battle, which still holds a distinguished rank among those of the government of Kief.

CURIOUS ESTIMATE RESULTING FROM SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

An able calculator estimates the number of persons belonging to the metropolis, who spend the Sunday in the adjacent villages, inns, tea-houses, gardens, &c. at two hundred thousands.

These, he calculates, will spend each half-a-crown, amounting in the whole to twenty-five thousand pounds. This sum, he thinks, cannot be thought exaggerated, when it is considered that he has taken the number so low as two hundred thousand, and the sum spent by each at half-a-crown.

Twenty-five thousand pounds, multiplied by the number of Sundays in a year, give, as the annual consumption of that day of rest, the immense sum of one million three hundred thousand pounds.

Of these two hundred thousand persons, he calculates the returning situations as follow:—

Sober	50,000
In high glee	90,300
Drunkish	30,000
Staggering tipsy	10,000
Muzzy	15,000
Dead drunk	5,000
	200,000

N.B. In the above calculation we think the numbers exaggerated, but the sum is, perhaps, under the truth. Much, however, will depend on weather.

SYMPATHETIC SENSIBILITY AT THE CARD-TABLE.

So, Miss Hectic died this morning of a consumption. She was no more than seventeen—a sweet girl! Ah me! is she dead? Poor thing——what's trumps?

The man is dead, my dear, whom we employed to clear the mouth of the well behind our house, and which he fell into. Is he? I thought he could not recover.—Play a spade, madam.

There were upwards of four thousand killed in the last engagement. How many childless parents are now in sorrow! Ah! how many indeed!—The odd trick.

The Captain is now reduced to such poverty, that I am told it would be a charity to send a joint of meat

to his family. That's hard—I have not a heart indeed, Sir.

He fell on his head, and has been delirious ever since; and the physicians have no hopes that he will ever recover the use of his reason. Oh! I recollect that he rode against somebody—Play a spade if you please.

The prospect to the poor, this winter, is dreadful indeed. There will be a powerful appeal to the feelings of the rich. Yes—one really gives so much in charity——I will bet you a guinea on the game.

Pray, Lady ——, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened to Mrs. ——? What! her son drowned? O yes—Mind we are eight, partner.

George, madam, George—I am sorry to say it—put an end to his life last Tuesday. You don't say so? —I had two honours in my own hand.

Yes; and as misfortunes never come alone, his mother and sister are in a state of distraction. Dear me, that's bad——Single, double, and the rub.

HUMOROUS SPECIMEN OF SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

A. B. was born in the year—no matter what: his parents were—no matter who: he had a pleasant chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*a sweet baby.*

After this, he began to walk alone: went from one end of the room to the other: spoke *pa* and *ma*, and several other words, distinctly; and looked so charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy.*

He was now sent to school, where he learned his

letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a lesson in the spelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart, on condition of receiving a slice of plumb-cake; and was always desired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child.*

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech; which he delivered with such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years.*

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled at least, if not excelled, his fellow scholars in his proficiency in learning, as well as at cricket, marbles, tops, &c. and played so many droll tricks at the expence of his ushers and school-fellows, that they had no scruple in pronouncing him—*a clever lad.*

He was next sent to college, where he out-did all his competitors in the midnight frolic; played an excellent hand at whist; learned to drink his bottle; and was so pleasant in singing a catch or a glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him, the epithet of—*a promising fellow.*

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bed-maker, or his laundress's daughter. When his acquaintances heard of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy, that he was—*a wild dog.*

His term being over, he was sent to London, and

placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintances, with whom he ate, drank, and gamed. He was the life and soul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly old benchers of the inns, shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow.*

In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's, to the cellars in St. Giles's; and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog, and no fool.*

He now began to dress in style, dine in style, give dinners in style, and keep women in style. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box-lobbies of the theatres his person was an object, his opinion a law: and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as—*a man of the world.*

In the process of time, he learned to judge of horse-flesh; frequented the races; betted considerably; and won large sums. Lords now shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion, not on state, but stable affairs; and he was known in the Turf Coffee-house, as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was considered to be—*a knowing one.*

But, somehow or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in his own hands, began to decrease; he was less successful in his bets; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous;

money must be had; and to get it, he ventured to *lay a plant*, slip a card, cog a die, and practise many schemes which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty; and became—*a complete black leg.*

Amidst all this, he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with inconstant constancy; and, with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—*a devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter, he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards, and swore—*Ash Got's my judge, he is no Chreshtian!*

After this, he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age; having gone through, beside the characters above-mentioned, several others, such as, an odd fellow, buck, hearty cock, pleasant dog, &c. At length, his whole course being run, he died at his lodgings, at a hair-dresser's in Chancery-lane, leaving his moveable and personal effects to an old woman who swept his room, made his bed, and tucked him up; which occasioned people to say—*he was still the old man.*

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy old friends, who signified their concern at his death, by the tenderest exclamation, "Poor devil! What! is he dead!—well, I knew him once—*a fine fellow!*"

SINGULAR METHOD OF DISPENSING JUSTICE.

The Rev. Mr. H. a gentleman of singular humour, and brother to a no less singular law-peer, retired to ease and independence, as the Rector of ——, in the county of Kent. Being a justice of the peace, he was frequently teazed with some idle differences among the inhabitants of the place. Not being willing to be broken in upon by such frivolous complaints, when application was made to him for redress of some imaginary injury, his custom was to dismiss them, with saying, "He would send for them when he had leisure to attend to their business."—The first rainy day that next happened, he took care to send for the parties and received them sitting in the porch of the door, which just provided shelter for himself and his clerk, whilst the complainants were obliged to stand exposed to the inclement sky, all the while uncovered, to pay proper respect to the king's justice of the peace. By this means he entirely cured the country folks in the neighbourhood of litigious dispositions. His blunt manner of enforcing wholesome truths as a clergyman, was as remarkable as his peculiarity in the commission of the peace. One Sunday he was preaching on moral duties from these words:—Render therefore unto all their due."—In explaining his text, he observed, that there were duties which a man owed to himself as well as to others. "And," added he, "when they are not attended to, I never have a good opinion of that man. For this reason," he proceeds, turning himself to a particular part of the church, "I have never had a good opinion of you John Trott, since you sold me

those sheep six months ago, and have never called for the money."

THE STOAT.

The stoat, from its size, is as little regarded by the farmer as the common rat, but our more experienced, vermin catchers, acquainted with their destructive habits among the poultry, and in the warrens, contrive every means to take them, but for all their ingenuity this is but seldom effected.—The character of this creature is greatly to be dreaded: to the ferocity of the wolf, he unites the craftiness of the fox; and were his powers equal to his courage, when he seizes his prey, our larger animals would not be able to resist his attack.

In a small lawn where there was a peacock, with several hens about him, a stoat was seen creeping from under an old vine towards them, and in an instant it seized on the neck of the male bird, pinning his head to the ground, while with its sharp nails, it was tearing away the feathers to come better at the throat of the peacock, whose screams brought a labouring man to its assistance, and notwithstanding his hasty approach, the stoat would not quit his hold till the man had broken his loins with a blow from his shovel.

The difference in shape between the stoat and the weasel is so small, that they have frequently been described under the same denomination.

Its length is about ten inches; the tail about five inches and a half, very hairy, sometimes tipped with white at the end, but generally black; the edge of the ears, and tips of the toes are of a yellowish white. In

other respects it resembles the weasel in colour as well as form.

The stoat is found white in Britain during the winter seasons; its fur, however, among us is of little value.

Its courage at all times makes it a formidable enemy to the farmers, and of course particularly to be guarded against.

FARMER'S MAN AND THE FOX.

In the course of last winter L—d Y—s's foxhounds, of B—y had many fine runs. In one of them they had pursued a fox nearly three hours, and were gaining on him, when it happened that a man thrashing in a barn, at the village of H—— y, heard the hounds' cry; he ran out, and seeing poor reynard coming towards the barn, the fellow returned and fetched a fowling piece, which he kept for shooting sparrows, and with which he shot the fox, and afterwards took him into the barn, covered him up, and commenced thrashing. The hounds shortly came up, and were in course at fault. A person near, who saw the transaction, communicated it to J. U—— y, Esq. of W—— n, who was up first with the hounds. He, with the true spirit of a sportsman, instantly dismounted, entered the barn and demanded of the rustic their game. The fellow stood for some time speechless with apprehension, and, fearing to swallow half his teeth from the fist of Mr. U—— y, he pointed to where poor reynard lay under the straw. Mr. U—— y took him by the hind legs, and so thrashed the fellow about the head and face, that he was forced to make his escape from the barn. Had not this straight for-

ward rustic put an end to the fox in this way, it would have been one of the finest runs those hounds had during the season, as he was making for the clays, a very strong country, and where it is presumed few would have been in at the death.

THE OLD ENGLISH HUNTSMAN, AND MOLE-CATCHER.

BY MR. PRATT.

I MUST now beg you to accompany me to the hut of an ancient man; nor shall I make an apology for the liberty I take with you, since you liberally allow, I have more than once convinced you that places the least productive of scenic beauty, and the least distinguished in the map of the world, are the most favourable to the lover of his kind, and to the examiner of human nature. If it be true, that

> Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

It is the business of the moral florist; or, shall we rather say, of the mental botanist, to take care that every specimen of Nature's noblest blooms and plants, shall not

> Waste their sweetness in the desert air.

Instead, then, of asking your pardon, let me demand your thanks for now leading you over the unsheltered heath and open fields from Woodhurst to Warboys. There, passing a hamlet, let me conduct you along the dreary moor, cold and comfortless as it is, but which supplies with many a warm sensation—the peasant's hearth with peat, turf, and other cottage-fuel of the fenland poor.

Reared of those turfs, on a few poles by way of pillars, and here and there a rude lath to fence the sides, and to form the door-way, behold a sort of hermit-seeming hovel. Yet it is not the abode of an anchoret: it is the daily retirement of a social old man, aged ninety-three years, whose name is John Grounds. He has followed the occupation of a mole-catcher forty of those years, gaining from the parish the sum of twopence for the capture of each mole; and, so uninterrupted has been his health, that he has not been prevented in his employment more than thrice in the whole of that long space of time, though the walk from his cottage at Warboys to his turf hovel on the moor, is a full English league, and most of his time passed upon marshy land, amidst humidity and vapours.

Yet how few people who live in the air of a palace, and in the bosom of luxury, can vie with our poor fenlander, in all that makes life desirable—health, spirits, and content.

But having shewn you his place of business by day, I will re-conduct you to the hut where he has passed the nights of those forty years in unbroken repose: and as we bend our way to the spot, I will present you with a true portrait of the man, and a brief sketch of his family, and of his adventures.

John Grounds, about sixty years preceding the date of this letter, had been a follower of my father's hounds, and distinguished himself as a lover of the sport; to partake of which, he would bound over the interposing fields, hedges, and ditches, with almost the speed, and more of the spirit, than the hounds themselves, upon the first summons of the bugle-horn. This early activity recommended him to the notice of

the huntsman, who preferred him to the whipper-in-ship then vacant; and having, in this office, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the squire, and of the pack, which, as he used to say, "all loved him to a dog," he was elevated, on the removal of his first patron, to another appointment, even to the entire command of the kennel; a situation which he filled for many years with great dignity and reputation. And although it was not till late in his reign, I was of sufficient age to form any personal opinion of those achievements, which to the enthusiasts of the field-sports are reckoned as important as any which are appreciated by heroes of another description, in the field of battle—and perhaps with more reason, certainly with less criminality, considering the general causes of war. I was old enough before he resigned the canine sceptre, to attest that his government exhibited that happy mixture of fortitude and moderation, encouraging the true, correcting the false, paying honor to the sagacious, and rearing up the young and thoughtless to steady excellence, at the same time punishing the babbler, and teaching the ignorant.—And I remember, I even then thought that poor John Grounds might furnish no mean model, whereby to form those who are destined to rule a more disorganized and extensive empire; and how often has this idea since occurred to me, as I traced back the events of my boyish days! That simple monarch of my father's kennel, thought I, might come forth in the blameless majesty of dominion, and dictate wisdom to ministers and kings.

The only poetical work which my father seemed truly to enjoy, was Somerville's fine poem of the Chase,

and often meeting it in my way, I perused and re-perused it with avidity; not so much from any love of its glorious subject, as my father often called it, nor because I caught any thing of the spirit which the music of hounds and of the horn is said to inspire, for I was extremely degenerate in that respect; but because I seemed to be led over hills and dales, and scoured the plains, and followed the echoes through their woods, and brushed the dew, and passed the stream in company and under the muses. These appeared to show me the hare, her velocity and her energy, without worrying her. In numbers more harmonious than the sounds which were reverberated from the hills or thickets, these tuneful associates brought every thing of beauty and of sense to my mind's eye: and in reciting aloud different passages, that painted the loveliness of early morn, the fragrance of nature, the sagacity of the dog, and the pride of the horse, I was not seldom praised by my dear father, who thought me at length a convert to the joys and honours of the chase, when in effect I was only animated by the charms of verse; and I was complimented for my feelings being congenial with the sportsman, when in truth I was in raptures only with the poet.

As time warned my father of the necessity of relinquishing the vehement exercise connected with these diversions, John Grounds passed with a fair character into the service of Lady St. John of Bletsoe, as her Ladyship's gamekeeper, in which office he remained, in "goodly favour and liking," as he expressed it, till the sorrowful day of her death. After this he married, and lived well pleased till his first wife's decease; but he found the holy estate so happy, that he entered

upon it again; and jocosely now advises, his second dame not to give him another opportunity, for fear the third time should not be so favourable.

This-mole catching is united with the occupation of bird frighter, in those parts of the year when the feathered plunderers assault the corn or fruits; or when, as their poetical advocate observed, "the birds of heaven assert their right to, and vindicate their grain." But, "poor fools," would Grounds often say, "I sometimes think they have as good a right to a plumb, or a cherry, or a wheat-ear, as any Christian person; and so I seldom pop at them with any thing but powder; and that more for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the gun, than to do any execution; except now and then, indeed, I let fly at a rascally old kite, who would pounce upon cherry and bird too, and carry off one of my chicks into the bargain, if it lay in his way."

"And when I do try my hand at a thief, I am not often wide of my mark, cried the old man in a late interview; "I can still give him a leaden luncheon when I have a mind to it. Now and then, too, a carrion crow, with a murrain to him, and a long-necked heron, with a fish in his mouth, goes to pot: but, somehow I don't relish fixing my trap for these poor soft creatures!" taking one from the mole-bag slung across his shoulders; "they look so comfortable, and feel so soft and silky; and when they lay snugly under the earth, little think, poor souls! what a bait I have laid for them, seeing I cover the mumble-stick with fresh sod so slyly, there seems to be no trap at all. Though they turn up the ground to be sure, and rootle like so many little hogs; and for that matter do a power of

mischief: and as for blindness, 'none are so blind as those who wont see,' your Honour. These fellows know a trap as well as I do, and can see my tricks as plain as I can see theirs: and sometimes they lead me a fine dance from hillock to hedge, with a murrain to them! pass through my traps, and after turning up an acre of ground, sometimes in a single night, give me the slip at last."

But it is time to look at the portrait of the man. And, lo! seated on a brown bench cut in the wall, within the chimney-place, in a corner of yon rude cottage, he presents himself to your view. Behold his still ruddy cheeks, his milk-white locks, partly curled and partly straight—see how correctly they are parted in the middle, almost to the division of a hair—a short pipe in his mouth—his dame's hand folded in his own—a jug of smiling beer warming in the wood-ashes—a cheerful blaze shining upon two happy old countenances, in which, though you behold the indent of many furrows, they have been made by age, not sorrow—the good sound age of health, without the usual infirmities of long life, exhibiting precisely the unperceived decay so devoutly to be wished. On the matron's knee sits a purring cat: at the veteran's foot, on the warm hearth, sleeps an aged hound of my father's breed, in the direct line of unpolluted descent; or, "a true chip of the old block," as John phrased it; and who, by its frequent and quick-repeated whaffle or demi-bark, seems to be dreaming of the chase. An antique gun is pendant over the chimney: a spinning-wheel occupies the vacant corner by the second brown bench: and a magpie, with closed eyes, and his bill nestled under his wing, is at profound rest in his wicket

cage. To close the picture, the mole-bag, half filled with the captives of the day, thrown into a chair, on which observe a kitten has clambered, and is in the act of playing with one of the soft victims, which it has contrived to purloin from the bag, for its pastime: while the frugal but sprightly light, from the well-stirred faggot, displays on the mud but clean walls, many a lime-embrowned ditty, as well moral as professional: such as—"God rest you, merry gentlemen"—"The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds"—"The sportsman's delight"—Chevy Chase"—and, "The jolly huntsman."

Such exactly were persons and place, as in one of my visits of unfading remembrance to the good old folks, whom I had known in early days. I walked to Warboys, and surveyed its famous wood and fen.

But would you have a yet closer view of this happy, healthy, and innocent creature, who has passed near a century in blameless discharge of various employments, without having heaved one sigh of envy, or, as he told me, "shed one tear of sorrow, but when his parents died, or a friend and neighbour was taken away."

You must suppose you see him in his best array, when he walked three miles after having before walked three to his mole-traps, "purposely and in pure love" as he assured me, "to return my kind goodness with goodness in kind."

This happened at Woodhurst, and at the house of John Hills, from which my heart has already so successfully, as you tell me, addressed yours. The pencil of a painter from Nature could never had a happier opportunity of sketching from the life, an old sports-

man of England, in the habit of his country and his calling. It was no longer the little mole-catcher in his worsted gaiters and leathern deep-tanned jacket, sitting on his oak bench in a jut of the chimney, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his torn round hat (till he recollected his guest) fixed side-ways on his head, like a Dutch peasant; it was an ancient domestic of the old English gentleman, dressed cap-a pee for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character: the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, the buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all commanding whip. Let your fancy assist you in placing these upon the person above described, and the exterior of John Grounds will figure before you. But this will be doing the good old man but half justice. O! the heart, the heart! what is the painting of the man, without a portrait of the heart?

Represent, I pray you, to your mind's eye this venerable personage running into my arms the moment he observed me, exclaiming in tones which nature never gave the hypocrite—"I beg pardon, Sir, for my boldness, but I thought you would like to see me in my old dress, which I have kept ever since in a drawer by itself, and never take it out but now and then of a sabbath, in a summer, and to put an old friend—as your honour, begging your pardon—in mind of old times. I know well enough it don't become me to take such a gentleman by the hand, and hold him so long in my arms, only seeing I have carried you in them, from one

place to another all about the premises of the squire's old house and gardens, years upon years——"

After a pause, he adverted to the particulars of his dress; assuring me they were the very same things he wore the last year at my father's, except the plush waiscoat, which was a part of my Lady St. John's livery. "To be sure, your honour," said he, gaily, "they are, like myself, a little the worse for wear; the old coat, you see, (turning it about) has changed colour a bit, from green to yellow; the cap is not altogether what it was; and this fine piece of gold round the crown is pretty much faded; but we are all mortal, your honour knows; but old friends must not be despised."

During this converse, John and Dame Hills may be truly said to have "devoured up his discourse." Every word he had said had reference to my family or myself—a magnet which had power to draw their attentions and affections at any time. Nor did they neglect the dues of hospitality, which, on my account, and their own, were doubled; and they placed before their guest, with whom they had always lived in good neighbourhood, whatever the farm, its pantry, and its cellar, could afford. "A flow of soul" soon followed this feast of friendship. Grounds had before forgot his fatigue, his long walks, and his new trades; and soon remembered only his fine days of youth, his masters, his kennel, and his former self. "You was too much of a youngling, I suppose," said Grounds, "to recollect the many times I carried you to see my hounds fed, and told you the names of every one of them, and, as I gave my signs, bade you hark to Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Finder, and Echo; then put you be-

fore me upon Poppet, your father's favourite hunting mare. But I think you can't forget my stealing you out from old Mrs. Margaret, the housekeeper's room, to shew you a thing you had so often wished to see---puss in her form---and your bidding me take it up gently, that you might carry it home and bring it up tame: then, on my telling you, laughing, it would not let me, your creeping on tip-toe to catch it yourself; upon which it jumped up and set off, and you after it as fast as you could run; and your coming back to me, crying—when it took the headland got out of sight—'you should have had it, if I, like an old fool, had not made so much noise;' and when I told you you stood a good chance to see it again, and smoaking on the squire's table—after giving us a good morning's sport ---which, by the bye, was the case, for we had her the very next hunt---you said, you did not want to eat, but keep her alive, and make her know you.' And when I offered to stick her scut in your hat you threw it at me; and Mrs. Margaret says you would not touch a morsel of it, for spite:" ha! ha! ha!

After some hours, passed in these and in other remarks, which, while they delineate character, and describe the present time and circumstances, renew, and give, as it were, a second life to the past, Grounds took leave of the party with tears, that spoke the sincerity of an apprehension, that he was looking at and embracing me for the last time; and then hurried over the fields, which gave me sight of him near a mile. And, when his figure became diminished, I did not quit the window, till an interposing hedge shut him wholly from my view.

P. S. The portrait of this laborious, grateful, long-

lived, and blessed old man, will be rendered doubly acceptable to the public by the pencil of the elder Barker, as that excellent painter has perpetuated the veteran, with his family and cottage, on canvas; whose figures genius will long preserve.

This is a most exquisite performance, and it is to be seen at Mr. Barker's house, Sion Hill, Bath.

SAGACITY OF A FOX.

From Mawman's Excursion to the Highlands.

NEAR the falls in the vicinity of Lanark, we were shewn a particular spot, upon the top of an immense precipice, where a fox is said once to have exhibited an extraordinary degree of cunning. Being hard pressed in the chase, he laid hold with his teeth of some shrubs growing at the edge of the rock, and let his body hang down its side; he then drew himself back, and leaped as far as possible from the place into a contiguous thicket. Four of the leading hounds, eager in pursuit of their prey, flew over the edge of the precipice, and were dashed to pieces.—This anecdote, will be readily believed by sportsmen, and by those who have read the natural history of this crafty animal. Amongst many extraordinary proofs of its sagacity, Buffon states, that he is afraid of the hedgehog when rolled up, but forces it to extend itself by trampling upon it with his feet, and as soon as the head appears, seizes it by the snout, and thus accomplishes his purpose of making it his prey.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX CHASE.

Some months since the pack belonging to the Morcland Hunt turned off on the Wind Mill Common, in pursuit of a fine ferocious bag fox. The hounds pursued within a mile and a half of Leek, where their former impetuous and uninterrupted career was stopped by an unfortunate check. This difficulty was not surmounted for near a quarter of an hour; but as good luck at length would have it, the pack regained the true scent, and scoured the extended plain with astonishing and renewed swiftness, buoyed up apparently with the animating conviction of revenging themselves upon the insidious and crafty animal.

They swept along the champaign country for twelve miles, in fine style, till we came in sight of Ashbourn. Here the wily reynard, wheeling round his course, directed his steps towards a ridge of wild hills on the left, distinguished with the appellation of Fairbourgh Cliffs. This chain of mountains is full of inequalities, loose paving stones, and treacherous hollows, so grown up with ling, as to deceive the most wary and penetrating eye. Guided by headlong fatality, the persecuted, hard-set fox, took refuge in this rugged spot. The indignant pack, with reverberating cries evincing their intrepidity, and careless of the perils that awaited them, quicken their steps, and enter the fateful desert. We hunters, regardless—and perhaps unconscious—of the calamities that were imminent, pushed on, and only fallaciously anticipated the future pleasures of the chase.

We had not advanced more than half a mile, before one horse broke his knee, by slipping into a cavity concealed by heath from the view; another slipped his shoulder by a fall: and, before the chase was finished, one gentleman, urged on by unexampled temerity, took a foolish leap on the hard and rigid rocks, by which he was overthrown, and broke his arm. The rest of us, however, pursued our course with more caution, and kept up with the hounds pretty well; not, however, without frequent hazards, and numerous stumbles.

At length reynard, being hard pressed, and arriving at a steep precipice, where, if he turned back, he must inevitably have been caught, to our great surprise and astonishment, was reduced to such a state of desperation and perplexity, that he took the amazing leap, and precipated himself to the bottom of the drear abyss. Many of the pack, impelled by inherent revenge and animosity, pursued his fatal example, before the huntsman could dispel the pernicious delusion by which they were actuated. More than thirty hounds, the best, most courageous, and fleetest of the pack, were dashed to pieces by the fall, and reynard was found buried under a heap of his unfortunate enemies.

A CASSOCKED HUNTSMAN.

The Rev. Ephraim Dandelion was a boyish divine, a cassocked huntsman, and a clerical buck. His visits to the metropolis were not so uninterrupted as he desired, owing to his father, an opulent rector, residing in the vicinity of ——, and also to the Bishop of that

diocese, who, as he observed, was "a blockhead of the old school." Indeed, this Bishop was by no means of fashion; he bore a most religious antipathy towards all those young clergymen who were in full possession of a plurality of livings, and who escaped from them all to reside in the metropolis, and to dress their hair as they thought proper.

Ephraim was the hope of his family, because he was the eldest son; he had therefore been his father's favourite in his cradle; in which place the sacerdotal infant may be said to have felt a simoniacal propensity, for indeed simony was a constitutional vice in that family. There, by some ingenuity of his pious father, the Rector, he was inducted into two good advowsons, so that, ere the young gentleman issued from his pupillage, he presented himself to his own livings, and piously undertook the cure of the souls of several parishes. He was a young man of modest dispositions, and held in veneration the holy profession; and as he was at once a Nimrod in the field, and a Narcissus within doors, he decently procured two persons to perform his own duties. For this purpose, he found two fathers of large families, at the market-price of L.40 a year.

He was also a rigid observer of the utmost solemnity in the performance of all church services, and testified an uncommon zeal for ecclesiastical rights; the former consisted in the personal appearance of his curates; and whenever he heard the slightest complaint of a nasal twang, or a guttural digestion of words, or of a brownish black coat, such a curate was discharged at a week's notice; and his zeal for ecclesiastical rights was evidently exhibited in his seizure of all bands,

black gloves, white favours, funeral scarfs, and the christening or marriage guinea. On the whole, he was a most orthodox supporter of the Church; understanding by this word a certain ancient building, encircled by burying-ground, and the interior furnished with a certain water-bason, vulgarly denominated the baptismal font; burials and christenings, therefore, producing no inconsiderable income, he most zealously supported the aforesaid Church.

But although a sturdy advocate for church subordination, he could not consent to grant to his Bishop. Too active in field sports during the summer, and quite exhausted in town dissipations during the winter, he most justly complained of the incessant and personal attacks of his said Bishop; who, particularly at one of his annual dinners given to his assembled brethren, did most indelicately reprimand our fashionable Rector, Vicar, and Prebendary; for all these honours and their appurtenances were united in young Ephraim. He resolved to throw off the yoke of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and to the great comfort of our sacerdotal bucks, they may enjoy the revenues of an ecclesiastic, without the *borish* performance of the functions.

Ephraim had great interest with a great man, for two reasons: in a drunken frolic at Brighton, he had received the honour of being thrown into a gravel-pit, by which means he broke his leg; but as his neck was entire, he did not much lament the fracture, since it was a kind of claim on patronage; and the other reason was, that the Reverend Ephraim Dandelion was a person of inimitable talent, in imitating the bray of an ass, and the whine of a pig.

The ass and the pig, with the above-mentioned dash into the gravel-pit, procured him an honorary place in the army of Chaplains.

This honour brings with it the useful privilege of enabling the possessor to hold as many livings as he can get, while it comfortably relieves him of the tedious duty of residence; so the happy Ephraim, aspiring now to a Bishopric, he never more entered the palace of his Bishop.

Although we know of no facts that might tend to accuse him of any venial liberalities to his miserable curates, yet he was well enabled to commit such follies; for he now held, in livings and *cæteras*, above two thousand a year, according to his own frequent avowal, and little less he expected from the worthy Rector his father, who was of a most plethoric habit, was a Gargantua in point of stomach, one of the most orthodox venison eaters in his county, and had been twice touched by an apoplexy.

ANOTHER SAMPSON.

The "Gazette de la Sante," a French publication, contains the following extraordinary particulars of a man named Lemaitre, born in Switzerland, but now residing in Chateaudun, aged 80 years.

This second Milo carried on his shoulders, in the market-place of Chartres, a horse belonging to the heavy cavalry, to a considerable distance. Like his rival of Crotona, he checked in its career a carriage drawn by two horses, advancing at a smart trot; he drew after him, with one finger, twelve grenadiers, one holding the other by a handkerchief, and remained im-

movable, notwithstanding their united efforts, to throw him down. As active as he is strong and valiant, having been once called on to assist as one of the body guards, the suppression of a riot at Versailles, he pursued one of the French guards, who was reputed the most active man in the regiment, and having overtaken him, he killed him by merely laying his iron hand on him, for the purpose of stopping him.—It was this event which established him at Chateaudun, as he was obliged to carry the taper of St. Lauzarus to Vendome, before he could obtain his pardon. During the revolution he was thrown into prison, when this modern Sampson obtained his liberty, by carrying the doors of the prison to the revolutionary committee: ardent and generous in his friendship, he solicited the freedom of his companions in misfortune. Bentabole at that time traversed the department of Eure and Loire, invested with unlimited power; Lemaitre informed of it, followed him post haste, and overtook him on the road; his carriage being stuck fast in a slough up to the axle-tree, he creeps under it, raises it up, frees it from the slough; and as a reward for his services, obtains the liberty of his fellow-prisoners. A fire took place at Chateaudun, horses harnessed to grapplings, tugged in vain in every direction: he unharnesses them, seizes the ropes himself, and immediately the wall gives way, and the fire is stopped. In an insurrection on account of the high price of corn, the rioters attempted to seize the municipality, of which body he was a member, he coolly stepped forward and swimming through the tumultuous waves, he brought dozens of them to the ground. He was insulted at his own door by some national guards, who drew their sabres against him; he

laid hold of one of the most important among them, and wielding him as he would a club, he soon brought the whole party to their senses. About eight years ago he supported three men on the calf of one of his legs, which was bent, and at arm's length lifted up a grenadier by the waist. We should never end were we to recount all the instances of his strength; his athletic form bespeaks his extraordinary vigour; and when nature shall determine to break one of the noblest of her works, science may possibly claim possession of so fine a subject as a *chef-d'œuvre* for the study of myology.

MONASTIC SPORTSMEN.

The following notice of the monks of Erbach, appears in Reader's Tour through Germany:—"I am inadequate to the task of describing as I could wish the life of poverty, as it is called, which the monks lead in this convent. It is the richest in all Germany; and the travellers who visit it are astonished at the princely and luxurious life of its inhabitants. They have an excellent pack of hounds, with a stable of fine hunters; apartments magnificently furnished; a dozen of beautiful singing girls; and their wine-cellar excites the utmost astonishment. A coach and four might easily drive round in the cellar, and turn in it with the greatest facility. The number of large full casks is really amazing, each being about seventeen or eighteen feet in height. They have six fine billiard-tables, which are contained in three large rooms; and, besides all this, an excellent band of musicians. Their hospitality towards foreigners and strangers is surprising; and a traveller scarcely meets with such a re-

ception in any other part of the globe. I call them fat monks, there being very few among them who do not weigh sixteen or eighteen stone, and several even exceed that. But it is at the same time equally surprising, how they keep the common people in ignorance. One instance shall suffice for the many which I saw. Before the dinner was served, to which we were invited by the prelate, we had sufficient time to take a walk in an adjacent wood, where the monks pretend to work miracles, and to which thousands of the people of distant Roman Catholic countries make pilgrimages annually. The palace in the wood where these miracles are wrought, is called *Hulfe Gotters*, i. e. "God's Help,"—it ought to be called a place for deception and blasphemy. According to the legend, a small wooden crucifix of the Saviour was carelessly stuck in a hollow tree, where it remained for a long time, crying, "Gold help me! God help me!" At length a friar came, and removed the cause of the piteous exclamation; since which, the crucifix has performed innumerable miracles. Every pilgrim who pays a visit to it is obliged to bestow some donation; as a compensation for which, he receives some picture or relique from the monks; by which means they accumulate a very large annual revenue. On our return, dinner was served. It consisted of two courses, each of about thirty-two covers; and a desert, served up in a princely style. Every monk at Erbach, has four bottles of the best wine for his daily allowance to drink *ad libitum*. Before we set off for Geisenheim, the prelate shewed us his private stables, magnificent carriages, and pack of hounds; it is not in my power to describe the luxurious life of these debauched hypo-

crites, suffice it to say, there are few princes able to vie with them."

JOCKEYSHIP.

In November 1803, was run over Epsom Downs, a singular match, the circumstances of which created much conversation among the sporting circles.

About three weeks before, one of these horses was distanced by the other, and at a dinner, in consequence thereof, the owner of the losing horse, a young foreigner of large fortune, well known in Lord Derby's hunt, having got a little mellow, expressed that his horse was still the best.

An eminent stable-keeper, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, proposed a match of 80 to 70 guineas, to be run on Thursday, the 29th of December, two miles, each carrying twelve stone, to start precisely at one o'clock P. M. and then to fix the riders. The stable-keeper fixed on the servant of a gentleman present, who was attending his master. The foreign gentleman mentioned his own groom.

Things thus stood, till two days before the match was to be run, when the foreigner received notice that his adversary had changed his mind, and fixed on a regular well-bred jockey.

Totally at a loss what to do, and giving up his match as lost, he met accidentally, on Wednesday afternoon, the day preceding the race, between three and four o'clock, a Yorkshire gentleman, well-known on the turf, to whom he represented his difficulties, who instantly advised him to drive down to Newmarket, and engage Mr. Buckle. Off they went; and the next day, the hour of starting arrived, when the win-

ners of the former match were betting ten to one they would be equally successful at the present.

When the well-bred rider was mounted cap-a-pee, in colours of the brightest hue, to snatch, as they thought, by superior horsemanship, the palm of victory from an ignoramus groom, out jumped, from a post-chaise, Buckle, ready equipped, and weighed at Epsom, who leaped on his horse in an instant, and, by dint of skill, in a few minutes, brought in the distanced horse just half a length before his former conqueror!

ROBERT SHAW.

Robert Shaw was keeper of the forest of Bowland, in the counties of York and Lancaster. He was born at Stainmore, in Westmoreland, in the year 1717. His first situation in active life was that of a soldier and light-horseman, in the levies raised at the time of the rebellion. He was at the battle of Carlisle, and saw the Pretender several times at Penrith. He was afterwards appointed game-keeper for the Forest of Bowland, by John Duke of Montague, lord of that forest and of the honour of Clithero. He served under four lords: John, Duke of Montague; the Earls of Beaulieu and Cardigan; and His Grace, Henry, the present Duke of Buccleugh. He outlived also three bow bearers: J. Fenwick, Esq. of Borough Hale; Edward Parker, Esq. of Browsholme, within the Forest of Bowland; John Parker, Esq. of the same place; and died in the year 1805, aged 88, under the present bow-bearer, Thomas Liston Parker, Esq. He was a most remarkably stout active man, though low in stature, and scarcely ever had a day of sickness till

within the last five months of his life. In 1802, he went upon the Moors, and shot his brace of grouse. The same year he shot a hare with a ball from his rifle-gun. He was a very good shot at deer, and has often killed, within the same forest, eight or nine couple of Woodcocks in a day. He died in 1805, at Whitewell, within the forest, and was buried at Waddington, in the county of York. Mr. Northcote had a very fine picture of him buck-hunting, which was in the Royal Academy exhibition last year, and is now at Browsholme.

A TYGER.

A PARTY of gentlemen proceeding on horseback some months since from Tannah, to visit the Kanara caves, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, descried, near Tulsey, a tyger descending towards them, from a distant hill; he shortly after made his appearance at the foot of the path leading to the caves, close to one of the gentlemen, the foremost of the party. The tyger evincing every appearance of preparing to spring upon a pointer dog near to him, the gentleman called out to his companions; when the animal instantly shrunk from his attempt, squatted himself upon his haunches, and fixed his eyes furiously and stedfastly upon him for some seconds: and, upon the exclamation being repeated, growlingly turned from the foot-path into an adjoining jungle. The dog, upon which the tyger had seemingly fixed for his prey, stood petrified with affright, and has been ever since in a dejected state. A second pointer dog that was in the rear, roused by his master's exclamations, ran forward, and penetrated the jungle through which the tyger had pas-

sed; in a moment after, the dog was heard to give one howl, and nothing more was seen of him. On the following day, the party proceeded armed, in quest of the tyger, and on entering the jungle in question, they discovered the remains of the poor dog, distant not more than six paces from the foot path where they first encountered this royal beast. The tyger appeared to be much pressed with hunger; and it may be deemed a most fortunate occurrence, fate had so decreed, that the preference which these animals invariably give to canine over human flesh, should have had its opportunity of being gratified in this instance.

SINGULAR FOX-CHASE.

EARLY one morning, in the spring of 1805, the officers of the Buckingham regiment, quartered at Maidstone, accompanied by several other sporting gentlemen in the neighbourhood, turned out a bag-fox, on Penenden-Heath, just at the time as Captain Tyrrell's rifle corps, who were skirmishing, entered the heath in extended order from the wood adjoining the Debting road. The fox, in approaching them, soon altered his course, frightened at the fire kept up by the riflemen; and, after passing several inclosures, with the hounds in full cry, bounded a very high garden wall and several fences, making his way into Duke's-court, Maidstone, the peaceful abode of old maids; and there leaping on a water-cask, facilitated his second leap upon the roof of Mr. Alchin's school. Not sufficiently exalted here, reynard, with much adroitness, sprung upon the chimney, being double, and sagaciously viewing his pursuers, which were close at

hand, descended into the one that had no fire below. In the mean time, the ardor of the sportsmen was so great in the pursuit, that it could scarcely be restrained, even in his sooty progress; but Mr. John Russell, of Maidstone, a sportsman of celebrity, coolly dismounting, entered the school, and followed reynard to his dernier retreat. He was found sitting at the mouth of a funnel in the wash-house chimney. That gentleman, disregarding the sharpness of his teeth and claws, though in so awkward a situation to be secured, soon dragged him from his lurking-place into a bag, but not without himself and another person having their hands much lacerated in the conflict. Reynard was a second time turned out the same morning on the Debtling road, below Pennenden-heath, and taking a southern course, by Mrs. Whatman's, was killed, after a very severe run, near Poll Mill. A doubt having arisen, whether it is agreeable to the exact regulations of the chase, that a fox, after such a bufleting, should have been so immediately turned out again, several have drawn a conclusion that reynard had not a fair chance, in not being given a longer respite; but this point is left for sportsmen to decide upon.

DESCRIPTION OF NEWMARKET IN THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.

A GENTLEMAN who made a very extensive tour in the eastern parts of this island, in the reign of Queen Anne, and published his remarks in that of George I. speaking of Newmarket, says---"Being there in October, I had the opportunity to see the horse races, and a great concourse of the nobility and gentry, as well

from London as from all parts of England; but they were all so intent, so eager, so busy upon the sharping part of the sport, their wagers and bets, that to me they seemed just as so many horse-coursers in Smithfield, descending, the greatest of them, from their high dignity and quality, to the picking one another's pockets, and biting one another as much as possible; and that with so much eagerness, as it might be said they acted without respect to faith, honour, or good manners.

"There was Mr. Frampton, the oldest, and, as some say, the cunningest jockey in England; one day he lost 1000 guineas, the next he won 2000; and so alternately. He made as light of throwing away 500l. or 1000l. at a time, as other men do of their pocket money; and was as perfectly calm, cheerful, and unconcerned, when he had lost a thousand pounds as when he had won it.---On the other side, there was Sir R. Fagg, of Sussex, of whom fame says, he has the most in him, and the least to shew for it, relating to jockeyship, of any man there; yet he often carried the prize. His horses, they said, were all cheats, how honest soever their master was: for he scarcely ever produced a horse but he looked like what he was not, and was what nobody could expect him to be. If he was as light as the wind, and could fly like a meteor, he was sure to look as clumsy as a cart-horse, as all the cunning of his master and grooms could make him; and just in this manner he bit some of the greatest gamesters in the field.

"I was so sick of the jockeying part, that I left the crowd about the posts, and pleased myself with observing the horses; how the creatures yielded to all

the arts and management of their masters; how they took their airings in sport, and played with the daily heats which they ran over the course before the grand day; but how, as not knowing the difference equally with their riders, they would then exert their utmost strength, as much as at the time of the race itself, and that to such an extremity, that one or two of them died in the stable, when they came to be rubbed after the first heat.

"Here I fancied myself in the *Circus Maximus* at Rome, seeing the ancient games, and under this deception was more pleased than I possibly could have been among the crowds of gentlemen at the weighing and starting posts; or at their meetings at the coffee-houses and gaming-tables, after the races were over. Pray take it with you as you go, that you see no ladies at Newmarket, excepting a few of the neighbouring gentlemen's families, who come in their carriages to see a race, and then go home again."

DEER HUNTING,

FROM JANSON'S STRANGER IN AMERICA.

"I WAS induced (says Mr. Janson) to accompany Mr. William Carter, of Edenton, in pursuit of the deer, into this swamp,* a temerity which I had reason to repent before I regained the cleared ground. This gentleman was a great sportsman, and derived infinite satisfaction from toiling the whole

* The Great Dismal Swamp.

day in pursuit of game. He had with him a couple of dogs, which started and ran the deer till they came within shot. The sportsmen are placed at certain breaks in the underwood, through one of which the deer will pass at full speed.—They sometimes bound past so suddenly, that a young sportsman is either startled, or cannot seize the moment to fire with effect. I was not put to the test, for we had started no game, when the morning lowered, and presently the wind and rain rendered further pursuit impracticable. We had, however, penetrated far enough to alarm me greatly, and to puzzle my guide as to the direction to be taken, for the purpose of reaching the open country. My fears were greatly heightened by the knowledge of the following circumstance:—My companion loved his joke, but, like many other jesters, often carried it too far; having designedly led some of his acquaintance into the swamp, and, under pretence of following game in another direction, left them in the labyrinth, where they were actually obliged to pass such a night as that now approaching threatened to be. His doubts were so evident, that with some agitation I mentioned the trick he had once played his friends, and threatened him with vengeance if he dared to repeat it upon me. He assured me I was perfectly safe, but for some time appeared at a loss in which direction to proceed; and such was the effect produced on my mind, that I fancied every five minutes we had come to the spot we had just left, and even challenged trees by certain marks my eye had caught, charging Mr. Carter with having lost the way. I observed him walk round several large trees, surveying them with great attention. He would then

climb one of them, and as the seaman from the main-top looks out for land, so he appeared to be looking for some known mark to guide his course.—My fears were increasing, and the tales I had heard of men perishing in the swamp, and of others being many days in extricating themselves, in which time they were nearly famished, drove me almost to a state of desperation. All this time my companion in silence was apparently employed in fixing upon our course; at length he called out that he had discovered it. He then pointed to a large tree, the bark of which, in the direction in which we stood, was incrusted with green moss. 'This,' said he, 'is the north side of the tree; I now know our course; I was in doubt only till I ascertained this point, and the trees we have lately passed did not fully convince me. On going round the tree, I found the other sides free from the mossy appearance. He observed that but few of them clearly shewed it in the swamp; but I have since observed the effect on all trees less exposed to the air, as well upon old houses and walls. He said that he was rarely obliged to recur to this guide, as he never ventured into the swamp but when the day promised to be fair, as he could work his way by the sun. Few men will venture like Mr. Carter, but experience had made him regardless of being lost in the desert.

"I found in many parts of it good walking ground, the lofty trees being at some distance from each other, and the underwood by no means so thick as to impede our road; but after thus proceeding a few miles, the pursuit of game was impracticable. Sometimes we had to cross where it was knee deep, but my companion had in this case generally marked a place where

we could pass over on a fallen tree, I had mounted one of these, of a monstrous size, and was proceeding heedlessly along, when I suddenly found myself sunk up to the middle in dust, the tree having become rotten, though it still retained its shape. This was a good joke for my friend, but a sad disaster for me, for I had great difficulty in getting out of the hole into which I had fallen."

FOX-HUNTING.

A FEW months since, as the Liverpool mail-coach was changing horses at the inn at Monk's Heath, between Congleton in Cheshire, and Newcastle-under-Line, the horses, which had performed the stage from Congleton, having been just taken off and separated, hearing Sir Peter Warburton's fox-hounds in full cry, immediately started after them, with their harness on, and followed the chace until the last. One of them, a blood mare, kept the track with the whipper-in, and gallantly followed him for about two hours, over every leap he took, until reynard had led them round a ring fence, and ran to ground in Mr. Hibbert's plantation. These spirited horses were led back to the inn at Monk's Heath, and performed their stage back to Congleton the same evening.

CHARACTER OF THE LATE SAMUEL CHIFNEY.

THIS popular character was one of the most eminent CONVEYANCERS of his time; and more pro-

perty has been transferred by his practice than by that of the most laborious of the profession in our Inns of Court. This was, no doubt, owing in part to the ability he displayed in his professional engagements, but perhaps more to the wonderful *expedition* with which he *did the business* of those gentlemen who employed him. A *few minutes* were with him quite sufficient to make over an immense property, which would have cost the lawyers scores of weeks, or months, and many acres of parchment. Yet while outstripping all competition in this way, he was never known to admit any of those flaws or errors which render possession dubious or precarious. The *course* he took was that which generally tended most effectually to reach the main object. Amidst doubts and perplexities, he saw his way clearly before him, and pursued it with an ardour which *distanced* all competition. Popular, however, as he was in this line, it must be allowed that his employers did not commission him to do business for them, without much circumspection.—Besides the recommendation of persons of judgment, his merits were well *weighed* before they entrusted him either with money, *plate*, or landed estates.

It cannot be a matter of surprize, if such unbounded confidence sometimes made him vain. He might well be vain of the easy familiarity with which he was treated by persons of the highest rank. It could not but be very flattering, that he had often the eyes of half a senate fixed upon him, and that they who could not enjoy this happiness, read his exploits with an impatience and ardour which is often denied to heroes and statesmen.

His temperance was most exemplary. He often practised abstinence to a degree that made it believed that he had much to answer for. But those who knew him best, considered this rather as a matter of personal convenience than of conscience. He studied his health that he might not be burthensome to those he was most closely connected with; and avoided every thing that had a tendency to pamper the flesh, or to lessen the *weight* he had attained by a punctual discharge of his duty.

He possessed a singular acuteness of understanding. Without the parade of a long train of argument, he comprehended, as if by instinct, the instructions given him, and readily took a hint, where circumlocution might have been unnecessary, or explanation improper. Although of a highly animated turn, and not easily overtaken, he has been known to restrain himself in a most wonderful manner, and to yield the superiority while he seemed to be struggling for victory. —Like other wise men, he knew the value of delay, and the motto on some of his *rings* was

"Cunctando restituit rem."

His manners though professional, were without pedantry. He never affected to speak above the level of his hearers. He understood the terms of *breeding* perfectly, and knew how to deal with the ignorant and the *knowing*.

Of his lesser accomplishments he was a master of the science of *pedigree*, and the only branch of it that is now thought of any value. He was often consulted in the forming of tender connexions. In the union of

the sexes, he not only discouraged the alliance of age with youth, or debility with vigour, but was a decided enemy, to the contamination of noble *blood* with any mixture of the low and degenerate kind. It must be owned, indeed, that he sometimes promoted unions that had not received the sanction of the church, but his extensive usefulness in the way of his profession, and his attention to his *betters*, enabled him to live on pretty good terms with many of the clergy, particularly those of Cambridge and York.

His charities were so extensive, that few persons have been known to convey more money into the pockets of the poor. In this virtue, however, his system has been sometimes confined, and some writers on the subject have doubted whether he did not *create* as many poor as he *relieved*. The truth, however, was, that he had long contemplated the evils arising from unbounded wealth, and therefore was induced to fix a price upon experience, which was thought to be too high by all, except those who paid it.

His *race*, however, is now *run*: and whatever his failings, he will be long remembered as one who taught with success the uncertainty of all earthly possessions, and to whom there are few families of rank who do not owe their present estimation in the opinion of the world, as well as the character they are desirous of handing down to posterity.

HORSE RACES ON THE CONTINENT.

In Italy, this charming diversion is not unfrequent. —The horses are not, in general, like ours, mounted and managed by a jockey, but are left at perfect li-

berty to exert their power in the greatest degree, to attain the goal. At the time of carnival in Rome, these races are generally run in the long-street called in Italian, *il Corso*; the length is nearly 865 toises, or rather more than one English mile. They are generally Barbary horses that are employed in this amusement. In appearance, these animals are small, and very far from handsome. They are all kept equal by a rope, against which they press with their breasts till the signal to start is given; the rope is then dropped, and the affrighted horses start away at full speed. At Florence they endeavour to increase the speed of their horses, by fixing a large piece of leather, not unlike the flaps of a saddle, on the back of each horse; the under side of this is armed with very sharp prickles, which keep perpetually goading them all the while they run. In order that the horses may not run out of the course, a strong railing runs along each side of the course, and a rope is fixed across at each end, to prevent them leaving the course at the extremities. The speed, however, of these Barbary horses, though considerable, is very inferior to that of the English racer. The course of 865 toises, at Rome, is run over in 151 seconds.—An English mile is about 826 toises; so that these horses run very little more than a mile in two minutes, which an ordinary racer is able to do in England; not to mention Childers, who is said to have run a mile in one minute; and to have run round the circular course at Newmarket, which is 400 yards short of four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. —Starling is said also to have performed the first mile in a minute. Childers run the Beacon course in seven minutes and a half. The Round Course is asserted

to have been more than once run round in six minutes and six seconds. The Barbary horses must, according to what was said above, get over thirty-seven feet in a second; the swiftness of the English horses will be found, by this mode of estimating, far superior. Starling must have moved, in the performance mentioned before, eighty-two feet and a half in a second.

Dr. Moty in his celebrated publication, "Le Journal Brittanique," considering this subject, tells us, that every bound by the fleetest Barbary horse at Rome would cover eighteen royal feet and a half, and twenty two or twenty-three feet by the English horses; so that the swiftness of the latter would be, to that of the former, as four to three, or nearly.* The Horses that passed over a mile in a minute, would evidently go faster than the wind, for the greatest swiftness of a ship at sea has never been known to exceed six marine leagues in an hour; and if we suppose that the vessel thus borne partakes one third of the swiftness of the wind that drives it, the latter would still be no more than eighty feet a second, which would be two feet and a half less than the quantity of ground covered by Childers and Starling in that time. For this calculation we are indebted to M. de la Condamine's Journal of a Tour through Italy. Buffon in his Natural History, mentions an example of the extraordinary speed of the English horse. Mr. Thornhill, the post-master at Sutton, laid a wager, that he would ride in fifteen hours three times the road from Sutton to London,

* We are not to forget that the English race-horse carries a jockey, and frequently weights on his back, the Barb nothing.

the distance being 215 miles. On the 29th of April, 1745, he set out from Stilton, and after mounting eight different horses, arrived in London in three hours and fifty-one minutes. Instantly leaving London again, and mounting only six horses he reached Stilton in three hours and fifty-two minutes. For the third course he used seven of the same horses, and finished it in three hours and forty-nine minutes. He thus performed his undertaking in eleven hours and thirty-two minutes.—Buffon observes, "I suspect that no example of such fleetness was ever exhibited at the olympic games" A horse, the property of a gentleman in Billiter Square, London, trotted, on the fourth of July, 1788, for a wager of thirty guineas, thirty miles in an hour and twenty minutes, though allowed an hour and a half. These instances of speed are astonishing, even by ordinary horses. The four miles for the Union Cup at Preston were run last year in very little more than seven minutes.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the breed of horses in this country, which has been capable of producing such illustrious examples of speed.

HAWKING, A BALLAD.

MADE AT FALCONER'S HALL, YORKSHIRE.

Come Sportsmen away—the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair:
Bold Thunder* and Lightning* are made for the game,
And Death* and the Devil* are both just the same.

* Names of Hawks.

See, Beckers†, a Kite—a mere speck in the sky—
Zounds! out with the owl—lo! he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a sweep—he unhoodles each hawk
Very soon will they both to the gentleman stalk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'er him again;
Ah!—that was a stroke—see! he drops to the plain—
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and shambles,
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles—
Out again—overtaken—his spirits no flag—
Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night, Mister Mag.

Lo a Heron! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
'Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling to ground.

Thus we Falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
To fight o'er the bottle the wars of the day:
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest, with a dove in our arms.

COLONEL THORNTON.

As the antiquity of a family, generally speaking, is an additional proof of its respectability in the eyes of the world, it will be necessary in the first place to remark, that the Thorntons have been for some centuries established in the county of York, where they have enjoyed the most valuable and extensive possessions;

† The head falconer.

and, at one period, so large were their domains, that they had the right of sixteen lordships vested in them. The most ancient bears the family name, being still called Thornton *cum Bucksby*, of which mention is made prior to the period of William the Conqueror. As the antiquity of a family, however, does not in many instances entail those mental perfections which render the representatives, honourable members of society, we shall dwell no longer upon that point, but proceed to give such instances of shining talents and conspicuous virtues, as will tend to convince the public that, not in name alone, is concentrated the worth of the Thornton family, but that, in the two-fold capacities of statesmen and soldiers, they have rendered themselves pre-eminently conspicuous.

Sir William Thornton, the grandfather of the present colonel, was a very active gentleman in supporting the rights and privileges of Englishmen; and such was the estimation in which his talents were held, that he was the individual selected as best calculated to present, at the foot of the throne, the articles of the union with Scotland, during the reign of Queen Anne; on which memorable occasion he received the honour of knighthood from her Majesty, accompanied with such demonstrations of royal pleasure as sufficiently indicated that his abilities did not pass unnoticed by his sovereign. With respect to the private virtues of this gentleman, few men can boast a progenitor of such unexceptionable manners; in short, in Sir William Thornton were concentrated the characteristics of a good christian, and affectionate husband, a tender father and a sincere friend.

Colonel William Thornton, the father of the sub-

ject of these memoirs, bearing all those principles instilled into his mind which had insured his universal approbation, was a ready advocate for the cause of England's rights and liberties, as ratified by the blood of our ancestors.

At the period of the rebellion in Scotland, this gentleman, anxious to testify his loyalty to his sovereign, raised at his own expence, a corps of one hundred men, whom he fed, clothed, and paid, for several months. At the head of this little troop, Colonel William Thornton marched into Scotland, where he joined the main forces under the command of the Duke of Cumberland, and conducted himself at the battles of Falkirk and Culloden with the most intrepid bravery; and such was the publicity of his active conduct, that a reward of one thousand pounds was offered by the rebel commanders for his head. After the termination of that eventful struggle, Colonel William Thornton was elected member of parliament for York, in which character he signalised himself as a statesman by revising the old code of the militia laws, as instituted in the reign of Charles the second; and, bringing in a bill, framed by himself, which consisted in a total reorganization of the militia laws, which was the foundation of the present well-regulated system, so apparent in every department of that important military force, so conducive to the safety of the country, and the support of the rights and liberties of Englishmen.

After a life thus spent in the service of his country, and characterized by every social refinement which adorns human nature, Colonel William Thornton died suddenly, at the early age of fifty years, his son being then a minor.

The present Colonel Thomas Thornton, was born in the neighbourhood of St. James's, and placed at a proper age in the Charter House, in order that he might be near his uncle who resided in the vicinity of that public seminary. The progress which he made in his studies was very rapid, until a violent illness with which he was seized, impeded his continuance at the school for some months, when, upon his return, finding that those scholars who had formerly been his inferiors were become better adepts than himself, produced such an effect upon his young and active mind, that, during his continuance at the Charter House, he never was enabled to follow his studies with that avidity, which had, in the early period of his education, particularly characterized him.

When fourteen years of age, it was determined that he should go to college, and in consequence he left the Charter House; when, accompanied by his father, he first visited the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and lastly, those of Edinburgh and Glasgow, in order that he might select that which was best suited to his ideas, on which occasion, the University of Glasgow was preferred, where he was placed by his father, after being introduced to all the leading families residing in that city and its environs.

At this seat of learning our young hero attended to his studies with the most indefatigable assiduity, undergoing the public examinations, in which he acquitted himself to the entire satisfaction of his instructors, and much to his own credit. His companions at the college were Lords Rivers and Seaforth, Sir Thomas Wallace, and Messrs. Windham, Sheend, Kennedy, Hill, Wilson, &c. &c. With these gentlemen he was

accustomed to pursue the sports of the field during the vacations, which, however, did not so far infatuate his mind, as to make him relax in his course of studies; on the contrary, his time was so diversified, that pleasure never interfered with those duties which education imposed upon him, and in this happy way did he pass his time, until the attainment of his nineteenth year, when he was deprived of the best of fathers. As the death of Colonel William Thornton left the present colonel sole possessor of his estates, it might be supposed that he instantly quitted Glasgow; such, however, was his good sense, that feeling a conviction how much more remained to be learned, he, on the contrary, still continued for three years at the University, deputing his mother, whom he reverenced with true filial affection, to superintend his affairs.

Previous to this period, the colonel had imbibed a strong partiality for the pastime of hawking, which he studied with eagerness, being determined to bring that sport to the height of perfection, neither being deterred by expence, nor the difficulties that intervened to prevent the accomplishing of his darling purpose. At the same period was also laid the foundation of that celebrity, which he has since acquired for his breed of horses and every species of dog, calculated for the diversions of the field.

On quitting Glasgow, the colonel repaired with his hawks, dogs, &c. to his mansion at Old Thornville, where he remained for a few months; after which, he visited London, renewed his acquaintance with many of his old college friends, and became a member of the *Scavoir Vivre* club, which had been very recently instituted, being originally intended, to consist of

eighteen members only, the subscription being four guineas for the season, to defray the expences of the house rent, &c. while one guinea was the stipulated sum to be paid for the dinner, the member being entitled to call for as much wine as he chose for that sum. The leading plan of the *Sçavoir Vivre* was intended to patronize men of genius and talents; whereas it soon became notorious as an institution, tolerating every species of licentiousness and debauchery. On one of the colonel's visits to the *Sçavoir Vivre*, he took a seat next to the celebrated Oliver Goldsmith, who said nothing which tended to stamp him the genius he really was. The late Lord Lyttleton, and the Right Honourable Charles James Fox, were then members of that club, as well as many other celebrated characters of the day. It may be necessary to remark that, although gambling constituted one of the predominant features of the *Sçavoir Vivre*, the colonel was never led to share that diversion; and, although an idea has prevailed that he has been addicted to that destructive propensity throughout his sporting career; it is necessary to state, that such reports are totally unfounded, as the colonel was always averse to cards or dice; and, to such a pitch did he carry his ideas on that head, that over the chimney-piece of the library of Thornville Royal, is a marble slab, whereon are graven the following lines :—

"*Utinam hanc veris amicis impleam.*"

"By the established rule of this house all bets are considered to be off, if either of the parties, by letter, or otherwise, pay into the hands of the landlord, one guinea, by five the next day."

On the colonel's return to Old Thornville, the neighbouring gentlemen came to a determination to keep a pack of hounds, by subscription, when Colonel Thornton took the charge of the dogs, and, for a short time, harmony subsisted among the subscribers; but, as the payments were very incorrectly made, the colonel was under the necessity of demanding an arbitration, by which all the arrears due to him, for the keep of the hounds, &c. was paid; after which the society was dissolved, when the colonel found himself obliged to keep the pack at his own private charge.

Having for a period followed every diversion which Yorkshire afforded in its fullest extent, Colonel Thornton became desirous of witnessing the sports of the Highlands of Scotland, whither he repaired, accompanied by Mr. P. Mosley; and so much was the colonel enchanted with the diversity of the scenery, the variety and quantity of game of every description which the remote parts of the Highlands afforded: that he there passed the best part of seventeen years in succession, wholly occupied in the several pastimes which were gratifying to his mind.

In order that the pleasures experienced by the colonel, during his continuance in Scotland, might not be confined to his own particular knowledge, he kept a regular diary of the sporting pursuits, &c. and employed an artist to execute drawings of the antiquities and picturesque scenery of the country; from which he afterwards selected a few, and caused them to be engraved in a very finished style, after which he had recourse to his journal: and thus completed a manuscript which, together with the plates, was presented as a donation, to an old schoolfellow reduced in his cir-

cumstances, and by this means a literary production has been brought into the world under the title of *A Sporting Tour through the Highlands of Scotland, by Colonel Thornton;* which, for local information, anecdote, and sporting intelligence of every description, is fully entitled to the ample sale which it has experienced.

During the colonel's continuance in Scotland he was first given to understand that Allerton Mauleverer was on the point of being sold by Lord Viscount Galway, to his Royal Highness the Duke of York, which sale, to the colonel's astonishment, shortly after took place; and, upon his return to old Thornville, he was introduced to the Duke of York, and constantly visited his Royal Highness until a misunderstanding took place at Boroughbridge Races, which terminated their acquaintance.

Previous to Colonel Thornton's quitting the Highlands, he gave up the land there which he had received of his Grace the Duke of Gordon, where he had erected a small mansion in the gothic style, which was called Thornton-Castle; the colonel was prompted to this measure on account of the great expences attendant on keeping up this establishment, as well as the enormous sums which were expended in travelling from England; in addition to which, the roads were scarcely passable during the rainy seasons. It is necessary to state, that the strictest friendship subsisted between the then Lord Orford and himself, who kept pace with Colonel Thornton in the cultivation of every sport and particularly hawking, nor was the Marquis of Rockingham less partial to the subject of these pages, who enjoyed the confidence and friendship of

those respective noblemen until the period of their dissolution.

At the time of his Majesty's illness, in the year 1789, when debates ran high respecting a regency, very great improvements were carrying on at Allerton, Mauleverer, by order of the Duke of York; but on the happy recovery of the king, these plans were almost instantaneously stopped by the workmen being discharged; and, on the breaking out of the Spanish war, the sale of Allerton was advertised for disposal, when Colonel Thornton determined on purchasing the same, to the no small astonishment of his friends and the neighbouring gentlemen, who did not conceive it possible that he could accomplish such a heavy purchase; however, notwithstanding these conjectures, proposals were made and at length adjusted, when the colonel became the purchaser of the estate of Allerton Mauleverer, (which he afterwards called Thornville Royal) for the sum of one hundred and ten thousand pounds, which was paid by instalments, according to the agreement, within the twelve months. It is more necessary that this fact should be publicly known, as, among other erroneous reports, it has been stated that Colonel Thornton won this estate of the Duke of York at the gambling table.

Soon after this event, the colonel, being well aware that the wolds were best calculated for the purpose of coursing and hawking, purchased of Mr. Bilby the estate of Boythorp, on the wolds, for the sum of ten thousand pounds, where he erected the present mansion, known by the name of Falconer's Hall.

During the sporting career of Colonel Thornton, his mansion of Thornville was always the scene of festive

hospitality; and it may with truth be said, that no gentleman is better calculated to preside at the board of hilarity. His diversified talents, his quickness at *repartee*, his facetious stories on all topics, and his good natured acquiescence with the request of his guests, have ever rendered his table the resort of the neighboring noblemen and gentlemen; nor ought we to pass unnoticed the excellence and abundance of his wines, which were always of the first quality.

With respect to the works of art which adorned the mansion-house of Thornville, few dwellings had to boast a more diversified and choice collection of paintings; and, with respect to sporting subjects, it is only necessary to remark, that the most celebrated pictures of Gilpin and Reinagle, painted under the immediate direction of the colonel, were there to be found. The well-known picture of the Death of the Fox, by Gilpin, an unrivalled performance, is now, we are informed, engraving by Scott, in his best manner, and from the specimens of his excellence already before the public, there is little doubt but that it will prove a great treat, not only to the sporting world, but to all admirers of fine engraving. Among other masters of the Italian and Flemish schools, which characterized the Thornville collection, were Guido, Carracci, Teniers, Wovermans, Rubens, Vandyke, &c. &c.

With respect to the sporting animals reared by Colonel Thornton, it will be merely requisite to instance a few, which, from their acknowledged excellence, sufficiently prove the judgment of the colonel in every point relating to the breed of animals, connected with field-sports.

Horses.

Icelander—A noted racer, bred by Colonel Thornton, which won twenty-six matches, and was the first foal bred by the colonel. The sire of this horse was *Grey-coat* and his grandsire *Dismal*.

Jupiter—This celebrated blood-horse was of a chesnut colour, he was got by *Eclipse*, dam by Tartar, grandam, by Mogul, Sweepstakes, &c. in 1777, he won one thousand pounds, at Lewes: two hundred at Abingdon; and one thousand at Newmarket: and, in 1771, two hundred and forty at Newmarket.

Truth—A remarkable steady hunter.

Stoic—A famous race-horse which won a match at Newmarket for one thousand guineas.

St. Thomas—A race-horse which beat Mr. Hare's *Tu Quoque*, the bet being five hundred guineas, each gentleman riding his own horse.

Thornville—A celebrated hunter.

Esterhazy—A most remarkable blood-horse now in the colonel's possession, being master of any weight, and active in all his paces. Of which animal a very beautiful engraving is now executing by Ward, from a picture of Chalon.

DOGS.

Fox-hounds.

Merlin—A well-known fox-hound, bred by Colonel Thornton.

Lucifer—A most remarkable fox-hound, the sire of *Lounger* and *Mad Cap*, of equal celebrity.

Old Conqueror—A matchless fox-hound, sire of many well-known dogs in the annals of fox-hunting.

Pointers.

Dash—An acknowledged fine pointer, which sold for two hundred and fifty guineas.

Pluto—A celebrated pointer.

Juno—A remarkable bitch which was matched with a pointer of Lord Grantley's for ten thousand guineas, who paid forfeit.

Modish—A bitch of acknowledged excellence.

Lilly—A most remarkable steady bitch.

Nan—It is only necessary to state that seventy-five guineas have been offered and refused for this bitch.

Greyhounds.

Major—A dog of very great celebrity, and the father of Colonel Thornton's present breed of greyhounds.—Of this animal a very beautiful engraving, from the masterly hand of Scott, is to be found in that highly finished work, The Sportsman's Cabinet; illustrated with specimens of every species of the canine race.

Czarina—A bitch of equal celebrity.

Skyagraphina—A matchless hound. N. B. For each of these hounds the most extravagant sums have been offered but rejected.

Spaniels.

Dash—This animal is esteemed the *ne plus ultra* of this species of sporting dog, the colonel having used

his utmost endeavours to bring the spaniel to perfection.

Beagles.

Merryman—This celebrated dog is sire of a pack, which exceeds all others for symmetry, bottom, and pace. The beagles of Colonel Thornton will tire the strongest hunters, and return to kennel comparatively fresh.

Terriers.

It would be necessary to notice Colonel Thornton's Terriers, if it were only on account of his justly celebrated *Pitch*, from whom are descended most of the white terriers in this kingdom. This dog was in the colonel's possession about twenty years ago, since which epoch, he has assiduously attended to this breed of sporting dogs.

Hawks.

Sans Quartier, *Death*, and the *Devil*, were three of the most celebrated birds ever reared by Colonel Thornton during his pursuit of hawking, and were allowed to distance any birds of the kind which had ever been flown at the game.

In speaking of the bodily activity of Colonel Thornton, few men perhaps have ever given proofs of such extraordinary powers. Among various other matches of a following nature, the following, it is conceived, will be amply sufficient to substantiate this fact:—

In a walking match, which the colonel engaged to

perform, he went four miles in thirty-two minutes and half a second.

In leaping, Colonel Thornton cleared his own heighth, being five feet nine inches, the bet being considerable.

In another match it is stated, that he leaped over six five barred gates in six minutes, and then repeated the same on horseback.

At Newmarket the colonel, on horseback, ran down a hare, which he picked up, in the presence of an immense concourse of people assembled to witness this extraordinary match.

With respect to shooting, either with the fowling-piece, rifle, or air-gun, Colonel Thornton has given the most incontestible proofs of the steadiness of his hand, and the wonderful correctness of his sight, not only in bringing down the game, when pursuing the pastimes of the field, but also at a mark, in which his precision has never been surpassed. With regard to shooting apparatus of every description, Colonel Thornton has not only been unmindful of expence in the procuring the best workmanship, but he has also evinced a considerable share of mechanical genius by the improvement of various kinds which he has made in the art of gunnery.

Notwithstanding the numerous pursuits of a sporting nature, which occupied the colonel's mind, he has seldom lost sight of those refinements which characterize the man of literature and taste. His valuable collection of pictures at his last seat of Thornville Royal, sufficiently indicate his taste for the fine arts, and the correct journals which he invariably kept during all his excursions to Scotland, &c. as well as

the artists who always attended him to make drawings of the scenery characteristic of the country through which he passed, are sufficient testimonies of his diversified talents and classic pursuits.

Having thus dilated upon the sporting annals of Colonel Thornton, it will now be requisite to mention his conduct while Lieutenant-colonel of the West-York Militia, where he performed his duty as an officer, and acquired the love of the soldiery to such a degree, that the regiment to a man adored him, rather as a benefactor and parent, than a chief whose command they were subjected to.

During the short interval of peace which occurred between this country and France, in 1802, the colonel repaired to Paris for the purpose of viewing that capital; after which, he travelled through the southern provinces, and part of the conquered territory, where he pursued, with avidity, the sports which characterize that kingdom. On this occasion the colonel had an artist to accompany him, while, as in every other instance, he kept a journal of the events that transpired. From this diary, a very entertaining tour has been produced, entitled, Colonel Thornton's Sporting Tour through France, &c. which, from the variety and excellence of the picturesque illustrations with which it abounds, very justly takes precedence of almost every work of a similar description already before the public. In the course of this Tour appears a very entertaining and curious comparative view of the sports of the two countries, which, from the colonel's acknowledged excellence as an English sportsman, renders it not only entertaining, but scientific and useful. These materials form the subject of upwards of forty letters,

which were afterwards sent to his noble friend the Earl of Darlington, to whom this splendid work is dedicated.

This gentleman is not only devoted to the pursuits of Actæon, and the pleasures of Bacchus, but Venus and Cupid are likewise his idols, having, in the autumn of 1806, led to the hymeneal altar Miss Corston, of Essex, an accomplished young lady, of some fortune.

With respect to the *arcana* of the law, no man has perhaps experienced more its direful effects than Colonel Thornton, who, for several years back, has had to struggle against its *quibbles* and intricacies to the injury of his pocket and the harassing of his mind; yet, notwithstanding these complicated difficulties, the pressure he experienced in pecuniary affairs, and the general opinion which prevailed that he was a ruined man, he has now completely reversed the scene, as, by the sale of a part only of his extensive possessions to Lord Stourton, he has not only falsified the clamour of report, but given incontestible proof of the acuteness of his own judgment, as few speculations in which he has embarked have ever proved abortive, but, on the contrary, generally been productive of much profit.

To enter into a particular detail of the nature of the accumulated law-suits of the colonel would be absolutely impossible, nor would it be any very easy matter to calculate the sums which he has expended in litigations: the Courts of Chancery, King's Bench, and Common Pleas have been witnesses of his indefatigable genius, which may with justice be said never to sleep.

Amongst the most celebrated involvements which have characterized the life of Colonel Thornton the most conspicuous was his trial before a court-martial for unsoldier-like conduct; it would be impossible to enter at large upon this topic, but it is sufficient to state that such was the effect of the trial, that when the colonel was prompted to throw up his commission as lieutenant-colonel of the West York Militia, he was drawn into York by the soldiery, who, as a testimony of their gratitude and love, presented him with a beautiful medalion and splendid sword, which the colonel to the present hour esteems as the most precious badge of honour that could be bestowed.

With respect to the corporal pains incidental to human nature, Colonel Thornton to all appearance is perfectly unacquainted with them, he has experienced the most trying accidents, but the hand of fate seems always to have been extended to preserve him; rest is generally esteemed the balm of human life, yet the colonel has copiously drank of the juice of the grape and remained with his friends till the return of dawn; he still is awake at the usual hour, and, while the world is buried in sleep, he frequently occupies an hour or two free from head-ach, with a mind calm and collected. It is evident the colonel has imbibed one opinion, viz.—"Time is precious: life is but a span: we should therefore make the best use of it." In fine the greatest persecution that could be entailed on Colonel Thornton would be to condemn him to pass a week in idleness: his mind ever on the alert, pictures some new scene for action, and, if the object be but trivial we had better occupy the mind on that nothing-

ness, than suffer the fancy to lie dormant and fix on things derogatory to our natures.

ANCIENT AND MODERN COURSING.

BY MAJOR TOPHAM.

"I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
"Straining upon the start—The game's a-foot!"
SHAKESPEARE, *Hen. Vth.*

THE greyhound, under the ancient name of gaze-hound, formed one of the earliest dogs of the chase, and from the very nature of his first appellation was intended only to run by sight. He was the original accompaniment of royalty in the sports of the field; and in lieu of fines and forfeitures due to the crown, King John was wont to accept of greyhounds; whether, when received as a tax, he was able to obtain those of a superior description, is not to be ascertained. But the dog of that day, which under kings was the concomitant of hawking, was long-haired, and somewhat resembling the one used by warreners; and in the oldest pictures now extant on the subject, the spaniel, and sometimes the pointer accompanied the sportsman in what was at that period denominated---coursing.

The greyhound then employed was probably larger than even the warren mongrel, resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day. The Wolds of Yorkshire, which like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word "Wilds," appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other

part of England. In the entries at Flixton, Stackston, and Folkston, in the east riding of Yorkshire, are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below among the rushes, furze, and bogs, and in the night time come up from their dens, and unless the sheep had been previously driven into the town, or the shepherds indefatigably vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed; it being observed of all wild animals, that when they have opportunity to depredate, they prefer the blood to the flesh of the victim, of course commit much unnecessary carnage.

From the wolfs having so long remained in the parts just mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these, for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of the day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes, wood, and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. In running their game, they had to surmount these impediments, and to dart through thorn hedges in that unimproved state) which covered eighteen or twenty feet in width, and frequently to kill their object of pursuit in the middle of them.

These dogs were accustomed to lie unhoused upon the cold ground, and to endure all hardships of indifferent food, and more inattentive usage: but when the owner (or protector) lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements, and regardless of the storm, it can

create no surprise that the faithful dog should fare no better than his master. This most likely was the earliest stage of the gaze or greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight firm legs; round, hard, fox-hound feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term "firing quickly."

In uniform progress with time, improvement proceeded also; during "the merry days of good Queen Bess," when maids of honour could breakfast upon beef, and ride a-gallop for a day together, the sports of the field were objects of due attention. It was then her majesty, divested of regal dignity, would condescend to see a brace of deer pulled down by greyhounds after dinner; and it was then that coursing began to assume a more regulated form, and to acquire a more universal degree of emulative estimation.

Instead of the wild man with his wilder dogs, taking his solitary quest for game; the hourly enlightened sportsmen of that day, began to form themselves into more friendly congeniality, and rules were adopted by which a general confidence and mutual intercourse might be maintained. The Duke of Norfolk, who was the leading sportsman of that time, was powerfully solicited, and ultimately prevailed upon, to draw up a proper code of laws, which constitute the magna charta of the present day.

These rules, though established by a duke, and regulated by a queen, rendered the coursing of that period but of a very sterile description. Pointers were used for the purpose of finding the game, and when

any of these made a point, the greyhounds were uncoupled as a necessary prelude to the sport which was to ensue. The greyhounds, even at this time, deviated but little from the kind already described; rough and heavy, with strength enough to overcome any difficulty it might be necessary to break through. To found the æra of improved coursing, and for introducing greyhounds of superior form, and higher blood, was reserved for the late princely owner of Houghton. If the agricultural meetings in the most distant counties feel themselves gratefully justified in drinking, as their first toast, "The Memory of Mr. Bakewell," no true and consistent coursing meeting can ever omit to give, with equal enthusiasm, "The Memory of the Earl of Orford."

It is the distinguishing trait of genius to be enthusiastically bold, and daringly courageous. Nothing in art or science; nothing in mental, or even in manual labour, was ever achieved of superior excellence, without that ardent zeal, that impetuous sense of eager avidity, which to the cold, inanimate, and unimpassioned, bears the appearance, and sometimes the unqualified accusation of insanity. When a monarch of this country once received the news of a most heroic action maintained against one of his own fleets, and seemed considerably chagrined at the result; the then Lord of the Admiralty endeavoured to qualify and soften down the matter, by assuring the king that "the commander of the enemy's fleet was mad."—"Mad! would he were mad enough to bite one of my admirals."

Lord Orford had absolutely a phrenetic furor of this kind, in any thing he found himself disposed to under-

take; it was a predominant trait in his character never to do any thing by halves, and coursing was his most prevalent passion beyond every other pleasurable consideration. In consequence of his most extensive property, and his extra-influence as lord lieutenant of the county, he not only interested numbers of opulent neighbours in the diversion, but, from the extent of his connections, could command such an immensity of private quarters for his young greyhounds, and of making such occasional selections from which, that few, if any, beside himself could possess.

There were times when he was known to have fifty brace of greyhounds; and, as it was a fixed rule never to part from a single whelp till he had a fair and substantial trial of his speed, he had evident chances (beyond almost any other individual) of having, amongst so great a number, a collection of very superior dogs: but, so intent was he upon this peculiar object of attainment, that he went still farther in every possible direction to obtain perfection, and introduced every experimental cross from the English lurcher to the Italian greyhound. He had strongly indulged an idea of a successful cross with the bull dog, which he could never be divested of, and after having persevered (in opposition to every opinion) most patiently for seven removes, he found himself in possession of the best greyhounds ever yet known; giving the small ear, the rat-tail, and the skin almost without hair, together with that innate courage which the high-bred greyhound should possess, retaining which instinctively he would rather die than relinquish the chase.

One defect only this cross is admitted to have, which the poacher would rather know to be a truth,

than the fair sportsman would come willingly forward to demonstrate. To the former it is a fact pretty well known, that no dog has the sense of smelling in a more exquisite degree than the bull dog; and, as they run mute, they, under certain crosses, best answer the midnight purposes of the poacher in driving hares to the wire or net. Greyhounds bred from this cross, have therefore some tendency to run by the nose, which, if not immediately checked by the master, they will continue for miles, and become very destructive to the game in the neighbourhood where they are kept, if not under confinement or restraint.

In a short space of time after Lord Orford's decease, his greyhounds (with various other sporting appurtenances) came under the hammer of the auctioneer. Colonel Thornton, of Yorkshire, who had passed much of his early life with Lord Orford, and had been an active associate with him in his hawking establishments, was the purchaser of Czarina, Jupiter, and some of his best dogs, giving from thirty to fifty guineas each. It was by this circumstance the select blood of the Norfolk dogs was transferred to Yorkshire; and thence a fair trial was obtained how the fleetest greyhounds that had ever been seen on the sands of Norfolk could run over the Wolds of Yorkshire.

Old Jupiter, when produced by Colonel Thornton in that country, presented to the eye of either the sportsman or the painter, as gallant and true a picture of the perfect greyhound as ever was submitted to judicious inspection. He was a dog of great size, with a very long and taper head, deep in the chest, strong in the loins, with a skin exceedingly soft and pliable, ears small, and a tail as fine as whip-cord. From this

uniformity of make and shape, a cross was much sought after by members of the different coursing meetings in the northern districts, and it was universally admitted that the breed in Yorkshire was considerably improved by the Norfolk acquisition.

Notwithstanding these dogs were amongst the best Lord Orford had ever bred from his experimental crosses, and were the boast of the greatest coursers the south of England ever knew; yet when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained. This was more particularly demonstrated when the hares turned short on the hill sides, where the greyhounds, unable to stop themselves, frequently rolled like barrels from the top to the bottom, while the hare went away at her leisure, and heard no more of them; it was, however, unanimously agreed by all the sportsmen present, that they run with a great deal of energetic exertion, and always at the hare; that though beaten, they did not give it in, or exhibit any symptoms of lurching, or waiting to kill.

In the low flat countries below the Wolds they were more successful; such gentlemen, therefore, as had been witnesses of the Norfolk, as well as the Berkshire coursing, and saw how the best dogs of the south were beaten by the Wold hares, were led to observe, and afterwards to acknowledge, the superiority of the Wold coursing, and the strength of the hares there. By those who have never seen it, this has been much doubted; the good sportsmen of the south, each partial to his own country (from a strong small enclosure to an open marsh pasture), deny this totally, and many invitations have passed from them to the sporting gen-

tlemen of Yorkshire, to have a midmay meeting of greyhounds from the respective countries.

To have capital coursing, a good dog is only one part of the business; it is not only necessary to have a good hare also, but a country where nothing but speed and power to continue it can save her. Over the high wolds of Stackton, Flixton, and Sherborne, in Yorkshire, where hares are frequently found three or four miles from any covert or enclosure whatever; the ground the finest that can possibly be conceived, consisting chiefly of sheep-walk, including every diversity of hill, plain, and valley by which the speed and strength of a dog can be fairly brought to the test; it will not require many words to convince the real sportsman, that such courses have been seen there, as no other part of the kingdom in its present enclosed state can possibly offer, and these necessarily require a dog to be in that high training, for which in coursing of much less severity there cannot be equal occasion. But the day is fast approaching when coursing of such description will no more be seen; in a very few years these wolds will be surrounded, and variously intersected with fences, and thus equalized with other countries, the husbandman (who will then have his day of triumph over the sportsman) may justly and exultingly exclaim,

Seges est, ubi Troja fuit!

The man who in any way challenges the whole world should recollect—the world is a wide place. Lord Orford once tried the experiment, and the challenge thus confidently made, was as confidently taken up by the present Duke of Queensberry (then Lord March),

who had not a greyhound belonging to him in the world. Money will do much; with indefatigable exertion it will do more; and it is a circumstance well known to many of the sporting world, that upon particular occasions, some of the best pointers ever seen have emerged from a cellar from the metropolis, who it might be imagined had never seen a bird in the field. The duke in this instance applied to that well-known character old Mr. Elwes, who recommended him to another elderly sportsman of Berkshire (Captain Hatt), a courser of no small celebrity, who produced a greyhound, that in a common country, beat Lord Orford's phænomenon.

This same kind of challenge was some few years since given by Snowball, and was the only challenge of similar import, that has not been accepted; but it is requisite, at the same time, to remark, that the match was restricted to be run only in such place where a fair and decisive trial could be obtained. Those who have seen great matches decided by short courses, and bad hares (where chance frequently intervenes), must know that such trials are uncertain and deceptive, and that the real superiority of either dog may still remain unknown when the match is over. Perhaps, even in the best country, should the contest be for a large sum, and between two greyhounds of equal celebrity, the most equitable mode of ascertaining the merit of each, would be to run three courses, and adjudge the prize to the winner of the main of the three; it being very unlikely, that in three courses ran in an open country, the superiority of one greyhound over the other should not be evidently perceived.

The excellence of Snowball, whose breed was Yorkshire on the side of the dam, and Norfolk on that of the sire, was acknowledged by the great number who had seen him run; and, perhaps, taken "for all in all," he was the best greyhound that ever ran in England. All countries were nearly alike to him, though bred where fences seldom occur; yet, when taken into the strongest enclosures, he topped hedges of any height, and in that respect equalled, if not surpassed, every dog in his own country. They who did not think his speed so superior, all allowed, that for wind, and for powers in running up long hills without being distressed, they had never seen his equal.

On a public coursing day given to the township of Flixton, the continuance of his speed was once reduced to a certainty by the known distance, as well as the difficulty of the ground. From the bottom of Flixton Brow, where the village stands, to the top of the hill where the wold begins is a measured mile, and very steep in ascent the whole of the way. A hare was found midway, and there was started with Snowball a sister of his given to the Rev. Mr. Mimthorpe, and a young dog about twelve months old of another breed. The hare came immediately up the hill, and after repeated turns upon the wold, took down the hill again; but finding that in the sandy bottom she was less a match for the dogs, she returned, and in the middle of the hill the whelp gave in, Snowball and his sister being left with the hare; reaching the wold a second time, she was turned at least fifty times, where forcibly feeling the certainty of approaching death, she again went down the hill, in descending which the

bitch dropped, and by immediate bleeding was recovered; Snowball afterwards ran the hare into the village, where he killed her.

The length of this course, by the ascertained distance, was full four miles without adverting to the turns which must have much increased it; this, with a hill a mile high, twice ascended, are most indubitable proofs of continuance which few dogs could have given, and which few but Flixton hares could have required. The people of Flixton talk of it to this day, and accustomed as they are to courses of the richest description in the annals of sporting, they reckon this amongst the most famous they have seen.

Snowball, Major, his brother, and Sylvia, were perhaps the three best and most perfect greyhounds ever produced at one litter. They never were beaten.

The shape, make, systematic uniformity, and all the characteristics of high blood were distinguishable in the three; the colour of Major and Sylvia were singularly brindled, that of Snowball a jet black, and when in good running condition was as fine as black satin. Snowball won ten large pieces of silver plate, and upwards of forty matches, having accepted every challenge, from whatever dogs of different countries were brought against him. His descendants have been equally successful: Venus, a brindled bitch; Blacksmith, who died from extreme exertion in running up a steep hill; and young Snowball have beat every dog that was ever brought against them.

For the last three years Snowball has covered at three guineas, and the farmers in that, and the neighbouring districts, have sold crosses from his breed at ten and fifteen guineas each. Major, his brother, has

displayed his powers before the gentlemen of the south as already described; this, as a public exhibition of the dog to a few sporting amateurs, might be bearable, but could he have found a tongue, when he beheld himself brought to run a hare out of a box, in the month of March, upon Epsom Downs, amidst whiskies, buggies, and gingerbread carts, well might he have exclaimed,

"To this complexion am I come at last!"

THE THREE AND THE DUCE.

A few years ago a possessor of Warthell Hall, in the village of Gilcruix, in Cumberland, being a great card-player, and at one time being on the wrong side of fortune to a great amount, in order to retrieve his losses, at once determined to make a desperate stroke, and pledged Warthell Hall and the estate in a single stake at the game of *Put*. The story goes, that the game running nearly even at the concluding deal, he exclaimed—

"Up now *duce*, or else a *tray*,
"Or Warthell's gone for ever and aye."

The cards came up according to his wishes, and he saved his estate; and, to perpetuate the remembrance of that event, he had sculptured on one end of his house the figure of a card duce, and a tray on the other which remain at the present time.

METHOD OF FISHING WITH FOXHOUNDS.

Described by Colonel Thornton.

"In order to describe this mode of fishing, (says the colonel) it may be necessary to observe, that I make use of pieces of *cork* of a conical form, and having several of these all differently painted, and named after favourite hounds, trifling wagers are made on their success, which rather adds to the spirit of the sport.

"The mode of baiting them is, by placing a live bait, which hangs at the end of a line, of one yard and a half long, fastened only so slightly, that on the pike's striking, two or three yards more may run off, to enable him to gorge his bait. If more line is used, it will prevent the sport that attends his diving and carrying under water the hound; which being thus pursued in a boat down wind, (which they always take) affords very excellent amusement; and where pike, or large perch, or even trout are in plenty, before the hunters, if I may so term these fishers, have run down the first pike, others are seen coming towards them, with a velocity proportionable to the fish that is at them.

"In a fine summer's evening, with a pleasant party, I have had excellent diversion, and it is, in fact, the most adapted of any for ladies, whose company gives a *gusto* to all parties."

It may not be amiss to introduce in this place the following anecdote, in illustration of this mode of fishing, as related by Colonel Thornton, in his Sporting Tour to Scotland.

"After breakfast (says he) we went again to Loch Alva, having got a large quantity of fine trout for bait;

but, for many hours could not obtain a rise. Captain Waller baited the fox-hounds, and as his boat was to be sent forward, I came down to him, having killed a very fine pike of above twenty pounds, the only one I thought we had left in the loch. The captain came on board, and we trolled together, without success, for some time, and, examining the fox-hounds, found no fish at them. At length I discovered one of them which had been missing, though anxiously sought for, from the first time of our coming here; it was uncommonly well baited, and I was apprehensive that some pike had run it under a tree, by which means both fish and hound would be lost. On coming nearer, I clearly saw that it was the same one which had been missing, that the line was run off, and, by its continuing fixed in the middle of the lake, I made no doubt but some monstrous fish was at it. I was desirous that Captain Waller, who had not met with any success that morning, should take it up, which he accordingly did, when, looking below the stern of the boat, I saw a famous fellow, whose weight could not be less than between twenty and thirty pounds. But notwithstanding the great caution the captain observed, before the landing net could be used, he made a shoot, carrying off two yards of cord.

"As soon as we had recovered from the consternation this accident occasioned, I ordered the boat to cruise about, for the chance of his taking me again, which I have known frequently to happen with pike, who are wonderfully bold and voracious: on the second trip, I saw a very large fish come at me, and collecting my line, I felt I had him fairly hooked; but I feared he had run himself tight round some root, his

weight seemed so dead: we rowed up, therefore, to the spot, when he soon convinced me he was at liberty, by running me so far into the lake, that I had not one inch of line more to give him. The servants, foreseeing the consequences of my situation, rowed with great expedition towards the fish, which now rose about seventy yards from us, an absolute wonder! I relied on my tackle, which I knew was in every respect excellent, as I had, in consequence of the large pike killed the day before, put on hooks and gimps, adjusted with great care; a precaution which would have been thought superfluous in London, as it certainly was for most lakes, though here barely equal to my fish. After playing him for some time, I gave the rod to Captain Waller, that he might have the honour of landing him; for I thought him quite exhausted, when, to our surprise, we were again constrained to follow the monster nearly across this great lake, having the wind, too, much against us. The whole party were now in high blood, and the delightful Ville de Paris quite manageable; frequently he flew out of the water to such a height, that though I knew the uncommon strength of my tackle, I dreaded losing such an extraordinary fish, and the anxiety of our little crew was equal to mine. After about an hour and a quarter's play, however we thought we might safely attempt to land him, which was done in the following manner: *Newmarket*, a lad so called from the place of his nativity, who had now come to assist, I ordered, with another servant, to strip and wade in as far as possible; which they readily did. In the mean time I took the landing-net, while Captain Waller, judiciously ascending the hill above, drew him gently towards us. He approached the shore very quietly,

and we thought him quite safe, when seeing himself surrounded by his enemies, he in an instant made a last desperate effort, shot into the deep again, and, in the exertion, threw one of the men on his back. His immense size was now very apparent; we proceeded with all due caution, and being once more drawn towards land, I tried to get his head into the net, upon effecting which, the servants were ordered to seize his tail, and slide him on shore: I took all imaginable pains to accomplish this, but in vain, and began to think myself strangely awkward, when, at length having got his *snout* in, I discovered that the hoop of the net, though adapted to very large pike, would admit no more than that part. He was, however, completely spent, and in a few moments we landed him, a perfect monster! He was stabbed by my directions in the spinal marrow, with a large knife, which appeared to be the most humane manner of killing him, and I then ordered all the signals with the *sky-scrapers* to be hoisted; and the whoop re-echoed through the whole range of the Grampians. On opening his jaws to endeavour to take the hooks from him, which were both fast in his gorge, so dreadful a forest of teeth, or tushes I think I never beheld: if I had not had a double link of gimp, with two swivels, the depth between his stomach and mouth would have made the former quite useless. His measurement, accurately taken, was *five feet four inches*, from eye to fork.

INSTANCE OF SURPRISING SPEED.

Performed by a person named Giles Hoyle.

This astonishing exploit is related by a sporting gentleman of great celebrity (Mr. Parker) who resides

at Marshfield, near Settle, in Yorkshire, it was accomplished as follows:—

September 4, 1780.—Giles Hoyle rode from Ipswich to Tiptree, and back again for the purpose of obtaining leave of absence for Major Clayton to attend the election at Clitheroe, from General Parker, being sixty-six miles in six hours.

September 5.—He rode with his master from Ipswich to Gisburne Park; they started at six o'clock in the morning, and arrived at Gisburne Park at two o'clock in the afternoon the day following, two hundred and thirty miles; this he performed in thirty-two hours.

Seventh.—Dined at Browsholme, twelve miles.

Eighth.—Returned to Clitheroe, five miles, and, at ten o'clock that night, he took horse for Lulworth Castle, in Dorsetshire, with conveyance deeds of some borough-houses in Clitheroe, for the signature of Mr. Weld. He arrived at Lulworth between nine and ten o'clock on Monday morning the 10th. Transacted his business, and returned to Clitheroe on the following evening at seven o'clock: the whole being five hundred and forty miles. This he performed in sixty-nine hours.

N. B. Giles Hoyle kept an exact account of his expences to a penny, during the above time. The weather was very wet and stormy during the whole journey.

EPITAPH ON A SPANIEL.

The following Lines are intended to commemorate one of the best of Spaniels that ever existed.

Well hast thou earn'd this little space,
Which barely marks the turf is heav'd;
For truest of a faithful race,
Thy voice its master ne'er deceiv'd.

Whilst busy ranging hill and dale,
The pheasant crouch'd from danger nigh,
'Till warmer felt the scented gale,
Thou forc'd the brilliant prey to fly.

Alike the woodcock's dreary haunt,
Thou knew to find amidst the shade;
Ne'er did thy tongue *redoubled* chaunt,
But, *mark!* quick echo'd thro' the glade!

Rest then assur'd that mortals can
Draw a good moral from thy story here;
Happy if so employ'd the span
Of active life, within their sphere.

For, search the middling world around,
How few their proper parts sustain!
How rare the instance to be found,
Of truth amongst the motley train!

THE VENERABLE HUNTSMAN.

Joseph Man was born within the last century, at Poles Walden, in Hertfordshire, in which county he was, at an early age, employed as a *gamekeeper*. When nineteen years old, a violent fever changed his hair to grey in one night; so that at the time of being hired, in the year 1733, by Viscount Torrington, as huntsman, he had the appearance of an elderly man. He remained in the family of three Viscount Torringtons, from the year 1733 to the year 1777, generally as huntsman; sometimes as gamekeeper. Stout and bony, he continued in unwearied exercise; a perfect adept in shooting, hare-hunting, and in the art of preserving game. Domesticated so long in the same family, and attentive to the same sports, he was looked

upon by the neighbours as a prodigy; was known, far and near, as *old Joe Man*, and was called by all the country people *Daddy*. He was in constant strong morning exercise; he went to bed always by times, but never till his skin was filled with ale. "This (he said) *would do no harm to an early riser*, (he was ever up at daybreak) *and to a man who pursued field-sports.*" At seventy-eight years of age he began to decline, and then lingered three years; his gun was ever upon his arm, and he still crept about, not destitute of the hope of fresh diversion.

AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

DELINEATED BY LORD SHAFTESBURY.

In the year 1638, lived Mr. Hastings, at Woodlands, in the county of Southampton, by his quality, son, brother, and uncle, to the earls of Huntingdon. He was, peradventure, an original in our age, or rather the copy of our antient nobility in *hunting*, not in warlike times. He was very low, strong, and active, with reddish flaxen hair: his clothes, which, when new, were never worth five pounds, were of green cloth. His house was perfectly old-fashioned, in the midst of a large park, well-stocked with deer and rabbits, many fishponds, a great store of wood and timber, a bowling-green in it, long but narrow, full of high-ridges, never having been levelled since it was ploughed; round sand bowls were used, and it had a banqueting-house like a stand, built in a *tree*.

Mr. H. kept all manner of hounds, that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger. Hawks, both long and short winged. He had all sorts of nets for fish. A

walk in the New Forest, and the manor of Christ Church: this last supplied him with *red deer*, sea and river fish; and, indeed, all his neighbours' grounds and royalties were free to him, who bestowed all his time on these sports. But he borrowed to caress his neighbours' wives and daughters, there not being a woman in all his walks, of the degree of a yeoman's wife, and under the age of *forty*, but it was extremely her fault, if he was not intimately acquainted with her. This made him popular, always speaking kindly to the husband, brother, or father, and making them welcome at his mansion, where they found beef, pudding, and small beer, and a house not so neatly kept as to shame him or his dirty shoes; the great hall strewed with marrow-bones, full of hawks, perches, hounds, spaniels and terriers; the upper side of the hall hung with the fox skins of this and the last year's killing, here and there a martin-cat intermixed, and gamekeepers and hunters' poles in abundance.

The parlour was a large room, as properly furnished. On a hearth paved with brick, lay some terriers, and the choicest hounds and spaniels. Seldom less than two of the great chairs had litters of *kittens* on them, which were not be disturbed, he always having three or four cats attending him at dinner; and to defend such meat as he had no mind to part with, he kept order with a short white stick that lay by him.

The windows, which were very large, served for places to lay his arrows, cross-bows, and other such accoutrements. The corners of the rooms were full of the best chosen hunting and hawking poles. An *oyster* table at the lower end, which was in constant use twice a day, all the year round, for he never failed to

eat oysters before dinner and supper, through all seasons. In the upper part of the room were two small tables and a desk; on the one side of the desk was a church bible, and on the other a book of martyrs: upon the table were hawkshoods, belts, &c. two or three old green hats, with their crowns thrust in, so as to hold ten or a dozen eggs, which were of a pheasant kind of poultry; these he took much care of, and fed himself. Tables, boxes, dice, cards were not wanting: in the holes of the desk was store of old-used tobacco-pipes.

On one side of this end of the room was the door of a closet, wherein stood the strong beer and the wine, and which never came thence but in *single* glasses, that being the rule of the house exactly observed; for he never exceeded in drinking, nor ever permitted it.

On the other side was the door into an old chapel, not used for devotion. The pulpit, as the safest place never wanted a cold chine of beef, venison pasty, gammon of bacon, or a great apple-pie, with a thick crust, extremely baked. His table cost him not much, though it was always well supplied. His sport furnished all but beef and mutton, except Fridays, when he had the best of *salt*, as well as other *fish*, he could get, and this was the day on which his neighbours of the first quality visited him.

He never wanted a London pudding, and always sung it in with "my pert eyes therein a"—He drank a glass or two at meals, very often syrup of gilliflowers in his sack, and always a tun glass stood by him, holding a pint of small beer, which he often stirred with rosemary. He was affable, but soon angry, calling his servants bastards and cuckoldy knaves, in *one* of which he often spoke truth to *his own* knowledge, and

sometimes *both*, of the same person. He lived to be an hundred, never lost his eye-sight, but always wrote and read without spectacles, and got on horseback without help. Until past fourscore years old, he rode up to the death of a stag as well as any man. A portrait of this gentleman is now at Winbourn St. Giles, Dorsetshire, the seat of the Earl of Shaftesbury.

CURIOUS ACCOUNT OF AN ASIATIC HUNTING PARTY.

(Given in a letter from an officer resident in India, to his friend in London.)

I AM just returned from a four months excursion with his Excellency the Nawab, and as a sketch of our ramble may afford you some amusement in an idle hour, I shall detail a few of the most agreeable and interesting circumstances which occurred. After leaving Lucknow, we directed our course towards Baracech; our kafeela consisted of about 40,000 men, and 20,000 beasts, composed of 10,600 soldiers, 1000 cavalry, and near 150 pieces of cannon; 1500 elephants, 3000 hackeries, and an innumerable train of camels, horses, and bullocks; great number of ruts,* filled with the Nawab's women; many large and small boats carried on carts drawn by 50, 40, 30, or 20 bullocks; tygers, leopards, hawks, fighting-cocks, quails, and nightingales; pigeons, dancing-women, and boys; singers, players, buffoons, and mountebanks. In short his excellency had every thing, every object which could

* Ruts are covered carriages for women, drawn by oxen.

please or surprise, cause a smile, or raise a sneer, attract admiration, fix with wonder, or convulse with laughter; captivate the eye, lull the ear, or tickle the palate; above 500 coolees were employed to carry his shooting apparatus, guns, powder, shot, and etceteras; he had above 1000 double-barrel guns, the finest that Manton and Nock could make, and single-barrels, pistols, swords, and spears without number.

Religion constrained him to stop some days at Baraeech to pay homage at the tomb of a celebrated saint:* all good men who are able, resort to worship this holy anchorite once a year, generally in the month of May; his bones were discovered about 400 years ago, and manifested their sanctity by some miraculous marks. The witty and unbelieving say they were the skeleton of an ass, without thinking of the impiety in imagining there is any resemblance between an ass, and a saint, whether dead or alive.

From Baraeech we steered towards Nampara, a small town in the first range of mountains, commonly called the Commow Hills, which extend from the eastern extremity of Bootan to Hurdwar, and divide Hindostan from Tibet and Napal. Game of all sorts were destroyed every morning and evening without number or distinction; his Excellency is one of the best marksmen I ever saw; it would be strange if he was not, as one day with another he fires above 100 shots at every species of birds and animals. The first tiger we saw and killed was in the mountains: we went to attack him about noon; he was in a narrow

* Named Salar Gazee.

valley which the Nawab surrounded with above 200 elephants: we heard him growl horribly in a thick bush in the midst of the valley. Being accustomed to the sport, and very eager, I pushed in my elephant; the fierce beast charged me immediately; the elephant, a timid animal, as they generally are, turned tail, and deprived me of the opportunity to fire: I ventured again, attended by two or three other elephants; the tiger made a spring, and nearly reached the back of one of the elephants, on which were three or four men; the elephant shook himself so forcibly, as to throw these men off his back; they tumbled into the bush: I gave them up for lost, but was agreeably surprised to see them creep out unhurt. His excellency was all this time on a rising ground near the thicket, looking on calmly, and beckoning to me to drive the tiger towards him. I made another attempt, and with more success; he darted out towards me on my approach, roaring furiously, and lashing his sides with his tail. I luckily got a shot, and hit him; he retreated into the bush, and ten or twelve elephants, just then pushed into the thicket, alarmed the tiger, and obliged him to run out towards the Nawab, who instantly gave him a warm reception, and with the assistance of some of his omrahs, laid the tiger sprawling on his side, as dead as a stone. A loud shout of wha! wha! proclaimed the victory; and those who had been too timid to approach before, from idle apprehension, assumed their valour, and rushed on the fallen hero with slaughtering swords. On elephants, there is no danger in encountering these savage beasts, which you know from repeated trials. I have been at the killing of above 30 tigers, and seldom saw any one hurt: if

you recollect, I was thrown off my elephant on one, and escaped with a bruise.

The next sport we had of any magnitude was an attack on a wild elephant, which we met a few days after the battle with the tiger: we espied him in a plain overgrown with grass. The Nawab, eager for such diversions, immediately formed a semicircle with 400 elephants, who were directed to advance on and encircle him. This was the first wild elephant I had ever seen attacked, and confess I did not feel very easy; however, I kept alongside of his excellency, determined to take my chance. When the semicircle of elephants got within 300 yards of the wild one, he looked amazed, but not frightened: two large must* elephants of the Nawab's were ordered to advance against him; when they approached within twenty yards he charged them; the shock was dreadful; however the wild one conquered, and drove the must elephants before him. As he passed us, the Nawab, ordered some of the strongest female elephants with thick ropes to go alongside of him, and endeavour to entangle him with nooses and running knots; the attempt was vain, as he snapped every rope, and none of the tame elephants could stop his progress. The Nawab, perceiving it impossible to catch him, ordered

* *Must* elephants are those which are in high rut; they are then very unmanageable, bold, savage, and often very dangerous. The male elephants become must at a certain age, which some say is 40 years: the must elephants are the only ones who will dare to face a wild one; they are also used in the elephant-fights exhibited before the princes of India.

his death, and immediately a volley of above 100 shots were fired; many of the balls hit him, but he seemed unconcerned, and moved on towards the mountains; we kept up an incessant fire for near half an hour; the Nawab and most of his omrahs used rifles which carried two or three ounce balls, but they made very little impression, the balls just entered the skin, and lodged there. I went up repeatedly, being mounted on a female elephant, within ten yards of the wild one, and fired my rifle at his head; the blood gushed out, but the skull was invulnerable. Some of the Kandahar horse galloped up to the wild elephant, and made cuts at him with their sabres; he charged the horsemen, wounded some, and killed others. Being now much exhausted with the loss of blood, having received 3000 shots and many strokes of the sabre, he slackened his pace, quite calm and serene, as if determined to meet his approaching end with the undaunted firmness of an hero. I could not at this time refrain from pitying so noble an animal, and thought I saw in him the great Epaminondas encompassed by the Lacedemonians at the battle of Mantinea. The horsemen seeing him weak and slow, dismounted, and with their swords began a furious attack upon the tendons of his hind legs; they were soon cut; unable to proceed, this noble monarch of the woods staggered, looked with an eye of reproach mixed with contempt at his unfeeling foes, and then fell without a groan, like a mountain thrown on its side. The hatchetmen now advanced, and commenced an attack on his large ivory tusks, whilst the horsemen and soldiers, with barbarous insult, began a cruel and degrading assault on the extended hero, to try the sharpness of their sabres,

display the strength of their arm, and shew their invincible courage. The sight was very affecting; he still breathed, and breathed without a groan; he rolled his eyes with anguish on the surrounding croud, and making a last effort to rise, expired with a sigh! Thus has many a brave Roman met his fate, overcome by superior numbers. The Nawab returned to his tents, as much flushed with vanity and exultation as Achilles; and the remainder of the day, and many a day after, were dedicated to repeated narrations of this victory, which was ornamented and magnified by all the combined powers of ingenious flattery and unbounded exaggeration.

"Sooth'd with the sound, the prince grew vain,
"Fought all his battles o'er again,
"And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain."

From the mountains we directed our course towards Buckra Jeel, where we arrived on the 4th of December. Buckra Jeel is a large lake, about three miles round at its most contracted extremity, and in some parts about thirty, surrounded by thick and high grass, at the foot of the Gorrackpoor hills; the Jungle, which surrounds the lake, is full of wild elephants, rhinoceroses, tigers, leopards, wild buffalos, deer, and ever species of aerial game. This was the place destined for the grand hunt, which we were daily taught to expect with pleasing anxiety, by the florid descriptions of his excellency. On the 5th of December, early in the morning, we were summoned to the Sylvan war: a line of 1200 elephants was drawn up on the

north of the lake, facing the east; and we proceeded rapidly through the high grass with minds glowing with the expectation of the magnanimous sport we should meet. Lay down your pipes, ye country squires, who boast in such pompous language the destruction of a poor fox or puss, and say in what splendid lexicon ye could find terms to convey a resemblance of the scene I saw, and now endeavour to describe. When we had arrived at the eastern extremity of the lake, we perceived a large drove of wild elephants, feeding and gambolling at the foot of the mountains: I counted above one hundred and seventy. At this critical moment Mr. Conway, a gentleman in the Nawab's service, fell off his elephant, owing to the animal's slipping his foot into a concealed hole: Mr. Conway was much bruised, pale, and almost senseless. The Nawab stopped to put him into a palankeen, and sent him back to the encampment. This gave the wild elephants time to gaze on our dreadful front, and recover from their amaze; many of them scampered off towards the hills. The Nawab divided our line of 1200 elephants into four bodies, and sent them in pursuit of the wild ones, which they were to take or destroy: I remained with the division attached to the Nawab; we attacked a large male elephant, and after a long contest killed him in the same manner as the one I have already described; we killed also four smaller ones, and our division, including the other three, caught twenty-one elephants, which we led to our encampment in high triumph. I have only given a short account of this grand hunt, as it is impossible for the most splendid language to describe what we saw and felt. The confusion, tumult, noise, firing, shrieking of 1200 tame elephants,

attacking 170 wild ones, all tossed in terrible disorder, formed a dreadful *melange* which cannot be imagined by the most luxuriant fancy; to attempt therefore a delineation would be to injure the sublime subject. There were above 13,000 shots fired from all quarters; and, considering the confusion, I am surprised the scene was not more bloody on our side; about twenty men were killed and maimed, and near half a dozen of horses. I had two rifles and two double barrels, and a boy to load for me in the khawas;* yet I could not fire quick enough, though I expended 400 balls. Many of our tame elephants, who were must, and brought to oppose the wild ones, were knocked down, bruised, pierced, and made to fly; the largest elephant we killed was above ten feet high,† and would have sold for 20,000 rupees if it had been caught. Our prize of this day might without amplification be estimated at 50,000 rupees; but you know the love of lucre was not our aim.

Pause for a moment, my dear sir, and reflect on the scene I have described; and you will confess, though seen through the imperfect medium of a description, that it must have been the sublimest sight that ever was presented to the mind of man in the sylvan war.

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* The khawas is a place in the rear of the howda, where the attendant sits. The howda is a carriage or box like the body of a phaeton, tied on the back of the elephant, where the rider is seated.

† Travellers say there are elephants sixteen feet high, but this is the language of romance; I never saw one eleven feet high, and I have seen some thousands. The Nawab gives extravagant prices for large elephants, and he has none eleven feet high.

Actæon would have been alarmed, and Diana and her nymphs frightened out of their wits. We expatiate on it with rapture; and no one who was present will lose the remembrance of it as long as he enjoys his faculties.

From Buckra Jeel we came to Faizabad, where we reposed for three weeks, to recover from the great fatigue we had undergone. After a gay scene of every species of oriental amusement and dissipation, we returned to this place having killed in our excursion eight tigers, six elephants, and caught twenty-one. To enumerate the other kinds of game would require a sheet as ample as the petition which was presented to Jenghis Khan, and might perhaps be treated by you in the manner that conqueror treated the petition.

ANECDOTE OF LORD SPENCER HAMILTON.

It is by no means unknown to the sporting world of *thirty years past*, that the late Lord Spencer Hamilton was one of its most liberal, zealous, and respected votaries. No man living enjoyed it more, or ran his horses with a higher sense of honour, or greater anxiety to *win*. It is likewise as universally known, that his *liberality*, *hospitality*, and *nocturnal propensities*, led him into weighty and innumerable difficulties; difficulties that occasioned as confidential an intimacy between his lordship and Besbridge (a celebrated sheriff's officer for four counties) as between a *prime minister* and his private *secretary*. Under a variety of pecuniary engagements, *writs* were unfortunately in *eternal approach*, and his lordship was, in consequence, as constantly sequestering himself to avoid the *effect*; when at length a kind

of accommodating adjustment became unavoidably necessary for the convenience of *both parties*, which, in the termination of events, proved no way dishonourable to either. When B. was put in possession of the *copy of a writ*, with a letter of instructions from any *worthy* or *unworthy*, limb of the law, well knowing the impossibility of "touching his lordship upon the shoulder" in his recluse habitation, with *out works so well defended*, he found it necessary to introduce a kind of friendly affection, and apprise his lordship *by letter* of what he *held* against him, with an earnest solicitation that his lordship would be *punctual and expeditious* in the business; which was generally satisfactorily arranged, without much *delay* to one, or *disgrace* to the other; B— having this usual fee remitted (which, by the bye, he was greatly entitled to) for his *unfashionable kindness* and *unprofessional* lenity upon the occasion. This continued, for some years, to answer both their purposes, till his lordship making *a grand effort* at "*seven's the main*," one night in the environs of St. James's, with a view to retrieve his affairs at one stroke, received so violent an *electrical* shock in the *elbow*, that he became totally unable to attend to the *accumulating* admonitions and repeated remonstrances of the sheriff's delegate, whose pressing injunctions now compelled him to *write—to solicit—to intreat—to insist*—but without the least effect. B—, however, accidentally heard that a deer was to be turned out before the *king's hounds* at Bullmarsh Heath near Reading; a scene of pleasure from which his lordship was hardly ever known to be absent, unless upon compulsion in his military attendance upon his regiment of the *guards*. As B— had anxiously hoped, so it proved;

and he had no sooner discovered *his object*, than his lordship (in the very moment when every eye was intent upon the stag's leaping out of the cart) recognized the *antique* countenance of his *old friend*, in as "dead a set at him" as ever was made by one of his own stanch pointers (having the wind) when perfectly in scent of his game. Upon Besbridge's giving signal for *chase*, his lordship (who always rode most excellent hunters) immediately went "*off at score*," leading him a gallop over the heath to the inexpressible laughter and entertainment of the company; when the hounds being *laid on*, by the interposing sympathy of old Kennedy, the then huntsman (who felt for his friend and brother sportsman) it afforded his lordship *immediate* opportunity to fall in with them; while poor Besbridge being *thrown out* at the very first leap, was reluctantly compelled to relinquish the chase, and comfort himself with the consolatory transposition of *veni, vidi, vici*, to "I came, I saw, I was overcome:" but as it is Hudibrastically admitted, that

> "He who fights, and runs away,
> "May live to fight another day;"

so by the same parity of reasoning it may be concluded that this temporary *misunderstanding* did not extend beyond the morrow. Suffice it to observe, that his lordship no more neglected the *private* admonitions of so excellent a friend; nor did he again disconcert his lordship by any similar *public* obtrusion, having faithfully promised never to *hunt again* when his lordship was in the field; a promise that he not only strictly adhered to, but he even continued to render his lord-

ship every tenderness in the practice of his profession, 'till the unfortunate hour when the accumulation of pecuniary demands, too numerous and weighty for his lordship to stand against, compelled him to leave his native country, there to breathe "with broken spirit" his last hour in distant obscurity, very remote from the scene of his former hospitality, the presence of his numerous sporting friends, and the seat of all those favourite field sports to which his possessions were fully adequate (being in the then receipt of 1200l. per annum) could he have happily divested himself of that unfortunate *infectious* attachment to "*the bones*," that has, within a very few years, reduced so many from the inexpressible comforts of affluence, to the dreary abyss of *disgrace* and *misery*.

AFFECTING FIDELITY OF A DOG.

Professor Raff, in his "System of Natural History," relates the following fact, and as the authenticity of that elegant author is unimpeachable, we think it fully entitled to a place in this collection.

"A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback, accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked round the horse, barked, and jumped, and seemed to participate in his joy.

"The merchant, after riding some miles, alighted to repose himself under an agreeable shade, and, taking the bag of money in his hand, laid it down by

his side under an hedge, and, on remounting, forgot it. The dog perceived his lapse of recollection, and wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was too heavy for him to drag along. He then ran to his master, and by crying, barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in its efforts, and, after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

"The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the real object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to the alarming apprehension that he was gone mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the dog would drink; the animal was too intent upon its master's business to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"'Mercy!' cried the afflicted merchant, 'it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad: what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befal me; but with what regret! O—, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim, if I spare him.

"With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took an aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but the aim was too sure: the poor animal was wounded and weltering in his blood, and still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude.

"The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented

he had taken a journey, which had cost him so dear. Still, however, the money never entered his mind; he only thought of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual. 'I am most unfortunate, (said he to himself): I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog.' Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure; it was missing! no bag was to be found! In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame: I could not comprehend the admonition which my innocent and most faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life.'

"Instantly he turned his horse, and went off with a full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half-averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At last he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! his heart was ready to bleed—he cursed himself in the madness of despair. The poor dog, unable to follow, his dear, but cruel, master, had determined to consecrate his last moments to his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail—he could do no more—he tried to rise, but his strength was gone; the vital tide was ebbing fast,

even the caresses of his master could not prolong her fate for a few moments: he stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of regret, as if to seal forgiveness for the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever."

A SINGULAR RENCONTRE.

A GENTLEMAN once made an excursion into Leicestershire, to hunt with the fox-hounds so justly celebrated in that county. On the first day of their sport they unkenneled in high style, the fox breaking on the unexpected side of the covert, with only two horsemen (a large field) within hearing, and the hounds going away in a body *breast high*, every soul was completely thrown out, and continued riding near *twenty miles* upon enquiry, without once reaching the chace, or even hearing to a *certainty*, which way they were gone. Thus some were riding one way, and some another ;; and the gentleman followed, as he supposed, the track of the chase, destitute of any guide whatsoever, except his own private opinion. At length he observed hounds running up the side of a hill, at a distance of about four or five miles; this discovery excited in him the most lively joy, being thus relieved from that unpleasant state of suspence: it gave new life and vigour both to himself and his horse. By pursuing the line accurately, he came *within hearing*, and ultimately to the death first, as the huntsman was throwing Reynard among the hounds. Not attending to the company, but intently fixed upon the energetic emulation of the hounds, in tearing their fox, he was roused from

his enjoyment by a voice eagerly enquiring "How long they had run?" Taking out his watch, he very *innocently* replied—"An hour and three quarters."—"An hour and three quarters!" vociferated, with stentorian lungs, the enquirer, "why, sir, it is not much more than half an hour since we *unkenneled:* we came away close at his *brush*, and after the *hardest brush* I ever rode in my life, we have killed *without a check!*" This difference of opinion instantly rouzed the attention of all present, and excited no small degree of *mutual* surprise; for the gentleman appeared to the company a preter-natural visitor from the regions *above* or *below;* and he, discovering *no one face* in the field that he had seen in the morning, proceeded to explanation, when it appeared that he had *run* accidentally into Sir W. L—r's hounds, and had only to condole himself with the *whimsical singularity* of his situation, not to be equalled, perhaps, by the oldest sportsman in the kingdom. He had *unkennelled* with *one pack*, (rode a chace of near thirty miles without hounds) and been at the death *with another:* having that distance to return unaccompanied, to the spot he had fixed on for his residence, during his sporting excursion to that county.

GOOD HOUNDS.

Peter Beckford, Esq. having heard of a small pack of beagles to be disposed of in Derbyshire, sent his coachman (the person he could then best spare) to fetch them. It was a long journey, and the man, not having been used to hounds, had some trouble in getting them along; besides, it unfortunately happened, that they had not been out of the kennel for many weeks

before, and were so riotous, that they ran after every thing they saw; sheep, cur-dogs, and birds of all sorts, as well as hare and deer, had been his amusement all the way along. However, he lost but one hound: and when Mr. Beckford asked him what he thought of them, he replied—"They could not fail of being good hounds, for they would hunt *any thing!*"

SINGULAR STRATAGEM OF A FOX.

Some gentlemen being a hunting in Derbyshire, found a fox in good style, went away with him, and had a severe run of two hours and a half, when the hounds came to a sudden check. After trying for a quarter of an hour to no purpose, one of the old hounds ran up to a dead sheep, (which appeared to have been recently killed) and could not be prevented smelling about it, and sometimes biting it. Every one was surprised at this, till the dog absolutely gave tongue, and the whole pack came up, and tore the sheep to pieces in a moment. But what was their astonishment, when Reynard himself appeared, covered with the blood and entrails of the sheep! He was of course immediately killed.

It seems, that running through a flock of sheep, and finding himself very hard pushed, and unable to go much farther, he had killed one, ripped open its belly, and secreted himself within, as the only means of saving his life.

THE LATE RICHARD RIGBY, ESQ.

The early life and habits of Mr. Rigby, were not calculated to enforce economy; according to the fash-

jonable, or the foolish manners of the age, mortgages and money-lenders had made deep inroads on his paternal estate, which was originally respectable, before he had perfectly attained the age or art of properly enjoying it; and he might have lived to deplore his imprudence in abject dependance, had not the *turf*, which contributed to diminish, afforded him an opportunity of redeeming his fortune.

The grandfather of the present Duke of Bedford had given great offence to the gentlemen in the neighbourhood of Litchfield, by an improper and unfair interference at their races; and as it was by no means safe or easy effectually to punish a man fortified by rank, privilege and wealth, they at last determined to bestow on this illustrious offender manual correction. The overbearing conduct of the duke, in some matter relating to the starting of the horses, and their weights, in which he had no kind of right to interpose, soon afforded the confederates an opportunity of executing their purposes. He was in a moment separated from his attendants, surrounded by the party, hustled, and unmercifully horse-whipped by an exasperated country attorney, with keen resentments and a muscular arm. The lawyer persevered in this severe discipline, without being interrupted by his grace's outcries and declarations "that he was the Duke of Bedford;" an assertion which Mr. Humphries, the assailant, positively denied, adding, "that a peer of the realm would never have conducted himself in so scandalous a manner." The matter soon circulated over the course, and, reaching Mr. Rigby's ear, with a generous, perhaps a political gallantry, he burst through the croud,

rescued the distressed peer, completely threshed his antagonist, and protected the duke off the ground.

From this time the foundation of the immense fortunes of this gentleman may be dated. Grateful for the singular service they had received, the Russel family heaped their favours on him, and at length procured him the most lucrative office in the gift of the crown, that of paymaster-general: the emoluments arising from which, during the American war, amounted annually to fifty thousand pounds. The amusements of Mr. Rigby, in the country, principally consisted in fox-hunting; for which, in the county of Suffolk, his abilities are well known. In short, wherever business or pleasure conducted him, his social habits and convivial talents gave a zest to the scene.

RUSSIAN GAMING ANECDOTE.

The grand Chancellor Ostermann,* was so well served abroad, as to get intelligence of a scheme formed at the court of Versailles to send over an insinuating elegant gamester to attack the Duke of Biran on his weak side (a violent rage for play), and by that means to render him probably more tractable on some point they wanted to gain, when less overflowing with ready money than he generally was.

To communicate this information, the chancellor called on the haughty duke, then all powerful, and suspected he was at home, though declared abroad by his porter. This real, or supposed affront, the chancellor

* Who was chancellor during the reign of the Empress Anne.

took a most humourous mode of revenging, which was wrapping himself up in flannels, as if attacked with a violent fit of the gout, to which he was subject, and then writing a note to the Empress Anne, to inform her majesty he had something of moment to communicate, but was unfortunately unable to move from his couch with his ordinary complaint.

This produced the very visit he expected; and the duke was announced as coming to speak with him from the sovereign. Ostermann received his visitor extended on a sopha, wrapped up like a mummy in flannel, and pretended to be unable, from pain, to utter any thing but the usual involuntary exclamations of a man in violent sufferings. When he had made the duke sit in eager curiosity to hear his secret, long enough to be revenged on him for the supposed refusal at his door, he seemed to articulate, with great difficulty, that the French were sending over a gamester,—and then stopped again with excess of pain. The duke, on hearing the mountain thus delivered of a mouse, and being unable to draw any thing further from the gouty chancellor, went off in a pet, probably thinking it a joke on his prevailing passion for *gaming*, and informed the empress that Count Ostermann had nothing to reveal, but was delirious with a severe fit of the gout.—Here the matter rested, and was forgot by the duke.

Some months after the political gamester actually arrived, under the form of an elegant, easy, dissipated marquis, with a large credit on a house of the English factory; he presently insinuated himself into the good graces of the duke, and had cleared him and his party of their superfluous cash; when the chancellor, thinking the lesson, sufficient, dispatched a courier to Mos-

cow, to bring down post a *midshipman*, absent on leave from the fleet, named Cruckoff, whom he was assured to be inferior to none in Europe, either in the necessary manipulation of the cards, or knowledge of the game *Quinze*, then the fashionable court play, and at which the marquis had won all the money; one preliminary measure was, however, necessary to the scheme of getting back the money of the duke and the other noblemen, which was, to get the midshipman made an officer of the guards, to entitle him to play at court; this Ostermann did, by soliciting it for him under the title of a relation, a favour immediately conferred by Anne, left entirely ignorant of the plot. The new ensign began to lose freely small sums, like a wealthy *novice* elated with the honor of playing at court, and at last drew the attention of the marquis, as a pigeon worth plucking. After some evenings, forcing him with high play, two-thirds of all his former gains were carried off by the pigeon; who was then marked out as an object worthy of condign punishment by the nettled Frenchman, and a monstrous stake was proposed, which the marquis certainly made himself sure of gaining, by some master-piece of shuffling art, reserved for the *coup de grace:* but probably it never entered into the marquis's head, or calculation, that a Muscovite pigeon could swallow a card he had drawn too much, as he actually did, with some sweetmeats taken from an adjoining table, and left just fifteen in hand, the same number the Frenchman's art had procured to himself likewise, and on which he betted not only all his former winnings, but to the amount of his credit with his banker, in perfect security of gaining; but he had forgot an essential circumstance in case of equality, that

the Russian was first in hand, which determined the matter in his favour, and the laugh was turned on the unfortunate Frenchman.

The chancellor, by this means, being in possession of the gains and credit of the amiable gamester, waited once more on the duke, to finish the conversation which the gout had prevented him concluding on his grace's first visit, and told him that he was *then* anxious to put him on his guard against a gamester whom the court of France was sending to fleece him, and had it not been for the impatience of his highness on that occasion, and the abrupt manner in which he left him, he might have saved his money.

The duke, quite outrageous at the trick played him by the marquis, talked of having him arrested as a cheat; but the chancellor, taking a bag from under his cloak, added coolly, that he had taken a more effectual method to punish him *in kind*; returned the duke both his own and his friend's money, only airily begging him, in future, *not to be so impatient when gouty men had secrets to discover.*

The rest of the spoil made the fortune of the successful officer, with an injunction never to lift a card again, if he wished to spend his days out of Siberia, where people would run less risk from his address.

It has since become a sort of proverb among the Russian *black legs*, that such a one plays like a *midshipman*, if fortune favours him *a little too much.*

THE FIDELITY OF A DOG.

In a village situated between Caen and Vire, on the borders of a district called the Grove, there dwelt a peasant of a surly untoward temper, who frequently beat and abused his wife, insomuch that the neighbours were sometimes obliged, by her outcries, to interpose, in order to prevent farther mischief. Being at length weary of living with one whom he always hated, he resolved to get rid of her. He pretended to be reconciled, altered his behaviour, and on holidays invited her to walk out with him in the fields for pleasure and recreation. One summer evening, after a very hot day, he carried her to cool and repose herself on the borders of a spring, in a place very shady and solitary. He pretended to be very thirsty. The clearness of the water tempted them to drink. He laid himself down all along upon his belly, and swilled large draughts of it, highly commending the sweetness of the water, and urging her to refresh herself in like manner. She believed him, and followed his example. As soon as he saw her in that posture, he threw himself upon her, and plunged her head into the water, in order to drown her. She struggled hard for her life, but could not have prevailed, but for the assistance of a dog, who used to follow, and was fond of her, and never left her. He immediately flew at the husband, and seized him by the throat, made him let go his hold, and saved the life of his mistress.

ARTIFICES OF ANIMALS OF THE CHASE.

The artifices practised by animals proceed from several motives, many of which are purely instinctive, and others are acquired by experience and imitation. Their arts in general are called forth and exerted by three great and important causes; the love of life, the desire of multiplying and continuing the species, and that strong attachment which every animal has to its offspring. These are the sources from which all the movements, all the dexterity, and all the sagacity of animals originate; the principle of self-preservation is instinctive, and strongly impressed upon the minds of all animated beings; it gives rise to innumerable arts of attack and defence, and not unfrequently to surprising exertions of sagacity and genius. The same remark is applicable to the desire of multiplication, and to parental affection.

Upon this subject we shall, as usual, give some examples of animal artifice, which may both amuse and inform some readers.

When a bear or other rapacious animal attacks cattle, they instantly join, and form a phalanx for mutual defence; in the same circumstances, horses rank up in lines, and beat off the enemy with their heels. Pontoppidan tells us, that "the small Norwegian horses, when attacked by bears, instead of striking with their hind legs, rear, and by quick and regulated strokes with their fore feet, either kill the enemy, or oblige him to retire: this curious and generally successful defence, is frequently performed in the woods, while a traveller is seated on the horse's back. It has often been remarked, that troops of wild horses, when sleeping either in plains, or in the forest, have always one of their

number awake, who acts as centinel, and gives notice of any impending danger."

Margraat informs us, that "the monkeys in Brazil while they are sleeping on the trees, have uniformly a centinel, to warn them of the approach of the tyger, or other rapacious animals, and that if ever this centinel is found sleeping, his companions instantly tear him in pieces for his neglect of duty. For the same purpose, when a troop of monkies are committing depredations on the fruits of a garden, a centinel is placed on an eminence, who, when any person appears, makes a certain chattering noise, which the rest understand to be a signal for retreat, and immediately fly off, and make their escape."

The deer kind are remarkable for the arts they employ in order to deceive the dogs; with this view, the stag often returns twice or thrice upon his former steps: he endeavours to raise hinds or younger stags to follow him, and to draw off the dogs from the immediate object of their pursuit. If he succeeds in this attempt, he then flies off with double speed, or springs off at a side, and lies down on his belly to conceal himself. When in this situation, if by any means his foot is recovered by the dogs, they pursue him with more advantage, because he is now considerably fatigued; their ardour increases in proportion to his feebleness, and the scent becomes stronger as he grows warm. From these circumstances the dogs augment their cries and their speed, and though the stag employs more arts of escape than formerly, as his swiftness diminishes, his doublings and artifices become gradually less effectual: no other resource is now left him but to fly from the earth which he treads, and go into the water,

to cut off the scent from the dogs, when the huntsmen again endeavour to put them on the track of his foot. After taking to the water, the stag is so much exhausted, as to be incapable of running much further, and is soon at bay, or in other words, turns and defends himself against the hounds: in this situation he often wounds the dogs, and even the huntsmen, by blows with his horns, till one of them cuts his hams to make make him fall, and then puts a period to his life.

The fallow deer is more delicate, less savage, and approaches nearer to the domestic state than the stag. The male, during the rutting season, makes a bellowing noise, but with a low and interrupted voice; they are not so furious as the stag; they never depart from their own country in quest of females, but they bravely fight for the possession of their mistresses; they associate in herds, which generally keep together. When great numbers are assembled in one park, they commonly form themselves into two distinct troops, which soon become hostile, because they are both ambitious of possessing the same part of the inclosure; each of these troops has its own chief or leader, who always marches foremost, and he is uniformly the oldest and the strongest of the flock; the others follow him, and the whole draw up in order of battle to force the other troop, who observe the same conduct from the best pasture. The regularity with which those combats are conducted is singular; they make regular attacks, fight with courage, and never think themselves vanquished by one check, for the battle is daily renewed till the weaker are completely defeated, and obliged to remain in the worst pasture. They love elevated and hilly countries. When hunted, they run not strait

out like the stag, but double and endeavour to conceal themselves from the dogs by various artifices, and by substituting other animals in their place. When fatigued and heated, however, they take the water, but never attempt to cross such large rivers as the stag; thus between the chace of the fallow deer and of the stag there is no material difference; their sagacity and instincts, their shifts and doublings, are the same, only they are more frequently practised by the fallow deer, as he runs not so far before the dogs, and is less enterprising; he has oftener occasion to change, to substitute another in his place, to double, return upon his former tracks, &c. which renders the hunting of the fallow deer more subject to inconveniences than that of the stag.

The roe deer is inferior to the stag and fallow deer, both in strength and stature, but he is endowed with more strength and gracefulness, courage, and vivacity; his eyes are more brilliant and animated, his limbs are more nimble, his movements are quicker, and he bounds with equal vigour and agility: he is likewise more crafty, conceals himself with greater address, and derives superior advantages from his instincts, though he leaves behind him a stronger scent than the stag, which increases the ardor of the dogs. He knows how to evade their pursuit by the rapidity with which he commences his flight, and by his numerous doublings, he delays not his art of defence till his strength begins to fail him; for he no sooner perceives that the first efforts of a rapid flight have been unsuccessful, than he repeatedly returns upon his former steps, and after confounding by those opposite motions the direction he has taken, after mixing the present with the past ema-

nations of the body, he by a great bound rises from the earth, and retiring to a side, lies down flat on his belly; in this immoveable situation, he often allows the whole pack of his deceived enemies to pass very near him.

FEROCIOUS SCOTCH BULL.

One Thomas White, a butcher, in the city of Edinburgh, had lately a very extraordinary escape:—having gone in along with one of his companions, to drive some bullocks out of Provost Stewart's park, the bullocks, after being driven up to the gate, turned while one of the lads was employed in opening the gate. White, when the animals turned, chased them to the foot of the park, where there was a bull well known to be very ferocious, and which immediately pursued him. He ran till he was sensible that he was losing breath, and that the animal was gaining upon him: he threw himself flat upon his back, when the creature coming up, transfixed him with one stroke of its horn, which passed through the belly, close to the borders of the chest, the tip of the horn coming out through the lower part of the chest, so that both chest and belly were opened, and the horn had such a hold upon the lower ribs, as to turn him over before it slipt its hold.—He was saved from a second stroke, which would have surely been fatal, by his dog running at the bull, and catching it by the heel, when the bull ran round the park, roaring very furiously, the dog, which was of the small shepherd kind, still keeping its hold. White's companion coming down at this time, carried him away upon his shoulders, and laid him in a safe place behind

the railing of the park: and the bull, after having shook off the dog, returned to the place where he had left the man, after having gored him, snuffing at the blood, and tearing up the ground with his hoofs. White was carried on men's shoulders to the house of a surgeon, who put back a part of the bowels which protruded at one of the wounds, and cut off, as is reported, a part of the omentum.—He was conveyed to the hospital, where, after keeping his bed eight or ten days, he made a perfect recovery!

TOM ROBERTS,

THE FAMOUS KIRMOND CRIPPLE.

Thomas Roberts was born of indigent parents, at Kirmond, in Lincolnshire, where he died on the 16th of May, 1798, aged eighty-five. This extraordinary person was, if we may so term it, a *lusus naturæ*; he was perfect to his elbows and knees, but without either arms or legs; above one of his elbows was a short bony substance, like the joint of a thumb, which had some muscular motion, and was of considerable use to him. Nature compensated for his want of limbs, by giving him a strong understanding, and bodily health and spirits. When Sir George Barlow, the last baronet of that ancient family, rented of Edmund Turnor, Esq. the manor and lordship of Kirmond, he kept a pack of hare-hounds. Tom was for many years employed as his huntsman, and used to ride down the hills, which are remarkably steep, with singular courage and dexterity. His turn for horses was so great, that, on leaving the service of Sir George Bar-

low, he became a farrier of considerable reputation, and indulging in his propensity to liquor, seldom came home sober from the neighbouring markets: he, however, required no other assistance from the parish (till he became infirm) than an habitation, and the keeping of a horse and cow. What is, perhaps, more remarkable, he married three wives! By the first, who was an elderly woman, he had no children; but by the second he left two sons, now in good situations as farmers' servants, who attended the funeral of their father, and buried him in a decent manner.

THE DUTCH BARON.

THE gentlemen of the green cloth were put out of *queue*, by a hero of a *hazard-table* imported from the continent, a few years ago, by one of the squad, who, while he pretended to be playing the *losing game*, was shrewdly suspected of going snacks in all that rolls into the *pocket*.

The Dutch Baron was introduced by his friend who *happened* to have known him at Hamburgh. He played in a crowd of billiard amateurs and professors, many of whom were rich, and lost about one hundred and fifty guineas with the utmost *sang-froid*. Upon his retiring, his *friend* told the company he was a fine pigeon, a Dutch Baron, who had emigrated from Holland with immense property, and who would as readily lose ten thousand pounds as ten guineas. Some asked, "Is it the *Gala Hope?*" "No, (replied others) he is in hands that will not let him slip a-while." "Is it the Princess Amelia's house Hope?" asked another.

"Who is he? Who is he?" was eagerly enquired—"A Dutch Baron, as rich as a Jew," was answered in a whisper.

No Batavian laid out an hundred and fifty guineas so well as the Dutch Baron. The whole corps of *riflemen* flocked around him, like a swarm of fish at a piece of bread. But little P. well known at Bath, who thought he best knew how to make his market, like a *man of business*, applied to the baron's *friend* to have the first plucking. The friend, as a *great favour*, engaged to use his influence; little P. was at the billiard-table the first man in the morning, that he might secure the play in his own hands; the baron came—to it they went; little P. kept back his play; the Dutch Baron played but poorly—fair strokes he often missed; but whenever he was at an important point, he won, as if by accident. On they went—Hambletonian and Diamond. Little P. was afraid of frightening the baron, by disclosing the extent of his play; the baron played so as to persuade every one he knew little of the game. The contest was, who should play worst at indifferent periods, and who, without seeming to play well, should play best at important points—the Baron won on all great occasions, till little P. had lost about 100*l*. But the baron managed so well, that no one thought he could play at all; and although little P. was *sickened*, yet the bait of 150 guineas found plenty of customers. Some of them the greatest adepts in the kingdom, gave the baron at starting three points in the game; but the baron's *accidental* good play was so superior, whenever a great stake was down, he at last gave three points to those who had given him three points, and still beat them—by *accident*. And before

the billiard knowing ones at Bath would stop, the baron had won nearly ten thousand pounds, with which he made a bow, and came to London.

But this *Dutch Nobleman's* fame travelled almost as fast as himself, and he was *found out;* not, however, till he had sweated some of the most knowing gentlemen of the queue.

He concealed his play so well, that no one could form an idea of its extent. To the best billiard-players he gave points, and always won on important occasions. He seemed to be a very conjuror, commanding the balls to roll as he pleased; and there was nothing to be named, that it is not supposed he could accomplish.

But the most entertaining part of his story is the stile of reprobation in which the professors of the queue spoke of his concealment of his play. They execrated him as guilty of nothing short of cheating; they, whose daily practice it was to conceal their play, and angle on the gudgeons with whom they engaged—*they* bitterly reviled the Dutch Baron for retorting their own artifice, and entrapping them in their own way.

And who was the Dutch Baron? asks every one who hears of his achievements. In Hamburgh, he was the marker at a billiard table!

THE DOG AND THE PYEMAN.

Mr. Smellie relates a curious anecdote of a dog, who at this time belongs to a grocer in Edinburgh; it has for some time amused and astonished the people in that neighbourhood. A man who goes through the streets ringing a bell and selling penny pies, happened

one day to treat this dog with a pye. The next time he heard the pyeman's bell, he ran to him with impetuosity, seized him by the coat, and would not suffer him to pass. The pyeman, who understood what the animal wanted, shewed him a penny, and pointed to his master, who stood at the street-door, and saw what was going on. The dog immediately supplicated his master by many humble gestures and looks. The master put a penny into the dog's mouth, which he instantly delivered to the pyeman, and received his pye. This traffic between the pyeman and the grocer's dog has been daily practised for months past, and still continues.

CHARACTER OF A SIBERIAN DOG.

This animal, which is not uncommon in any of the climates about the Arctic Circle, is used in Kamtschatka for drawing sledges over the frozen snow. These sledges generally carry only a single person, who sits sideways. The number of dogs usually employed is five; four of them yoked two and two, and the other acting as leader. The reins are fastened, not to the head, but to the collar; and the driver has, therefore, to depend principally on their obedience to his voice. Great care and attention are consequently necessary in training the leader, which, if he is steady and docile, becomes very valuable, the sum of forty roubles (or ten pounds) being no uncommon price for one of them.

The cry of *tagtag*, *tagtag*, turns him to the right, and *kougha*, *kougha*, to the left: the intelligent animal immediately understands the words, and gives to the

rest the example of obedience: *ah*, *ha*, stops them, and *ha*, makes them set off.

The charioteer carries in his hand a crooked-stick, which answers the purpose both of whip and reins. Iron-rings are suspended at one end of this stick, both by way of ornament, and to encourage the dogs by their noise, for they are frequently jingled for that purpose. If the dogs are well trained, it is not necessary for the rider to exercise his voice; if he strikes the ice with his stick, they will go to the left; if he strikes the legs of the sledge, they will go to the right; and when he wishes them to stop, he has only to place the stick between the snow and the front of the sledge. When they are inattentive to their duty, the charioteer often chastises them, by throwing it at them. The dexterity of the riders, in picking this stick up again is very remarkable, and is the most difficult manœuvre in this exercise: nor is it, indeed, surprising that they should be skilful in a practice in which they are so materially interested; for, the moment the dogs find that the driver has lost his stick, unless the leader is both steady and resolute, they set off at full speed, and never stop till either their strength is exhausted, or till the carriage is overturned and dashed to pieces, or hurried down a precipice, when all are buried in the snow.

The manner in which they are generally treated seems but ill calculated for securing their attachment. During the winter they are fed sparingly with putrid fish, and in summer are turned loose, to shift for themselves, till the return of the severe season renders it necessary to the master's interest that they should be taken again into custody, and brought once more to

their state of toil and slavery. When yoking to the sledge, they utter the most dismal howlings; but, when every thing is prepared, a kind of cheerful yelping succeeds, which ceases the instant they begin their journey.

These animals have been known to perform, in three days and a half, a journey of near two hundred and seventy miles. And scarcely are horses more useful to Europeans, than these dogs are to the inhabitants of the frozen and cheerless regions of the north. When, during the most severe storm, their master cannot see the path, nor even keep his eyes open, they very seldom miss their way: and whenever they do this, they go from one side to the other till, by their smell, they regain it; and when in the midst of a long journey, as it often happens, it is found absolutely impossible to travel any farther, the dogs, lying round their master, will keep him warm, and defend him from all danger. They also foretel an approaching storm, by stopping and scraping the snow with their feet: in which case it is always advisable, without delay, to look out for some village, or other place of safety.

THE MASTIFF.

This description of dog is peculiar to England, where they are principally of use as watch-dogs; a duty which they discharge not only with great fidelity, but frequently with considerable judgment. Some of them will suffer a stranger to come into the yard they are appointed to guard, and will go peaceably along with him through every part of it, so long as they continue to touch nothing; but the moment he attempts

to touch any of the goods, or endeavours to leave the place, the animal informs him by gentle growling, or, if that is ineffectual, by harsher means, that he must neither do mischief nor go away, and seldom uses violence unless resisted; even in this case he will sometimes seize the person, throw him down, and hold him there for hours, or until relieved, without biting him.

A most extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff is related by M. D'Obsonville. This dog, which he had brought up in India, from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Benglour, a distance of more than three hundred leagues. "Our journey (he says) occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several byepaths, and the animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Benglour, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of M. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now the difficulty, is, not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong, and able to procure himself food; but how he should so well have found his way, after an interval of more than a month. This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

The mastiff is extremely bold and courageous. Stow relates an instance of a contest between three of them and a lion, in the presence of King James the First. One of the dogs being put into the den, was soon disabled by the lion, which took him by the head and neck, and dragged him about: another dog was then

let loose, and served in the same manner: but the third being put in, immediately seized the lion by the lip, and held him for a considerable time: till, being severely torn by his claws, the dog was obliged to quit his hold; and the lion, greatly exhausted in the conflict, refused to renew the engagement, but, taking a sudden leap over the dogs, fled into the interior part of his den. Two of the dogs soon died of their wounds: the last survived, and was taken great care of by the king's son; who said—"He that had fought with the king of beasts should never after fight with any inferior creature."

This animal, conscious of his superior strength, has been known to chastise, with great propriety, the impertinence of an inferior:—a large dog of this kind, belonging to the late M. Ridley, Esq. of Heaton, near Newcastle, being frequently molested by a mongrel and teazed by its continual barking, at last took it up in his mouth by his back and with great composure dropped it over the quay into the river, without doing any farther injury to an enemy so much beneath his notice.

BROUGHTON THE BRUISER.

John Broughton served an apprenticeship to a waterman, and when out of his time plied at Hungerford-stairs, in which situation his strength and agility was long unknown.

Having a difference one day with a brother of the oar, it was resolved that the point should be decided by a fight, when it was soon found that in powers of body, and agility of arms, he had not only an eminent

superiority over his antagonist, but that he evinced a genius in the art, offensive and defensive, far superior to any other of his fraternity.

Elated by the praises he received on this occasion, and convinced, by the battered appearance of the enemy, of his own strength and judgment, he sold his boat, and commenced professed boxer, in which occupation he was for several years patronized by many of the first characters in the country, and particularly by William Duke of Cumberland, and the late Marquis of Granby, who was himself an amateur in the art of boxing.

Supported by this patronage, he instituted a pugilistic academy in Tottenham-court-road, where his pupils, who felt a thirst after fame, had opportunities of bruising each others bodies, and knocking out each others teeth and eyes, in the presence of spectators, with whom were mixed many of the first characters in the nation.

In this illustrious situation, the mighty hero of the theatre often astonished his scholars, the gentry, nobility, and the public, by a display of his pre-eminence; and was always triumphant till his unfortunate trial of skill with the notorious Slack: in which, to adopt the language of his seminary, he *gave in*, but not till both his *day-lights* were *sewed up*, by a blow exactly over his nose.

After this lamentable failure, which, however, contributed more to the temporary mortification, than real disgrace of Broughton, he retired from the public stage into private life, subsisting very comfortably upon the earnings of his hands, and his situation as one of the yeomen of the guard.

He attended the duke of Cumberland in one of his

military expeditions to the continent, where, on being shewn a foreign regiment of terrific appearance, the duke asked him if he thought he could beat any of the men who composed it. Upon which Broughton answered—"Yes, please your royal highness, the whole corps, with a breakfast between every battle."

He died on the 8th of January, 1789, at his house at Walcot Place, Lambeth, in the 85th year of his age.

It is universally acknowledged, by amateurs in the art, that Broughton carried both the theory and practice of it to the highest point of perfection; and that even Slack, his conqueror, was by no means equal to him in abilities.

JOHNSON AND HIS BLACK HORSE.

THIS celebrated horseman is well remembered by many persons now alive in this country. Johnson being at Derby in one of his excursions, married the daughter of Alderman Howe, who then kept one of the principal inns; and succeeded him in his business. He conducted himself so as to be well esteemed by the gentlemen of the county; and his black horse, which he still kept, was one of the favourites of the Vernon Hunt, then probably the first in England. A feat performed by him and his horse may, perhaps, be worth remembering.

The hunt were taking leave of Lord Vernon, one day, by the side of the Ha! Ha! when his lordship told Johnson, it was extraordinary that he never had been tempted, in the course of any day, to do more, as a horseman, than all the members of the hunt could

do.—"Well, my lord, (said he) what would you wish me to do?"—I am not to choose," (said his lordship) but surely you can do something more than others."—"I will go over that Ha! Ha! my lord.—"So can others, myself for one."—"But I, my lord, (said he) will go over it in a way in which your lordship cannot."

He rode his black horse up to the brink, and, as he stopped, laid his hands upon the pommel of the saddle, and sprung from that posture clear over the Ha! Ha!—The hunt applauded, but the performance was not over. He was something shook by the fall, and did not immediately rise; the horse looked at him attentively all the while, and, when he had got out of the way, followed him over, ran up to him, and stood by his side till he mounted.

FATAL RENCONTRE.

In Sandpit Wood, in the parish of Terling in Essex, a pack of fox-hounds, very early in the season of 1782, had just unkennelled, and the hares, as well as foxes, of which there were plenty in the cover, were many of them disturbed. In one of the paths a hare met and ran against a terrier who was hastening to the cry, with such velocity, that both animals were apparently killed; the dog with some difficulty was recovered but the hare's skull was fractured to pieces.

THE CLERICAL HUNTSMAN.

The late Rev. Mr. L——, of Rutlandshire, was so attached to the sport of fox-hunting, that he seldom

performed divine service on the week days without his boots, though the church was not twenty yards from his residence. Should the musical echo of the huntsman's halloo reach his ear before the service was concluded (which had frequently happened) instantly the surplice was thrown off, the book shut, and, *sans ceremonie*, his pious congregation were left to the clerk, who very cordially used to tell them to depart, that he might shut the door, and go about his business.

CHARACTERISTIC SKETCH.

Mr. C-R-T-R, a gentleman not many years ago of a respectable patrimonial estate, in the neighbourhood of Witney, in Oxfordshire, was, in the complete acceptation of the term, a fox-hunter. He could boast a kennel of the finest hounds in that part of the country, and was in possession of a stud of mettled coursers, to whom, as to their master, neither hedge nor ditch, nor five-barred gate, nor river, nor precipice, had appearance formidable enough to interrupt the sport, or damp the ardour of the pursuit. In his dress, his manners, and his conversation, the huntsman and the whipper-in were the evident models of his imitation. Over the hilarity of the briskly flowing bowl, in the intercourses of friendship, and even in the endearments of domestic life, the language of the chace was never forgotten; in short, throughout the surrounding country, fox-hunting C-r-t-r was the epithet by which he was universally known, and with indisputable propriety distinguished. Even his nearest relatives were esteemed only in proportion to their attachment to the chace. Those who wished for his affections had no

hopes of success, but by leaping into them over a five-barred gate, and to be sent to hell with a *tantivy* was the inevitable consequence of standing in awe of broken limbs, or a dislocated neck.

It happened one day, while this heroic votary of Diana was endeavouring to leap a gate of unusual height, that the leg of his favourite hunter caught between the upper bars, threw him on the other side, and tumbling with all his weight upon him, crushed and fractured one of his legs in so dreadful a manner, as rendered vain all the healing efforts of chirurgical skill, and left to the unhappy sufferer only the dreadful alternative of amputation or death.

Mr. C-r-t r was not long deliberating on his choice. Recollecting that he never should be able to keep the saddle at a fox-chase with a wooden leg, he swore that he came into the world with two legs, and with two he would go out of it. In this resolution he obstinately persevered; and after languishing some time (if to a man of his resolution and violent temper the term languishing can ever be applied), his fancy still running on the darling pleasures of the chace, he went out of the world as he would have ended a fox-hunt, with the exulting shout of the death halloo; having previously bequeathed his estate to his favourite nephew, for no other reason than because he had used, while a boy, to follow him through the dangers and delights of the chase; excluding entirely all his other numerous relations who were more careful of their limbs; leaving to his wife only an annuity of two hundred pounds, because she could not leap over a five-barred gate.

A MONKEY CURED OF HUNTING.

THE late Duke of Richmond had some hunters in Sussex. A monkey who was kept in the same stable, was remarkably fond of riding the horses, skipping from one to the other, and teazing the poor animals incessantly. The groom made a complaint to the Duke, who immediately formed a plan to remedy the evil. "If he is fond of riding (replied his Grace), we'll endeavour to give him enough of it:" and accordingly provided a complete jockey dress for the monkey. The next time the hounds were out, Jackoo in his uniform was strapped to one of his best hunters. The view halloo being given, away they went through thick and thin; the horse carrying so light a weight, presently left all the company behind. Some of the party, passing by a farm-house, enquired of a countryman whether he had seen the fox. "*Ay zure* (said the man), he is gone over yon fallow." "And was there any one up with him?" Ay zure (said John), there be a *little man*, in a *yellow jacket*, just gone by, *riding* as tho' the devil be in *un*. I hope from my heart the *young gentleman* mayn't meet with a fall, for he rides *most monstrous hard*." His experiment had the desired effect. Jackoo was sufficiently chafed by his exercise to make him dislike the sight of a stable ever afterwards.

THE SUCCESSFUL SPORTSMAN.

SOME gentlemen being out shooting, one of the company who was but an indifferent shot, after making several unsuccessful attempts to kill game by firing at random, lodged two pellets in the cheek of a gentleman of the party; but when the *marksman* came up to apologize, and to express his sorrow: "My dear sir (said the other), I give you joy in your improvement, I knew you would hit something by and bye."

A HUMOROUS REVENGE.

A GENTLEMAN, somewhat too distinguished for scolding his huntsman in the field, was so incensed once, at a reply the fellow made, that he turned him off instantly on the spot. The huntsman, after delivering up his horse, got into a rabbit cart, and away he went. The next morning, when the gentleman was going out, and had got to the end of the town with his hounds, the voice of his huntsman saluted his ear, who began hallooing to the dogs till not one of them would leave the tree where the man had perched himself. What was to be done? The gentleman wished to hunt, but there was no hunting without dogs, and there was no stopping the man's mouth; so that he was at length compelled to make the best of a bad bargain, and take the fellow down from the tree into his service again.

THE BITER BIT.

A GENTLEMAN of considerable fortune in the neighbourhood of Whitby, and who was tenacious of the

game upon his manor, once found an unqualified person shooting, and not only seized his gun, but carried him before a magistrate, who of course levied the forfeiture, which was paid. He then assured the justice, he did not complain of the exaction of the penalty, because he knew it was conformable to the law; but as the abuse lavished upon him by his prosecutor had been accompanied with a multiplicity of horrid oaths, he considered it as his bounden duty to become his accuser in turn. Having therefore given evidence against him, in form, for swearing forty oaths, the magistrate was, in consequence of the deposition, unavoidably obliged to fine the gentleman ten pounds, half of which went to the poor of the parish, and the other half to the informer.

THE VENAL COURTIER.

Nothing could equal the degraded situation to which human nature was reduced under the *ancien regimé* of France. The following instance of courtly and parasitical servility will exemplify the fact. The minister Machiavel, lost a little female greyhound, a great favorite. Buret, who possessed the spirit of intrigue in the supremest degree, and sighed as much as Mr. Beaufoy to be noticed by the Minister, considered this a most favourable opportunity to ingratiate himself with Machiavel. For this purpose, after much labour, he procured a greyhound critically like the one lost. This he brought home, and next dressed up a puppet with a black robe, such as that worn by the Comptroller-General: he never suffered this greyhound to eat until it first creeped and fawned on the

wooden Comptroller. When sufficiently trained, he led it to the house of Machiavel, and the moment the greyhound saw the Comptroller, she ran to him, leaped upon his neck, and licked his face, which made the minister imagine that it was the dog which he had lost. It is unnecessary to add, that a man capable of paying such unremitting attention to a *dog*, was well adapted to ingratiate himself, by every species of canine servility, into the good graces of a Minister.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

HERE lieth ready to *start*, in full hopes to save his distance,
TIMOTHY TURF,
formerly stud-groom to Sir Marmaduke Match'em.
and
late keeper of the Racing-Stables on
Cerny Downs,
but
was *beat out of the world*, on the first of April last,
by that invincible Rockingham*,
DEATH.
N. B. He lived and died an honest man.

Here lies a groom, who longer life deserv'd,
Whose *course* was *strait*, from which he never swerv'd;
Yet ere was quite complete his fiftieth *round*,
Grim Death, at *Jack Cade*,‡ brought him to the ground.
This tyrant oft, to *cross* and *jostle* tried,
But ne'er, till now, could gain the *whip-hand side*.
In youth he saw the *high-bred cattle* train'd,
By gentle means and easiest trammels rein'd;

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* A famous horse.
† The Round, or King's Plate Course, at Newmarket.
‡ A steep ascent in that course, fatal to bad bottomed horses.

He taught them soon the *ending-stand* to gain,
Swift as Camilla's o'er the velvet plain.
Oft from the *crack ones* bear the prize away,
And triumph boldly in the blaze of day:
But of late years he used the fertile plough,
To grace with yellow corn the naked brow,
And her green turf, which they were wont to tread,
Affords the trembling oats, with which they're fed.
Oh! may this sod, with thorny texture bound,
Protect from horses hoofs the sacred ground;
And may his *colts* and *fillies** truly run
Their beaten course†, and see a later sun!

SPORTING BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.
A DIALOGUE.

Justice. What have you to alledge against the prisoner?

Accuser. Please your worship's grace, I be come to prosecute him on the dog act.

Prisoner. 'Tis a false charge—I never stole a dog in all my born days—and if any one should dare to say I did, I would tell him he is a *gallows* liar to his face.

Accuser. I say you are one of the *most notedest* dog-stealers in England, and I can prove *as how* you stole my *bitch.*

Prisoner. As to my stealing a few *bitches* now and then, I don't pretend to deny. It is better to pick up a little money in an honest employment, like that, than

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* His infant sons and daughters.
† A straight course of four miles.

to lounge about like an idle vagabond. There is no harm at all in stealing *bitches*.

Justice. I believe fellow I shall convince you to the contrary.

Prisoner. You must not pretend to teach me law better than I *knows* it. I was bred to the crown law, and served a regular clerkship to it among my brethren in the neighbourhood of Chick-lane. I think I could have made a figure if I had been called to the bar.

Justice. Then you will shortly have an opportunity of shining in your proper sphere.

Prisoner. I should have been hanged many sessions ago, *if so be as how* I had not been clever in turning and twining the Acts of Parliament. I have not studied law for nothing. Lord bless your dear worship's eyes, I have made the *most learnedest* judges going *knock under me*. When I came to explain and *identificate* what law was, they hung down their ears, looked foolish, and had not a word to say for themselves.

Justice. Have you not stole the man's bitch?

Prisoner. I have.

Justice. Then I shall convict you in the penalty of forty pounds.

Prisoner, I have read the Act of Parliament, and defy you, or any other dealer in the peace, to hurt a hair of my head. You must not pretend to teach those that can teach you. I *knows* a thing or two, and if you don't mind what you are about, you may perhaps *catch cold*.

Justice. If you threaten me, I shall *commit* you.

Prisoner. You had better commit fornication.

Justice. Is not a *bitch* a dog?

Prisoner. Is not your wife a justice of the peace? Your worship won't pretend now to say that a *cow* is a *bull.*

Justice. I must insist upon it, that according to the true spirit of the statute, a dog and a bitch are exactly the same thing.

Prisoner. I dare you to commit me on the statute of 10 G. 3.; the word bitch is not so much as mentioned in it. I had the opinion of my brethren upon this gig, and bl-st me if I dont steal as many bitches as I come near, in spite of all the *old women* in the commission.

Justice. If you call me an *old woman* again, I'll trounce you.

Prisoner. Read that, and be convinced.

Justice (after having read the Act). Discharge this fellow. I shall not venture to commit him.

Prisoner. Lord help the poor law-makers; they always leave a hole for a man of *geniosity* to creep out of! If they have a mind to make their acts binding, they must consult one of us knowing ones, who are up to a thing or two, which is more than you are.—*(Exeunt severally.)*

THE PARSON'S TENACITY.

The late Lord D. being on a hunting party in the neighbourhood of Wenthridge, in Yorkshire, was invited by a Mr. S. of that village, to alight (as well as the rest of a numerous field of sportsmen) from their horses, and take some refreshment. The invitation was of course accepted. Their repast being finished, Lord D. commended some brown bread highly, de-

claring it to be the best he had ever eaten, and with Mr. S's permission he would take some home to his lady. No, my Lord, replied Mr. S. I beg your pardon for that; eat as much as you will, but by G-d you shan't *pocket* any.

DEAD GAME.

An *expert* sportsman once sallied forth to commit dreadful havoc among the harmless tenants of the field. Being properly accoutred with a double-barrell'd gun, he had the good luck speedily to discover one, which he shot at, and instantly another presented itself to his view, at which he discharged the other barrel; highly elated with his skill, as they both appeared fixed to the spot, he ran with the eagerness of a *city fowler* to secure his prize; when lo! he found them both dead and cold, having previously been *snared*, in which state they hung *suspended!*

A CURIOUS CASE.

Mr. MORGAN, who lives adjoining Lord Thurlow's, at Norwood, and is Lord of the Manor, keeps a number of dogs, one of which is in the habit of sporting alone, and bringing home hares, or whatever he catches, to his master's house.

A few weeks ago, the dog caught a hare on Sydenham Common, and, as usual, was taking it home to his master. A publican, who was on horseback at the time, pursued the dog, and took the hare from him, in the presence of Mr. Morgan's sportsman, who demanded the hare; but the publican took it home, and said

he had as much right to the animal, as either the sportsman or the owner of the dog.

The publican being discovered, he was obliged to appear at the Quarter Sessions, where he was fined five pounds for having the hare in his possession, and not having taken out a certificate, authorising him to kill game. He appeared, in preference to making an apology, which Mr. M. demanded.

The fine he refused to pay, on the ground that he had not a hare in his possession, as the dog had, previously to his taking it from him, either ate or separated the head from the body. This circumstance puzzled their worships, the justices; but Mr. Morgan politely relieved them from their embarrassment, by agreeing to bring the matter before the Court of King's Bench.

CLERICAL FRIENDSHIP OF CANINE CONTRACTION.

A CLERGYMAN, in the city, was possessed of a dog which had a strange custom of going every morning during the summer season to the New River, and plunging into the water, after which immersion, he very orderly trotted home again. This peculiarly attracted the attention of another clergyman, who, in his morning's walks, had frequently observed the fact with no small entertainment. Nor did he escape the notice of the dog; for honest Rover, finding he had crept into some little favour with the parson, resolved as will appear, to cultivate a farther acquaintance, to which end he exerted that talent at adulation, which generally *lies in a dog's tail.*

Upon one of these occasions, instead of making the best of his way home, he made bold to arrest our sable friend, by griping the skirt of his coat, rather sportively, than with any vicious or sanguinary intention. But yet he seemed unwilling to let go his hold. The singularity of the circumstance, as may be imagined, awakened the curiosity of his prisoner, who wisely thinking it would be to no purpose to remonstrate, put himself under the conduct of his canine companion, and walked on, musing on the adventure and wondering, at the same time, what would be the event.

Through many bye-ways and windings did they travel, 'till at length Rover released his captive, and made a *set*, which was saying, as plain as a dog could say, that their journey was at an end. So in fact it was; and now the last act of civility remained to be performed on the part of the dog, which he acquitted himself of (to his credit be it spoken) very handsomely, never losing sight of his charge until he had introduced him to his master; the *denouement* was not inconsistent with the whole tenor of the dog's deportment, the clergymen having thus contracted an intimacy and ever afterwards lived in habits of friendship.

ANECDOTE OF THE P—— OF W——.

His Royal Highness was many years resident at Clifden-House, in the county of Bucks; and being very fond of shooting, he gave orders for breeding a great number of pheasants and partridges, that when they came to proper maturity they might be liberated, on purpose to afford his Royal Highness amusement in

the shooting season: by which means the neighbouring woods and fields were most plentifully stored with game.

It happened that a clergyman, whose name was Bracegirdle, resided in the neighbourhood with a large family, upon a small curacy, and being an excellent shot, thought there was no harm in lessening the game, towards the support of himself and his family: the Prince being apprised of it, sent an express command to him not to destroy the game, for that he would, in due time, consider him and his family. The mandate was punctually obeyed at that time, the parson laid by his gun, and every thing seemingly promised no further encroachment.

The ensuing season, his Royal Highness being out on a shooting party in the neighbourhood, heard the report of a gun at no great distance from him; orders were immediately given to find out the party, and bring them before his Royal Highness: who should approach but parson Bracegirdle, and having approached his royal highness, the Prince (with his usual good nature) asked him what diversion he had met with; to which he replied, some little; but pray (said the Prince) what have you got in your hawking bag? let us see the contents. The parson then drew out a fine cock pheasant and two brace of partridges. Very fine (said the Prince); but did I not command you to forbear destroying the game? The parson, very sensible of the breach he had been guilty of, most humbly besought his Royal Highness's forgiveness, alledging, that the beauty of the morning invited him abroad, and happening to take the gun along with him, the creature (pointing to the game) got up before me, and flesh

and blood could not forbear. The Prince was so pleased with his apology, that he bid him rise up and attend him; the conversation then turned on the art of shooting flying, which at that time his Royal Highness was rather defective in: but by Mr. Bracegirdle's constant attendance on the Prince in all his shooting excursions, he became a tolerable good shot; and in remembrance of the promise he made him, obtained for him the living of Taplow, then worth two hundred pounds a year.

SPORTING ARDOUR.

The late Duke of Grafton, when hunting, was thrown into a ditch; at the same time a young curate, calling out "Lie still my Lord," leaped over him, and pursued his sport. Such an apparent want of feeling, we may presume, was properly resented. No such thing: on being helped out by his attendants, his Grace said, "that man shall have the first good living that falls to my disposal; had he stopped to have taken care of me, I never would have given him any thing:" being delighted with an ardour similar to his own, or with a spirit that would not stoop to flatter.

SPIRIT OF A GREYHOUND.

One of this species of dogs having run a hare extremely hard, and turned her at least a dozen times, killed her by himself; but was so exhausted, that he lay down panting by her side, seemingly unable to rise. Two countrymen, perceiving the situation of the dog, and the master not coming up, hoped to secure the

prize; but upon going to seize it, the greyhound sprung up, took the hare in his mouth, and run with it to his master, the fellows pursuing with stones and sticks. When he met his master, he laid down the hare at his feet and immediately turned round and flew at the men, but was so enervated, that he dropped down as if dead: by proper attention, however, he was restored, and lived long a faithful servant to his master.

THE ROYAL CONVERT.

ALONZO the Fourth, surnamed *The Brave*, ascended the throne of Portugal in the vigour of his age. The pleasures of the chace engrossed his whole attention; his confidants and favorites encouraged, and allured him to it; his time was spent in the forest, while the affairs of government were neglected, or executed by those whose interest it was to keep their sovereign in ignorance. His presence at last being essential at Lisbon, he entered the council with all the impetuosity and fervor of a juvenile sportsman, and, with great familiarity and gaiety, entertained his nobles with the history of a whole month spent in hunting, fishing, and shooting. When he had finished his narrative, a nobleman of the first rank rose up:—"Courts and camps (said he) were allowed for kings, not woods and desarts; even the affairs of private men suffer when recreation is preferred to business; but when the phantasies of pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin. We came here for other purposes than to hear the exploits of a chace; exploits which are only intelligible to grooms, to falconers, and such people; if your majesty will attend

to the wants and remove the grievances of your people, you will find them obedient subjects; if not——" The king, starting with rage, interrupted him:—"If not, what?"—"If not," resumed the nobleman, in a firm and manly tone, "they will look for another and a better king!" Alonzo, in the highest transport of passion, expressed his resentment, and hastened out of the room. In a little time, however, he returned calm and reconciled. "I perceive (said he) the truth of what you say; he who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot long have good subjects. Remember, from this day forward, I am no longer Alonzo the sportsman, but Alonzo, king of Portugal."

His majesty kept his resolve with the most rigid observance, and became, as a warrior and a politician, the greatest of the Portuguese monarchs.

PLACE HUNTING AND TICKET HUNTING.

It frequently happens, that we use the same means to attain ends that are very dissimilar. This was the case with a gentleman who had never been observed with the king's stag-hounds, in the course of the day, but who, nevertheless, applied (after the stag was taken) for a qualification ticket, to which Johnson, the huntsman, conscientiously objected, upon his "not having been present at the taking of the deer." With some degree of concern, he replied, "he considered himself entitled to it, as he had followed the king all day." George Gorden (one of the yeoman-prickers, or assistant-huntsmen) instantly replied, "If you *hunt* for a *place*, sir, you may follow the king; but, by G—d, if you *hunt* for a *ticket* you must *follow me!*"

This is a fact not to be controverted, as George is undoubtedly one of the best riders in the field.

THE SEA-HORSE.

A CAPTAIN of a West-Indiaman wished to purchase a horse; in consequence he applied to a well-known character, who sold him one. After the purchase had been made, the captain observed—"Well, now the horse is mine, pray tell me candidly whether he has any faults, and what they are. "What do you mean to do with him, replied the other?" "Why to take him *to sea*," said the Captain, to the West Indies." "Then I will be candid (replied the dealer), he *may go very well at sea*, but on land he cannot go at all, or I would not have sold him."

THE SPORTING REPRIEVE.

MAN, and his inferiors, the brute creation, are alike subject to the vicissitudes of life; and the same erratic course of events, which sometimes lead to the premature destruction of a human being, may likewise produce the too early sacrifice of a quadruped, unless saved by the concurrence of accident. Of the truth of this assertion, the following fact is illustrative. A very handsome tame fox escaped from the receptacle in Edgware Road: hand-bills, with a guinea reward for his recovery, were circulated on the following morning, but no information whatever could be obtained for *ten days after*, when a hay-salesman riding into the yard, and enquiry being made of him, he remembered to have heard that a fox had been caught

by Mr. Nicholls, of Kingsbury, with greyhounds a few days before, and being taken unhurt, he was transferred to Mr. Hill, of Lower-Hall, near Edgware, and was to be turned out at Stanmore on the following morning. As a moment was not to be lost, a messenger was instantly dispatched to Mr. Hill, who, receiving him very politely, consented to relinquish the *intended* sport if it should prove the fox in question; but whether the fox was *magnified* by the *light* of the *candle*, or the messenger's eyes *diminished* by the HOSPITALITY of the HOUSE, cannot be ascertained; though certain it is he declined the fox, saying, "he would take his oath the fox *then* before him was not the *identical* fox that was *lost*." Returning late at night with this account, and the owner of the fox being too old a sportsman to believe a *native fox* could be found in a hedge-row within *six miles* of the metropolis, he dispatched one of his lads more particularly known to him, by five in the morning, who, arriving just as he was going to be *bagged* for his *fatal* destination, had some difficulty to obtain an interview, the previous messenger having most decisively declined the fox with the before-mentioned assertion; but prevailing in his application, he was admitted, and whilst the standers-by stood aloof *with fear*, Reynard instantly submitted to the *embraces* of his *old friend*, and being by him carried into the *parlour* for the amusement of the LADIES, and the no less *curious feminines* in the *kitchen*, was returned triumphant to his *old home*, where he afforded *occasional* sport *in miniature* for two brace of terriers, thus fully verifying the philosophic prediction of Macheath, that

The wretch of TO-DAY may be happy TO-MORROW.

INTREPIDITY OF HENRY IV.

The renowned Henry IV. King of France, experienced once an extraordinary hunting adventure. A bold renegado, who had been in the Spanish service, and called himself Capt. Michan, came to solicit employment from Henry, when he was only King of Navarre. The King was cautioned to beware of this deserter, arriving from a country which could not but be suspected by every protestant. But the mind of Henry was too full of honour to be capable of entertaining suspicions upon insufficient grounds, and he therefore paid no regard to this advice. A few days after, as he was hunting in the forest of Arras, being alone in a sequestered place, he perceived Michan advancing towards him, well mounted, with a brace of pistols at his saddle bow. On his approach, he said to him with a firm tone of voice, "Captain Michan alight; I have a mind to try if your horse be as good as you pretend." Michan instantly obeyed, and the king mounted: then taking out the pistols, he said to Michan, "Have you an intention to kill any one, Captain? I am assured that you design me for your victim; now your life is in my power, if I please to take it." He then discharged the two pistols in the air, and commanded Michan to follow him. At first he attempted to justify himself; but thinking it the safest way to make his escape, he set off two days after, and never again made his appearance.

THE BITER BIT.

During the second encampment which the English forces made in Bojapore, in the East Indies, one of the officers had a horse stolen from him, but missing the road before he got clear of the tents, the thief was detected and brought back. The gentleman, highly pleased at recovering his horse, and much surprized at the dexterity of the fellow that carried him off, amidst seven or eight *fices* (grooms) sleeping around him, was more inclined to admire his address and expertness, than to punish him.

Next morning his resentment having subsided, his curiosity rose in proportion: he therefore ordered the fellow to be brought before him, and demanded by what contrivance he had effected his design. The fellow replied, he could not well tell his honor, but that if he pleased he would shew him. "Well then (said the officer), since you are so bad at description, we will see how you did it." Being arrived at the pickets, the fellow crept softly under the horse's belly: "Now, sir (says he), pray take notice; this is the manner I crawled over the *fices*; the next thing was to loosen the ropes behind, which I did thus. I then clapped a halter, observe, sir, if you please, over his neck thus." "Vastly clever, by Jove," exclaimed the officer, laughing and rubbing his hands. "In this manner (continued the fellow), I jumped upon his back, and when once I am mounted, I give any one leave to catch me if they can." In saying which, he gave the horse a kick, and though almost surrounded by troops, &c.

pushed him through the gaping croud, put him to his full speed, and carried him clean off.

TONY BRUN'S SALT FISH.

TONY BRUN, an erratic comedian, with more ambition than ability, was no less remarkable for his singular simplicity, than extreme fondness for angling. When he was member of the Liverpool Theatre, he laid one evening several lines in a stream near the town, in hopes of procuring an excellent dinner for the next day. In the course of the night, a theatrical wag, belonging to the same company went to the place, drew up his hooks, and on some of them fixed *red herrings*, and on others *sparrows*, carefully placing them again in the former situation. Early in the morning Tony went with a friend to secure his expected prize, and drew up the *red herrings;* upon which he said to his companion, "Before God, here are herrings, and upon my faith *ready pickled* too. Proceeding further, he drew the sparrows on shore; after examining them for some time very attentively, he exclaimed, "God bless my soul, this is indeed very surprising! I don't wonder at catching the *red herrings*, because they were in their own element, but I really never before thought that *birds* lived in *water;* I should as soon have expected to have shot *fish* in the *air:* but I will take care and not be disappointed a second time, by laying my lines here for *fresh fish*."

A SPORTING GENERAL'S DISPATCHES.

I HAVE the honour to inform you, that I moved with the detachment you were pleased to entrust me with, consisting of three greyhounds, two setters, and four couple of harriers, at day-break of the 18th inst. The weather being rather unfavourable, prevented my reaching Hare Hill, till seven A. M. where I received information from Hector (whom I had previously dispatched on a reconnoitring expedition), of the enemy lodged in a large thicket, strongly defended by enormous bushes, a large ditch in front, and other redoubtable entrenchments. As I wished to dispose of the force you entrusted me with to the best advantage, I commanded the veteran Cæsar to watch an entrance into the redoubt; Alexander to secure a retreat that seemed very eligible, down a narrow lane; while Nero, Clytus, and Brutus, formed a similar defence in an opposite quarter; the rest, headed by Old Ventidius, I placed as a *corps de reserve* to the whole, at the same time forming a very formidable circumvallation; and thus arranged, I judged an escape wholly impracticable. The enemy finding every retreat cut off by this more than trio of *chevaux-de-frize*, preserved a profound silence, so as to lessen my belief of the truth of Hector's report, whose age and length of services have rather obscured his sagacity; I, however, began firing some small shot, the rather from a motive to terrify, than any intent of carnage. This had an effect inimical to my wishes, for some inhabitants in my rear, (consisting of a sow and nine pigs) left their dwelling with such velocity as (by a coup de main) to divert the attention of Brutus and Cæsar, by which two retreats

were vacated, the enemy escaped, and thereby a glorious opportunity was unfortunately lost. However, while I regret the failure of the manœuvre, it is some consolation to find, that had it succeeded, the achievement would have been nothing more than an ancient rabbit, the callousness and pusillanimity of which would have disgraced your table, and degraded my arms. After annihilating the pig-stye (which I should be sorry you would deem less reconcileable with humanity than the love of the chase), I detached Hector on an expedition towards the west of Reynard Wood, with a view of dislodging an old fox, who has long baffled the united efforts of horse, dog, and gun; and whose strength and cunning seem to increase with his success. In this I was also unsuccessful; for his firmness is of that tenacious nature, as must render him invincible. In vain I tried every means human wisdom could suggest, in order to allure him to an open, and decisive attack, and at last compulsively called in my advanced and flanking parties, and marched them off the ground in good order, with no other acquisition than this lesson, that lenient, not compulsive measures, seem most likely to facilitate the desired purpose.

A combination of difficulties then succeeded; a violent shower, added to bad and almost inaccessible roads; to increase which, poor Hector grew almost blind with fatigue and want of food, (it being then three and a half P. M.) Cæsar in a similar predicament, Nero with a thorn in his foot, Alexander and Clytus in strong contention for an almost fleshless bone the former had accidentally picked up; my ammunition nearly exhausted, and what was left rendered

useless by the late heavy rains: to complete which, my Rosinante was become spiritless and tired, when luckily I espied a mansion, apparently a mile from my then situation, but on enquiry found there was no other access to it than by a circumjacent road, at least three miles by computation. Night approaching, and myself thus situated, I found a guide would be essential to my own and dogs preservation, therefore engaged a stranger, who was fortunately passing, the small expence of which, when weighed with the necessity, cannot but meet with your concurring acquiescence. Thus assisted and supported, by an insuperable perseverance and magnanimity, we reached the desired abode about nine at night, after having surmounted innumerable impediments. Our sojourn in these quarters will not be any longer than the return of our ability to renew the chace, which, I have every reason to hope, will be equally speedy, with an opportunity of restoring verdure to laurels that have been tinged only from the physical and untoward incidents of the day. It would be a want of gratitude not to express my hearty commendations of the zeal and avidity shewn by every dog under my command; if there were any contention, it arose from a natural impulse, a becoming emulation in the chace, which should be most forward in obeying him who has the honour to be,

Sir, your's &c.

NAT. NIMROD.

P. S. I send this dispatch by an old tenant of your's, to whose care and attention (as guide) I am indebted for our preservation; and while I recommend him to your notice, must also refer you to him for further information.

BROAD HINTS TO CITY SPORTSMEN.

If there are *three* of you, by all means hire a post-chaise, as it cuts a *dash*, and comes *cheap*.

Be sure you let the *muzzles* of your guns be out a quarter of a yard on each side of the chaise, to shew all the people on the road that you are *sportsmen*.

On no account begin shooting for *game* before you get to Hackney, Camberwell, Kentish Town, Mile End, top of Kent-Street Road, or any place of equal distance from town.

Take care you do not shoot a *sheep*, or a *cow*, instead of the *bird*, you take aim at.

The guns of least repute among *common* sportsmen are the best, *those that scatter their shot the widest*, as there is more chance of hitting them—if one, as the saying is, won't, another will.

There is nothing like a sure shot. Many a bird has been missed by firing hastily at too great a distance. The best mode is to place your piece close to his head; thus the body is not torn.

Taking aim with both eyes shut, is not so good a practice as with both open, as cunning Birds have been known to take advantage of the moment, and fly away.

In choice of dogs, that species of the spaniel, called the Spitalfields Hie-away is to be preferred, as he will hunt every kennel as well as ditch, and runs over most ground.

THE INSPIRED GAMESTER.

An Archbishop of Canterbury making a tour into the country, stopped at an inn for refreshment. Being at the window, he observed at a distance, in a solitary wood, a well-dressed man alone, talking, and acting a kind of part.

The prelate's curiosity was excited, to know what the stranger was about, and accordingly sent some of his servants to observe him, and hear what he was rehearsing. But they bringing back an answer far from satisfactory, his grace resolved to go himself; he accordingly repaired to the wood, ordering his attendant to keep at a distance. He addressed the stranger very politely, and was answered with the same civility. A conversation having been once entered into, though not without interruptions, by an occasional soliloquy, his grace asked what he was about. "I am at play," he replied. "At play," said the prelate, "and with whom? you are all alone!"—"I own," said he, "Sir, you do not perceive my antagonist, but I am playing with God."—"Playing with God, (his lordship thinking the man out of his mind) this is a very extraordinary party; and pray at what game, Sir, are you playing?"—"At chess, Sir."—The archbishop smiled; but the man seeming peaceable, he was willing to amuse himself with a few more questions. "And do you play for any thing, sir?"—"Certainly."—"You cannot have any great chance, as your adversary must be so superior to you!—"He does not take any advantage, but plays merely like a man."—"Pray, Sir, when you win or lose, how do you settle your ac-

counts ?"—" Very exactly and punctually, I promise you."—" Indeed ! pray how stands your game ?" The stranger, after muttering something to himself, said, " I have just lost it."—And how much have you lost ?"—" Fifty guineas."—" That is a great sum; how do you intend paying it, does God take your money ?"—" No, the poor are his treasurers; he always sends some worthy person to receive the debt, you are at present the purse-bearer." Saying this, he pulled out his purse, and counting fifty guineas, put them into his grace's hand, and retired, saying, " He should play no more that day."

The prelate was quite fascinated; he did not know what to make of this extraordinary adventure, he viewed the money, and found all the guineas good; recalled all that had passed, and began to think there must be something in this man more than he had discovered. However, he continued his journey, and applied the money to the use of the poor, as had been directed.

Upon his return, he stopped at the same inn, and perceiving the same person again in the wood, in his former situation, he resolved to have a little further conversation with him, and went alone to the spot where he was. The stranger was a comely man, and the prelate could not help viewing him with a kind of religious veneration, thinking, by this time, that he was inspired to do good in this uncommon manner. The prelate accosted him as an old acquaintance, and familiarly asked him how the chance stood since they had last met. " Sometimes for me, and sometimes against me; I have both lost and won." And are you at play now ?"—" Yes, Sir, we have played several

games to day."—"And who wins?"—"Why, Sir, at present the advantage is on my side, the game is just over, I have a fine stroke; check mate, there it is."—"And pray, Sir, how much have you won?"—"Five hundred guineas?"—"That is a handsome sum; but how are you to be paid?"—"I pay and receive in the like manner: he always sends me some good rich man when I win; and you, my lord, are the person. God is remarkably punctual upon these occasions."

The archbishop had received a very considerable sum on that day: the stranger knew it, and produced a pistol, by way of receipt; the prelate found himself under the necessity of delivering up his cash; and, by this time, discovered the divine inspired gamester to be neither more or less than a thief. His lordship had, in the course of his journey, related the first part of this adventure, but the latter part he prudently took great pains to conceal.

SPORTING ANECDOTE OF JAMES I.

James the First being one time on a hunting party, near Bury St. Edmund's, he saw an opulent townsman, who had joined the chace, very brave in his apparel, and so glittering and radiant, that he eclipsed all the court. The king was desirous of knowing the name of this gay gentleman, and being informed, by one of his followers, that it was Lamme, he facetiously replied, "Lamb, you call him; I know not what *kind* of lamb he is, but I am sure he has got a *good fleece* upon his back."

CHERUBIM SHOOTING.

Two Cockneys issued forth on a shooting-party, to some little distance from town, and were to sleep at an ale-house, and rise early to their sport in the morning. Trudging to their quarters in the dusk of the evening, a large looking bird came sailing round the corner of a barn, at which one of them put up his gun, he shot, and the bird fell;—but, oh horror! what was the surprise and dread of him and his companion, when running up in a great hurry to pick up his game, he found a pair of full bright eyes in a round comely face; with a pair of snow-white wings extended, and fluttering in agonies! away they ran to the house, where the shooter instantly fainted; and, on earnest enquiry of mine host into the cause of their alarm, his fellow sportsman, with a tremulous voice, cried—"Ah! poor creature! heaven forgive him!—but he has had the misfortune—I am sure it was unintentional—to shoot a cherubim!"

However, as Boniface and his hostler were not quite satisfied with this account, they took a candle and lanthorn to the spot, and there found the supposed *cherubim* to be only a poor unfortunate *owl*!

SURPRISING COURAGE OF A CAT.

While man in the fulness of his pride looks for every virtue in his own race, and haughtily despises, or discredits, the genuine emotions of unsophisticated nature in the bosoms of animals, he reads, either with astonishment, or scepticism, the well accredited facts

which are daily commemorated, relative to the power of instinct (if not ratiocination) displayed among the brute creation. It is, however, pretty generally acknowledged, that the dog often reaches to the point of human sagacity: the following instance of maternal courage and affection in a cat, is no less deserving of admiration.

A cat, who had a numerous brood of kittens, one sunny day in spring, encouraged her little ones to frolic in the vernal beams of noon, about the stable door; while she was joining them in a thousand tricks and gambols, they were discovered by a large hawk, who was sailing above the barn-yard in expectation of prey; and in a moment, swift as lightning, darted upon one of the kittens, and had as quickly borne it off, but for the courageous mother, who seeing the danger of her offspring, flew on the common enemy, who, to defend itself, let fall the prize; the battle presently became seemingly dreadful to both parties, for the hawk, by the power of his wings, the sharpness of his talons, and the keenness of his beak, had, for a while, the advantage, cruelly lacerating the poor cat, and had actually deprived her of one eye in the conflict; but puss no way daunted at the accident, strove with all her cunning and agility for her little ones, till she had broken the wing of her adversary: in this state she got him more within the power of her claws, the hawk still defending himself, apparently with additional vigour, and the fight continued with equal fury on the side of grimalkin, to the great entertainment of many spectators. At length victory seemed to favour the nearly exhausted mother, and she availed herself of the advantage: for, by an instantaneous exertion, she laid the hawk

motionless beneath her feet, and, as if exulting in the victory, tore the head of the vanquished tyrant; and immediately, disregarding the loss of her eye, ran to the bleeding kitten, licked the wounds made by the hawk's talons in its tender sides, purring while she caressed her liberated off-spring, with the same maternal affection as if no danger had assailed them, or their affectionate parent.

Ah! wanton cruelty, thine hand withold,
And learn to pity from the tale that's told:
Caress Felina, for in her we find
A grand example to instruct mankind—
Who leaves her young unguarded, or unfed,
Has far less virtue than this quadruped.

THE SPORTING PARSON.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

DEAR——,

I AM just returned from having paid a visit to an old acquaintance, Jack Buckskin, who is now become the Rev. Mr. Buckskin, rector of —— parish, in this county, a living worth upwards of 300l. per annum.

As the ceremonies of ordination have occasioned no alteration in Jack's morals and behaviour, the figure he makes in the church is somewhat remarkable; but as there are many other incumbents of country livings, whose clerical characters will be found to tally with his, perhaps a slight sketch, or, more accurately speaking, a rough draught of him, with some account of my visit, will not be unentertaining to you.

Jack, hearing that I was in this part of the kingdom, sent me a very hearty letter, informing me that he had been *double japanned* (as he called it) about a

year ago, and was the present incumbent of ——, where, if I would favour him with my company, he would give me a cup of the best ale in the county, and would engage to shew me a noble day's sport, as he was in a fine open country, with plenty of foxes. I rejoiced to hear he was so comfortably settled, and set out immediately for his living.

When I arrived within the gate, my ears were alarmed with such a loud chorus of "No mortals on earth are so jovial as we," that I began to think I had made a mistake; but its close neighbourhood to the church soon convinced me that this could be no other than the parsonage house.

On my entrance, my friend (whom I found in the midst of a room full of fox-hunters) got up to welcome me to ——, and embracing me, introduced me to his friends: and placing me at the right hand of his elbow chair, assured them that I was an honest cock, and loved a chace of five and twenty miles an end as well as any of them. To preserve the credit of which character, I was obliged to comply with an injunction to top off a pint bumper of port, with the foot of the fox dipped and squeezed in it, to give a zest to the liquor.

The whole economy of Jack's life is very different from that of his brethren. Instead of having a wife and a house full of children (the most common family of a country clergyman), he is single, unless we credit some whispers in the parish, that he is married to his housekeeper.

The calm amusements of piquet, chess, backgammon, have no charms for Jack, who sees his "dearest action in the field," and boasts, that he has a brace of as good hunters in his stable as ever leg was laid over.

Hunting and shooting are the only business of his life; for hounds and pointers lay about in every parlour; and he is himself like Pistol, always in boots.

The estimation in which he holds his friends is rated according to their excellence as sportsmen; and to be able to make a good shot, or hunt a pack of hounds well, are the most recommending qualities. His parishioners often earn a shilling and a cup of ale at his house, by coming to acquaint him that they have found a hare sitting, or a fox in cover. One day, while I was alone with my friend, the servant came to tell him that the clerk wanted to speak with him: he was ordered in; but I could not help smiling, when, (instead of giving notice of a funeral, christening, or some other church business, as I expected) I found the honest clerk came only to acquaint his reverend superior, that there was a covey of partridges, of a dozen brace at least, not above three fields from the house.

Jack's eldest brother, Sir Thomas Buckskin, who gave him the benefice, is lord of the manor, so that Jack has full power to beat for game unmolested. He goes out three times a week with his brother's hounds, whether Sir Thomas hunts or not; and has, besides, a deputation from him, as lord of the manor, consigning the game to his care, and empowering him to take away all guns, nets, and dogs, from persons not duly qualified. Jack is more proud of his office than many other country clergymen are of being in the commission of the peace. Poaching is, in his eye, the most heinous crime in the two tables; nor does the care of souls appear half so important a duty as the preservation of the game.

Sunday, you may suppose, is as dull and tedious to this ordained sportsman as to any fine lady in town; not that he makes the duties of his function any fatigue to him, but as this is necessarily a day of rest from the usual toils of shooting and the chace. It happened, that the first Sunday after I was with him, he had engaged to take care of a church, which was about twenty miles off, in the absence of a neighbouring clergyman. He asked me to accompany him, and the more to encourage me, he assured me that we should ride over as fine a champaign open country as any in the world. Accordingly I was roused by him in the morning before day-break, by a loud hallooing of Hark to Merriman," and the repeated smacks of his half-hunter.

After we had fortified our stomachs with several slices of hung-beef, and a horn or two of stingo, we sallied forth. Jack was mounted upon a hunter, which he assured me was never yet thrown out: and as we rode along, he could not help lamenting that so fine a morning should be thrown away on a Sunday, at the same time remarking, that the dogs might run breast high.

Though we made the best of our way over hedge and ditch, and took every thing, we were often delayed by trying if we could prick a hare, or by leaving the road to examine a piece of cover; and he frequently made me stop, while he pointed out the particular course that Reynard took, or the spot where he had earthed.

At length we arrived on full gallop at the church, where we found the congregation waiting for us; but as Jack had nothing to do but alight, pull his band out of the sermon case, and clap on the surplice, he was

presently equipped for the service. In short, he behaved himself, both in the desk and in the pulpit, to the entire satisfaction of all the parish, as well as to the esquire of it, who, after thanking Jack for his excellent discourse, very cordially took us home to dinner with him.

I shall not trouble you with an account of our entertainment at the esquire's, who being himself as keen a sportsman as ever followed a pack of dogs, was highly delighted with Jack's conversation. "Church and king," and another particular toast, in compliment, I suppose, to my friend's clerical character, were the first drank after dinner; but these were directly followed by a pint bumper to "Horses sound, dogs healthy, earths stopt, and foxes plenty."

When we had run over again, with great joy and vociferation, as many chases as the time would permit, the bell called for afternoon prayers; after which, though the esquire would fain have had us stay and take a hunt with him, we mounted our horses at the church-door, and rode home in the dark, because Jack had engaged to meet several of his brother sportsmen, who were to lie all night at his own house to be in readiness to make up the loss of Sunday, by going out a shooting very early the next morning.

THE ARTFUL COURTIER.

Louis the Fourteenth playing at back-gammon, he had a doubtful throw; a dispute arose, and the surrounding courtiers all remained silent. The Count de Gramont happened to come in at that instant:—"Decide the matter," said the king to him. "Sire," said

the count, "your majesty is in the wrong."—"How!" replied the king, "can you thus decide, without knowing the question?"—"Because," said the count, "had the matter been doubtful, all these gentlemen present would have given it for your majesty."

GENEROSITY REWARDED.

THE following anecdote of the Hon. Mr. Rigby, has been attested by persons whose veracity may be relied on:—Like most young gentlemen in Ireland, he used to play, and sometimes pretty deep. Being one evening at hazard, in a public place, he was very successful; and having won a considerable sum, he was putting it in his purse, when a person behind him said, in a low voice to himself, "Had I that sum, what a happy man should I be!" Mr. R. without looking back, put the purse over his shoulder, saying, "Take it, my friend, and be happy." The stranger made no reply, but accepted it, and retired. Every one present was astonished at Mr. R's uncommon beneficence, whilst he received additional pleasure, on being informed that the person that had received the benefit was a half-pay officer in great distress. Some years after, a gentleman waited upon him in his own equipage, and being introduced to Mr. R. acquainted him that he came to acquit a debt he had contracted with him in Dublin. Mr. R. was greatly surprised at this declaration, as he was an entire stranger. "Yes, sir," continued the visitor, "you assisted me with above a hundred pounds, at a time that I was in the utmost indigence, without knowing, or even seeing me;" and then related the affair of the gaming-table: "with that

money," continued the stranger, "I was enabled to pay some debts, and fit myself out for India, where I have been so fortunate as to make an ample fortune." Mr. Rigby declined taking the money, but, through the pressing solicitation of the gentleman, accepted of a valuable diamond ring.

THE PATIENT ANGLER.

A GENTLEMAN, who was allowed to be one of the greatest and most philosophic anglers of the age, passing from Islington to town, as was his daily custom, frequently saw a brother sportsman planted on a particular spot of the new river. Being jealous to think he should have all the sport to himself, he resolved to rise early some morning, and take his post before the other arrived: having taken his rod and line, and all the rest of the angling apparatus, he repaired to the spot, and remained uninterrupted for a considerable time, but without success. At length the original occupier of this envied spot appeared, when the gentleman could not help exclaiming, "Egad, sir, I do not know how you manage it, but I have been angling these three hours, and have caught nothing at all."—"Oh, Lord, sir," replied the other, "what's that, compared to me, why I have been angling here these *three years* and never caught a fish yet!"

THE DISINTERESTED MONEY-LENDER.

A NOBLEMAN, who was uncommonly addicted to play, had, one night at Bath, not only emptied his purse, but borrowed of the by-standers, till they re-

fused to lend him another guinea. At last a gentleman was prevailed upon to advance him ten guineas, on condition that if he did not repay him on that day se'nnight he should give him half a crown every time he should ask him for payment. My lord agreed. The week being expired, he took every opportunity of asking, and his lordship thought himself cheaply excused for half a crown, till the next Bath season came on, when, before a numerous company, the gentleman thus addressed his lordship—"My lord, I scorn to take interest for your ten guineas; your lordship has, at two and sixpence a time, paid me twelve pounds: there is a guinea and a half, and remember, 'tis not the want of *fortune*, so much as the want of *thought*, which has occasioned your present distress."

THE VENERABLE SPORTSMAN.

An ancestor of the celebrated M. Calonne, was remarkable for his attachment to the sports of the field, and for preserving his vigour and strength, both of mind and body, to an advanced period of his life. At the age of eighty-five, he used constantly every day, to take the exercise of riding. A friend, one morning, in the autumn, met him on horseback riding very fast: "Where are you going in such a hurry this morning?" enquired the gentleman. "Why, sir," replied the other facetiously, "I am riding after my *eighty-fourth* year."

GAMING ANECDOTE.

It is well known that the Duke of Argyle had a connexion with a lady of the name of C--p--b--ll, by whom he had a natural son, and to whom he gave a polite

education. At a proper age he likewise made interest for him in the guards, in which corps he soon figured as a captain. The duke was sensible that the young man's pay could not support him with proper dignity; he accordingly allowed him the following genteel stipend, though somewhat whimsical:—The captain found upon his bureau, every morning, a clean shirt, a pair of stockings, and also a guinea. This extraneous allowance was intended to prevent him from gaming. But the *sharks* knew his connections, and, according to the *gambling lexicon*, had him *at the best;* in a word, they tickled the captain for a thousand. The duke heard of his son's disaster, but took no notice of it, till his dejected appearance rendered it apparent that some misfortune had occurred. "Jack," said he one day at dinner, "what is the matter with you?" "The captain changed colour, and reluctantly acknowledged the fact. "Sir," said his grace, "you do not owe a farthing to that blackguard; my steward settled it with him this morning for ten guineas, and he was glad to take them," exclaiming at the same time, that "by Jasus, he was damned far North, and it was well it was no worse!"

THE SPORTING PHYSICIAN

A learn'd physician, as they tell,
Who lov'd the sport of shooting well,
Had toil'd three days in hopes of game,
But lost his time, and with it fame;
When John, his fav'rite servant, bow'd,
And begg'd for once to be allow'd,
To try in neighb'ring field his art,
Assur'd he soon should play his part,

For birds there were, it was well-known,
And he would *doctor* them 'ere noon.
"What mean you, John?" old Galen cries,
"Why *kill them*, sir," plain John replies.

A FACETIOUS ENQUIRY.

After a loud preface of—"Oh, yes!" pronounced most audibly three times in the High-street, at Newmarket, the late Lord Barrymore having collected a number of persons together, made the following general proposal to the gapers—"Who wants to buy a horse that can walk five miles an hour, trot eighteen, and gallop twenty?"—"I do," said a gentleman with manifest eagerness. "Then," replied Lord Barrymore, "if I see any such animal to be sold, I will be sure to let you know."

PUGILISTIC LINGO.

The same nobleman once betted a large sum of money upon Johnson and Big Ben, at Bambury, in Oxfordshire, where the former fought Perrins, the Birmingham giant, and Big Ben fought Jacobs. Lord Barrymore was on the stage, with some other persons of distinction, during the contest, and it was generally imagined, from the shifting and falling of Ben, that he would get the worst of it. The mob hissed him as he sat upon the stage, for what they supposed cowardice, and Lord Barrymore, thinking of his money, reproached him for his seeming want of manhood; when the rough-hewn hero, looking archly at his lordship, growled out in his usual hoarse accent, "*Why, my lord, you*

an't up to my gossip, I can beet un when I please: don't mind me, I tell you I am only *manouvering!*"

THE LOST HARE.

THE celebrated Beau Nash having, at one time, a disorder which prevented him from riding on horseback, his Grace the Duke of Beaufort often rallied him on the occasion, and told him, if he would produce him a hare that he (Nash) was at the taking of, his grace in return would make him a present of a buck in the season. Mr. Nash accordingly replied to one of his chairmen to get him a leveret, which he ordered to be hunted by six turnspit dogs, in a large room at Westgate-house, and was himself time enough to take it up alive. He then wrote a letter to the duke, and sent the hare in a basket by Bryan, his running-footman, and who had the honour of being an Hibernian.

When Bryan got upon Lansdown, which is the road to Badminton, where the duke's seat is, he proposed great pleasure to himself in coursing the hare, as he had a favourite dog with him. He therefore took off his great coat, which covered his running-dress, and laid it down by the basket. After he had let the hare loose, she stood some time, till he set the dog at her, when she started from the place, and ran with speed to the first cover; Bryan following her till she was out of sight. When he came back for his coat and basket, he found, to his great mortification and surprise, that both were gone. However, having Mr. Nash's letter to the duke, he made the best of his way to Badminton. On his arrival there, his grace ordered him up stairs, and asked him what news he had brought. Bryan an-

swered, " Arrah, by my shoul and shalvation, I have brought a letter for your dukeship," and he immediately gave it to his grace; who, after reading it, told Bryan he was glad the hare was come. " By my shoul," says Bryan, " and so am I; but pray, your graceship, is my *great coat* come too?" The company being informed of the particulars, could scarce contain themselves at the simplicity of the fellow. However, the duke kept his word with Mr. Nash, and sent him a buck.

A RUNNING HORSE.

Two village sportsmen discoursing about a horse that had lost a race, one of them, by way of apology, observed, that the cause of it was an accident in his running against a waggon:—to which the other, who affected not to understand him, very archly replied, why, what else was he fit to run against?

ON THE SAGACITY AND THE FIDELITY OF DOGS.

Mr. Dibdin, in his Tour through England, has the following interesting observations on the canine race:—

Dogs, if I may be permitted the expression, have noble passions, and possess a rectitude which, if it be instinct, proves that instinct is superior to reason. Their gratitude is unbounded, their devotion exemplary, their study and delight are to please and serve their master; they watch his commands, they wait upon his smiles, they obey, oblige, and protect him, and are ready to die in his defence: nay, they love

him so wholly and entirely, that their very existence depends upon his attention to them. I had a dog myself, that I was necessitated to leave behind me when I began my tour, and he pined away and died in a few days after he had lost me. I have always loved dogs, and the observations I have made are innumerable, and all to their advantage; among the rest I am competent to declare that they make friendships, always, however, with caution, among one another. Upon these occasions, they promise their compact, they observe it inviolably, and this understood, the strongest protect the rest. I had a yard dog, that had every thing of a wolf but the ferocity. He was as gentle as a lamb, nothing offered to himself could insult him; but no roused lion could be more terrible if any of the family, or the other dogs were insulted.

I shall now shew you, by the relation of some pointed facts, the discrimination, the reason, the good sense, for I cannot say less, of dogs. The first is a circumstance which happened under my own observation last summer, and I introduce it here to give it force. You know I would not affront you by asserting a falsity, and I hope the public are equally inclined to credit what I most solemnly declare to be fact. This is the least I could say as the preface to my story.

I took with me last summer one of those spotted dogs, which are generally called Danish, but the breed is Dalmatian. It was impossible for any thing to be more sportive, yet more inoffensive than this dog. Throughout the mountainous parts of Cumberland and Scotland, his delight was to chase the sheep, which he would follow with great alertness even to the summits of the most rugged steeps; and, when he had frighten-

ed them and made them scamper to his satisfaction, for he never attempted to injure them, he constantly came back wagging his tail, and appearing very happy at those caresses which we, perhaps, absurdly bestowed upon him.

About seven miles on this side Kinross, in the way from Stirling, he had been amusing himself with playing these pranks, the sheep flying from him in all directions, when a black lamb turned upon him, and looked him full in the face. He seemed astonished for an instant; but, before he could rally his resolution, the lamb began to paw and play with him. It is impossible to describe the effect this had upon him; his tail was between his legs, he appeared in the utmost dread, and slunk away confused and distressed. Presently his new acquaintance invited him, by all manner of gambols, to be friends with him. What a moment for Pythagoras or Lavater! Gradually overcoming his fears, he accepted this brotherly challenge, and they raced away together, and rolled over one another like two kittens. Presently appeared another object of distress. The shepherd's boy came to reclaim his lamb; but it paid no attention, except to the dog, and they were presently at a considerable distance. We slackened our pace for the convenience of the boy; but nothing would do: we could no more call off the dog than he could catch the lamb. They continued sporting in this manner for more than a mile and a half. At length, having taken a circuit, they were in our rear; and, after we had crossed a small bridge, the boy with his pole kept the lamb at bay, and at length catched him; and, having tied his plaid

round him, it was impossible for him to escape. Out of fear of the boy, and in obedience to us, the dog followed reluctantly; but the situation of the lamb all this time cannot be pictured; he made every possible attempt to pass the boy, and even determined to jump into the river, rather than not follow the dog. This continued till the prospect closed, and we had lost sight of our new ally, whose unexpected offer of amity to Spot, seemed ever after to operate as a friendly admonition, for from that day, he was cured of following sheep.

This friendship at first sight between a dog and a lamb, I shall follow up with a circumstance to prove the friendship of dogs towards each other.

A traveller belonging to a considerable house in the city, was very fond of a small French spaniel, belonging to the lady of the house, which had been accustomed to follow him, and therefore occasionally confided to his care. He began a journey, and did not perceive, till he was near twenty miles from home, that the little dog had accompanied him. He found himself in a very unpleasant dilemma; but, after some consideration, he made up his mind as to what conduct would be most expedient to adopt. It was impossible to send the dog from the place where he had discovered him; but he recollected that about thirty miles farther on he might entrust him with great confidence to the care of a landlord, who, he was sure, would get him safely conveyed in the waggon to town. This he resolved to do, having previously written home to that effect, to avoid uneasiness.

When he arrived at the inn, he committed the dog

to the care of the landlord, as he had intended, and pursued his journey. His route being circuitous, he had occasion, in the course of a few days to return to this very inn. The first thing he did, of course was to enquire after the little dog, and was told by the landlord, with great concern that he was lost, and that the particulars of the accident were these:—He had by some means got into the stables, and had been severely treated by the yard dog, from which moment he had disappeared, and eluded every search that had been made after him. The traveller, extremely concerned at this intelligence, made every possible enquiry for the dog, without effect, and went to bed.

The next morning he heard a noise as if dogs were fighting in the yard; and, his mind being alive to the circumstance of having lost the little spaniel, his curiosity was naturally excited, and he ran to the scene of action, where he saw too large dogs fighting, and a little one looking on. The fact turned out, that the little dog, after having been beaten had gone home, made the house dog acquainted with the circumstance, and brought him to revenge his cause. This is very strong, it must be confessed; but I declare that my mind does not revolt at it. I know it to be possible, supposing the distance to be only two miles; why should it not then be true, supposing it to be fifty? The condition of the little dog manifested sufficiently to his friend and protector the treatment he had received: and, for the rest, we know that dogs will in a most astonishing manner, retrace their steps. My sister had a dog stolen from her by a strolling tinker, which found its way home from some very considerable distance, for

the skin was completely off its feet, and it fell down at the door, unable to proceed an inch further.

We have here seen the operation of reason upon dogs, and that they are capable of friendship. I shall now go into some instances of their fidelity, a quality which every body knows they possess in an astonishing degree, though few, perhaps, have given themselves the trouble of ascertaining in what an extraordinary manner upon this subject they challenge our admiration.

A gentleman in the city had a dog so attached to him, that he knew no pleasure in the absence of his master. This dog of course he loved and valued, for I have the pleasure of knowing him, and I believe no man can have more humanity or sensibility. This gentleman married. In a short time the dog seemed to feel a diminution of attention towards him, and testified great uneasiness; but, finding his mistress grew fond of him, his pleasure seemed to redouble, and he was perfectly happy. Something more than a year after this they had a child. There was now a decided inquietude about the dog, and it was impossible to avoid noticing that he felt himself miserable. The attention paid to the child encreased his wretchedness, he loathed his food, and nothing could content him, though he was treated on this very account with the utmost tenderness. At last he hid himself in the coal cellar, whence every kind and solicitous means were taken to induce him to return, but all in vain. He was deaf to all entreaty, rejected all kindness, refused to eat, and continued firm to his resolution, till exhausted nature yielded to death.

I shall give one more instance of the affecting kind

The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valuable friends, had a dog of the above endearing description. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe every month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation. The dog always grew uneasy when first he lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time of his return approached; which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and if the street-door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened. The moment he obtained his freedom away he went, and to a certainty met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran or rather flew home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, out of the house he flew, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home.

I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journies. The dog by this time was also old, and became at length blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from every other person, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman after a short ill-

ness died. The dog knew the circumstance, watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a gentleman come into the house, and rose to meet him. His master, being old and infirm, had worn ribbed worsted stockings for warmth; this gentleman happened to have stockings on of the same kind. The dog, from this information, thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but, upon further examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where in a short time afterwards he expired.

I shall mention a few circumstances relative to the sagacity of dogs, and take my leave of this subject. At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a given hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, because of the odds and ends which were now and then thrown down to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful, so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served one by one, at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what in religious houses is called a *tour*, which is a machine like the section of a cask, that turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it.

One day this dog who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in

his mouth and rang the bell. This stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick, in doing which he had no great difficulty; for lying *perdù*, and noticing the paupers as they came in great regularity for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the real truth, which he was confirmed in when he saw him wait with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community, and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, when a mess of broken victuals was purposely served out to him.

I will now relate a remarkable circumstance, received in France for truth, and which will be found at length in the *Essais Historiques sur Paris*. In the reign of Charles the Fifth, a gentleman of the name of Aubri, accompanied by a dog, was assassinated in a wood, and buried at the foot of a tree. The dog, it was supposed, remained on the spot, till he was nearly famished, for in that condition, he came to Paris, to the house of his master's particular friend, and howled most piteously. He had scarcely satisfied the cravings of his appetite, when his agitation grew more violent. He ran to the door, appeared by his actions as if he wanted somebody to follow him, pulled his master's friend by the coat, and grew more and more impatient. The singularity of these actions in the dog, his returning without his master, the inquietude which had been caused by the absence of the master himself, who, by appointment ought long before that time to have been

at Paris; these and other circumstances, determined the friend, in company with others, to follow the dog, who conducted him to the foot of a tree, and then redoubled his howlings and solicitude. He scratched up the earth, and manifested so many signs, that, together with the appearance of the fresh mould, and a number of collateral circumstances, convinced them they ought to search for the body of the unfortunate Aubri, which they now began to believe was buried there, and which in fact they found.

The Chevalier Macaire, as a person inimical to the interests of Aubri, and in particular on account of his high favour with the king, they all suspected to have a hand in the murder. The friend took an opportunity of shewing Macaire unexpectedly to the dog. He instantly grew outrageous, and endeavoured to fly at him; but the friend, who had taken his precaution for that time prevented him. Determined, however, to revenge Aubri, he made all he suspected known to the king, who commended him for what he had done, and appointed him at a given time to appear at the palace, accompanied by the dog. They were introduced among the courtiers, who caressed the dog and to whom he shewed every respect and attention; but the moment Macaire came into the room, who had been purposely kept back, he flew at his throat. The matter was in consequence more particularly enquired into; till, from a train of circumstances, and at length his own confession, he was found guilty of the murder, and suffered death.

There is a tract of English history, which, if true, and it is well authenticated, proves that the first landing of the Danes in this country was occasioned by the

sagacity and affection of a dog. Lodbrog, of the blood-royal of Denmark, and father to Hinguar and Hubba, being in a boat with his hawks and his dogs, was driven by an unexpected storm on the coast of Norfolk, where being discovered and suspected as a spy, he was brought to Edmund, at that time king of the east Angles. Having made himself known, he was treated with great hospitality by the king, and in particular cherished on account of his dexterity and activity in hawking and hunting. Berick, the king's falconer, grew jealous of this attention, and lest it should lessen his merit in his royal master's opinion, and so deprive him of his place, had the treachery to way-lay Lodbrog, and murder him; which done, he threw his body into a bush. He was presently missed at court, and the king grew impatient as to what was become of him, when the dog, who had staid in the wood by the corpse of his master till famine forced him thence, came and fawned on the king, and enticed him to follow him. The body was found, and by a train of evidence Berick was proved to be the murderer. As a just punishment, he was placed alone in Lodbrog's boat, and committed to the mercy of the sea, which bore him to the very shore the prince had quitted. The boat was known, and Berick, to avoid the torture, falsely confessed that Lodbrog had been murdered by the order of Edmund; which account so exasperated the Danes, that, to revenge his death, they invaded England.

To enumerate all that is known and reported of dogs would be to write a volume; but, as every thing is astonishing of them, though delightful, interesting, and admirable, from their tricks related by Pezelius; the dogs pretending to die and come to life again, told us

by Plutarch; and the variety of other extraordinary circumstances recorded by very many different authors, to that most complete climax, the Dog of Ulysses, which many have considered as the best trait in all the Odyssey, I shall no further advocate their cause, than to wish that all those who hold in contempt their want of reason, were endowed with so perfect a quality as their instinct.

EPITAPH ON A FAVOURITE FOX-HOUND.

Beneath this turf my fav'rite fox-hound lies,
Stop here, ye hoaxers all, and wipe your eyes.
Here mourn with me, for lovely Dolphin dead,
The flower of all my pack, tho' not the head.
Of shape exactly fine, from head to foot,
To one scent steady, cautious, never mute;
To riot, or to babbling never prone,
Nor slack on vermine scent to call us on;
Active, tho' not surpassing in his pace,
Brisk and unwearied in the longest chase.
The most determined foe our foxes knew,
Fixt to his point and obstinately true.
Such Dolphin was, whose fame shall surely last,
As long as sportsmen shall preserve their taste.

JOHN GILPIN THE SECOND.

One morning as Mr. Chapman's hounds, of Putney, were waiting upon Letlow common for some of the company, a person riding towards town, in a *cauliflower wig*, *cocked hat*, *black breeches*, and *boots*, enquired of the huntsmen what they were going to hunt, who informed him a *bag-fox*; and that he hoped he would join the chase, which the other replied he should be

very happy to do, but that, having been the preceding day to dine with his brother, who had the honour to be an alderman, at his *box* in the country, he was in haste to return to his *shop*, for fear business should be neglected in his absence; however, he requested to be introduced to Mr. Chapman, and begged of him to order the fox to be turned with his *head* towards *town*, as he then might enjoy the pleasures of the chase in his way home. Mr. C. thinking (from this extraordinary request, and his grotesque appearance) his joining the chase would afford some diversion, with the greatest gravity immediately assented to it; and Reynard being soon after set at liberty with his *head* towards *town*, ran, whilst in view, in a direct line with the London road, but, by the time the hounds were laid on, had turned and taken quite a contrary direction. The scent lying vastly well, the hounds ran very swift, and were as eagerly followed by a very numerous field of sportsmen, all of whom enjoyed the distress of our hero, whose horse having more mettle than his rider, ran for some time close in with the hounds, to the great terror of the latter, who, Gilpin like, held fast by the *mane* and *pommel*; and, after having escaped many dangers, in a chase of an hour and a half, was at last completely thrown out, and left in a ditch, with the loss of his *whip*, *hat*, and *wig*. Having lain some time in this predicament, and recovering at length from his panic, he perceived a town at a small distance, which he made up to, in hopes of being able to reach *St. Paul's*, or the *Monument*; when, upon enquiry, to his great surprise and mortification, he found himself at *Dorking*, in *Surrey!*

STRONG REASONS FOR BREAKING THE SABBATH.

As the late Mr. Cunningham, the pastoral poet, was fishing on a Sunday, near Durham, the Reverend, as well as corpulent, Mr. B———, chanced to pass that way, and knowing Mr. Cunningham, austerely reproached him for breaking the sabbath, observing, that he was doubly reprehensible, as his good sense should have taught him better. The poor poet turned round and replied—"Your external appearance, reverend sir, says, that if your duties were at the bottom of the river along with mine, you would angle for it, though it were a fast-day, and your Saviour stood by to rebuke you!"

J. J. ROUSSEAU.

While the immortal John James Rousseau resided in the solitary little hermitage near Montmorency, one of his rich neighbours, a great sportsman, and extremely jealous of his rights and privileges, hearing that one of his hares had suffered itself to be taken among the philosopher's cabbages, was loud in his threats in consequence of this breach of privilege. But, to assuage his anger, Rousseau sent him a letter, professing the greatest respect for the privileges of the nobleman, and concluding his epistle in these words—"but, most noble sir, that I may be able in future to distinguish your hares from those of other persons, be so good as to decorate them with a red ribband."

THE BITER BIT.

A SUBALTERN son of Mars belonging to Colchester barracks, was amusing himself with shooting, when unfortunately a wood-pigeon flew across the road and perched on a tree in an adjoining park. The soldier fired, brought it to the ground, jumped over the pales, and secured his prize, but leaving it for a few minutes by the side of his gun, found both seized on his return, and the gun reloaded by the game-keeper, who not only abused the poor fellow with very harsh language, but threatened him, with the most violent imprecations, to shoot him dead on the spot, if he did not eat the bird raw. Hard as this article of capitulation was, the warrior having lost his musket, was obliged to comply, and attempted to carry it into execution; but had not eaten two mouthfuls, when its powerful effect, as an emetic, prevented his proceeding any further. The gamekeeper, finding he had done his utmost to fulfil the terms of capitulation, relaxed in some degree from his brutality and excused the finishing of the unpalatable repast. The soldier then earnestly requested to have his gun returned, which, after some hesitation, the gamekeeper complied with. No sooner, however, was he in possession of it, than he pointed it against the gamekeeper, and used the same words and imprecations that he had before uttered against himself, to oblige the other to eat up the remainder. The poor gamekeeper was forced to comply, and had gotten half way through his raw meal, when the soldier, unable to bear the savage scene, and dreading the arrival of the enemy's reinforcements, decamped, leaving him to finish it by

himself. No sooner was the gamekeeper left alone, than he set off in full speed, and meeting an officer, learnt from him that the soldier was one of his company. A regular complaint was lodged against him, for shooting in a gentleman's park, and an interview fixed for the evening parade. The gamekeeper did not fail to attend, in the hope of bringing the poor fellow to the halbert. The officer called the soldier from the ranks, and asked him if he knew that man. To which he cheerfully replied---"Yes, your honour, I had the pleasure of breakfasting with him this morning. He then related the whole affair, which the gamekeeper was unable to deny; and the laugh against him was so strong, that, instead of standing forward as an accuser, he was glad to sneak off, rather than await the consequence that might ensue, if he had continued till the soldiers were dismissed from parade.

DEBUT OF A YOUNG SPORTSMAN. IN HIS LETTER ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.

According to your advice, I on Friday last, for the first time, mounted a gun on my shoulder, and having stored my pockets with ham and chicken, I proceeded to the field of action, accompanied by three staunch terriers and my mother's pug. I had furnished myself with a gun, which, though none of the best, was yet reckoned to make a very good report. I had not proceeded far, before the want of a game-bag obliged me to return, and I again sallied forth, furnished with a capacious work-bag, which was ornamented with gold fringe and tassels. The dogs tormented me extremely, by keeping close at my heels.

and diverting themselves with snapping at the tassels of my bag, which was hung behind me, and which they nearly demolished; but pug running among some high grass, I unfortunately mistook him for a hare, and letting fly, killed him on the spot. This sad catastrophe put an end to my shooting expedition, but on returning home I was agreeably surprised at the sight of a large bird in a tree, close to me. I attempted immediately to fire, but to my great disappointment, my gun snapped in the pan; my energy was so impetuous at that instant, that I threw the gun at the bird, which flew away, and upon my looking for the gun, I found that it had fallen into a horse-pond. With these losses I reached home, heartily tired with my excursion; and thus I shall conclude my sporting campaign unless you will have the goodness to send me a proper fowling-piece, and dogs of your own choosing, by which you will much oblige

Your humble servant,

TIMOTHY TENDER.

P. S. I forgot to mention the punishment I suffered for shooting the pug, who was buried yesterday with great solemnity.

THE CHASE.—A SHANDEAN FRAGMENT.

BY this time the hunters had disappeared, and in about twenty minutes a labourer came out of the cottage, and informed us that the stag was coming down the hill in full view, and that we should see the chase to the best advantage from the back-door of the house.

The buck, to which the huntsman had given buts

short law, came bounding down a slope, pursued by the hounds in full cry, the hunters close in with the dogs, hallooing "tantivy, tantivy," at every stretch.

"This is a *view hollow*," said I, turning to Captain O'Carrol.

The poor animal had made a circuit, to gain the place where he was first raised, but finding neither safety nor covert there, he turned round, ran right ahead and in so doing crossed the garden of the cottage where we stood.

Two dogs and men passed on.

Two ladies rode by, pushing their horses with a degree of courage and vigour that would do honour to the spirit and strength of Amazons.

A third female, fearless as Camilla, closed the chace: it was heaven's mercy she did not close her life. Unhappy fair one! with whip and spur she urged the courser's speed; but just as she prepared to clear a fence, the bank gave way, and down came the horse, jirking the rider from its back into the middle of the ditch.

We ran to her assistance; she was tepsy turvy. "This is a *view hollow*!" said O'Carrol, turning to me.

Sophia retired a few paces.

"We must fix her upon her feet," said O'Carrol, leaping into the ditch, and seizing the lady by the binding of her petticoats; I followed his example.

An old virtuoso came up, he took out his glass—"I believe she is a peeress, (said he) by the coronet on her saddle."

'Twas not possible to turn the lady either on one side or the other.

A labourer came to our assistance; he got under the lady, and raised her.

"Bless my eyes, (exclaimed the labourer) her heels are where her head ought to be!"

"It is really a horrid chasm," said the *virtuoso*, peeping into the ditch.

"Every body, from the highest to the lowest, have their ups and downs in this world," observed a lame beggarman, with a malicious smile.

Having seated the lady upon the bank, and put every thing to rights, Sophia joined us, and with the help of a smelling bottle, and chafing the lady's temples, she was restored to herself: she had received but little injury that we could perceive, and she declared she felt none. "But I fear I shall be thrown out," said the lady: so curtesying thanks to Sophia, and smiling, thanks to O'Carrol and myself, with our help she mounted her hunter, cleared the ditch where she was thrown, and taking a short cut, to avoid the impending evil, was soon out of sight, and we returned to the cottage.

CONJUGAL SPORTING.

A GENTLEMAN meeting his gamekeeper returning from shooting, asked him which way he had been. "I've been trying Drayton Wood, your honour."—"Why, what took you that beat?"—"My poor wife was buried this morning, and I went to Drayton to attend the funeral; so thought I'd try the cover in my way back."

THE HONEST HORSE.

A JOCKEY once selling a nag to a gentleman at Glasgow, frequently observed, with emphatic earnestness, that he was an honest horse." After the purchase, the gentleman asked him what he meant by an *honest* horse. " Why, sir, I'll tell you, (replied the Jockey) whenever I rode him he always threatened to *throw* me, and, d—n me, if ever he deceived me."

THE DISAPPOINTED GAMEKEEPER.

THE energies of nature are often strongest where superficial observers consider them as nearly expiring. A sudden impulse will sometimes animate the expiring frame of man to acts of strength beyond the expectation of surrounding observers: and thus too it often is with the other parts of the animal kingdom. A striking instance of the truth of this reasoning is displayed in the following narrative.

William Dann, the gamekeeper of a gentleman near Bath, shooting one day in a coppice with spaniels, they flushed a woodcock, which he shot at and perceptibly wounded, but not so as immediately to bring it down; he therefore, waited to reload his piece, and then went in search of the wounded bird, to a spot about a hundred yards distant, near to which he supposed he had marked his fall; but, on looking back after a young dog which had remained behind, and going up to him, he found he was mouthing the wounded woodcock, which he had much bitten, and nearly stripped of its feathers. The gamekeeper having taken the bird

from the dog, smoothed up its remaining plumage, and, after carrying it about twenty yards in his hands, in an expiring state, as he thought, he threw it down for the young cur to pick up, and bring after him. Before the dog could get it, the cock, to the utter astonishment of the gamekeeper, took flight, and went off in so sharp a style, and with such astonishing strength, that he could neither shoot at him in his exit, or ever after get sight of him.

DIARY OF A SPORTING OXONIAN.

Sunday—Waked at eight o'clock by the servant, to tell me the bell was going for prayers—wonder those scoundrels are suffered to make such a noise—tried to sleep again, but could not—sat up and read Hoyle in bed. Ten, got up and breakfasted—Charles Racket called to ask me to ride—agreed to stay till the president was gone to church. Half after eleven rode out—going down the High-street, saw Will Sagely going to St. Mary's; can't think what people go to church for. Twelve to two rode round Burlington Green—met Careless and a new freshman, of Trinity—engaged them to dine with me. Two to three, lounged at the stable—made the freshman ride over the bale—talked to him about horses—sees he knows nothing about the matter—went home and dressed. Three to eight, dinner and wine—remarkably pleasant evening—sold Racket's stone-horse for him, to Careless's friend, for fifty guineas—certainly break his neck—eight to ten coffee-house, and lounged in the High-street—stranger went home to study—afraid he's a bad one—engaged to hunt to-morrow, and dine with Racket. Twelve,

supped and went to bed early, in order to get up to-morrow.

Monday.—Racket *rowed* me up at seven o'clock—sleepy and queer, but was forced to get up and make breakfast for him. Eight to five in the afternoon hunting—famous run, and killed near Bicester—number of tumbles—freshman out in Racket's stone-horse—got the devil of a fall in a ditch—horse upon him—but don't know whether he was killed or not. Five, dressed and went to dine with Racket—Dean had crossed his name, and no dinner could be got—went to the Angel and dined—famous evening till eleven, when the proctors came, and told us to go home to our colleges—went directly the contrary way. Eleven to one, went down into St. Thomas's, and fought a row. One, dragged home by somebody, the Lord knows whom, and put to bed.

Tuesday.—Very bruised and sore—did not get up till twelve—found an imposition upon my table—*more*, to give it the hair-dresser—drank six dishes of tea—did not know what to do with myself, so wrote to my father for money. Half after one, put on my boots to ride for an hour—met Careless at the stable—rode together—asked me to dine with him, and meet Jack Sedley, who is just returned from Italy. Two to three, returned home, and dressed. Four to seven, dinner and wine—Jack very pleasant, told good stories—says the Italian women have thick legs—no hunting to be got, and very little wine—wont go there in a hurry. Seven, went to the stable, and looked into the coffee-house—very few drunken men, and nothing going forwards—agreed to play Sedley at billiards—Walker's table engaged, and forced to go to the Blue Posts—

lost ten guineas—thought I could have beat him, but the dog has been practising at Spa. Ten, supper at Carlos's—bought Sedley's mare for thirty guineas—thinks he knows nothing of a horse, and believe I have done him—drank a little punch, and went to bed at twelve.

Wednesday.—Hunted with the Duke of B.—Very long run—rode the new mare—found her sinking, so pulled up in time, and swore I had a shoe lost—obliged to sell her directly—buy no more horses of Sedley—knows more than I thought he did. Four, returned home, and as I was dressing to dine with Sedley, received a note from some country neighbours of my father's, to desire me to dine at the Cross---obliged to send an excuse to Sedley---wanted to put on my cap and gown---not to be found—forced to borrow. Half after four to ten, at the Cross. Ten, found it too bad, so got up and told them it was against the rules of the university to be out later.

Thursday.—Breakfasted at the Cross, and walked all the morning about Oxford with my Lions---terrible flat work---Lions very troublesome---asked an hundred and fifty silly questions about every thing they saw---wanted me to explain the Latin inscriptions on the monuments in Christ church chapel---wanted to know how we spent our time---forced to give them a dinner, and, what was worse, to sit with them till six, when I told them I was engaged for the remainder of the evening, and sent them about their business. Seven, dropped in at Carelass's room, found him with a large party, all pretty much cut---thought it was a good time to sell him Sedley' mare, but he was not quite drunk enough---made a bet with him that I

trotted my poney from Benson to Oxford within the hour---sure of winning, for I did it the other day in fifty minutes.

Friday.—Got up early, and rode my poney a foot-pace over to Benson to breakfast---old Shrub at breakfast---told him of the bet, and shewed him the poney ---shook his head and looked cunning when he heard of it---good sign---after breakfast rode the race, and won easy, but could not get any money---forced to take Careless's draft---dare say it is not worth twopence, lounged at the stable, and cut my black horse's tail---eat soup at Sadler's---walked down the High-street---met Racket, who wanted me to dine with him, but could not, because I was engaged to Sagely's. Three, dinner at Sagely's---very bad---dined in a cold hall, and could get nothing to eat---wine new---a bad fire---tea-kettle put on at five o'clock—played at whist for sixpences, and no bets—thought I should have gone to sleep—terrible work dining with a studious man. Eleven, went to bed out of spirits.

Saturday.—Ten, breakfasted—took up the last Sporting Magazine—had not read two pages before a dun came—told him I should have some money soon—would not be gone—offered him brandy—was sulky, and would not have any—saw he was going to be savage, so kicked him down stairs, to prevent his being impertinent—thought perhaps I might have more of them, so went to lounge at the stables—poney got a bad cough, and the black horse thrown out two splints—went back to my room in an ill-humour, found a letter from my father—no money, and a great deal of advice—wants to know how my last quarter's allowance went—how the devil should I know, he knows I

keep no accounts—do think fathers are the greatest *bores* in nature—very low-spirited, and flat all the morning—some thoughts of reforming, but luckily Careless came in to beg me to meet our party at his rooms, so altered my mind—dined with him, and by nine in the evening was very happy.

THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

His Royal Highness William Duke of Cumberland being at a Newmarket meeting, just before the horses started he missed his pocket-book, containing some bank notes. When the knowing ones came about him, and offered several bets, he said, "he had lost his money already, and could not afford to venture any more that day." The horse which the duke had intended to back was distanced, so that he consoled himself with the loss of his pocket-book, as being only a temporary evil; as he should have paid away as much had he betted, to the *Worthies of the Turf*. The race was no sooner finished, than a veteran half-pay officer presented his royal highness with his pocket-book, saying he had found it near the stand, but had not an opportunity of approaching him before; when the duke most generously replied, "I am glad it has fallen into such good hands—keep it—had it not been for this accident, it would have been by this time among the black legs and thieves of Newmarket."

THE BARGAIN.

A Gentleman of great character on the turf, as a knowing one, once bought a horse of a country dealer. The bargain being concluded, and the money paid,

the gentleman said—"Now, my friend, I have bought your horse because I liked his appearance, and I asked you no questions; tell me now his faults: you know I *have paid you*, therefore you have nothing to fear." *Faults*, (replied the man) I know of no faults except two." "What are they?" "Why, sir, he is bad to catch." "I do not mind that, (said the *knowing one*) *I* shall contrive to catch him if he be the d-v-l. But what is the other fault?" (rejoined he with some impatience) "Ah! sir, (replied Hodge, scratching his pate) he is good for nothing when you *have catched* him."

A CRITICAL JUNCTURE.

WRIOTHESLY, Duke of Bedford, was at Bath one season, when a conspiracy was formed against his Grace by several first-rate sharpers, among whom was the manager of a theatre and Nash, the master of the ceremonies.—A party at hazard had already deprived the Duke of upwards of seventy thousand pounds, when he got up in a passion, and put the dice in his pocket. The gamesters were all terrified, as they knew they were loaded, and more especially so because the Duke had communicated his suspicions, and intimated at the same time his resolution of inspecting them. His Grace then retired into another room, and flinging himself on a sopha, fell asleep.

The only step that appeared practicable to the winners, to avoid disgrace and get their money, was to pick his pocket of the loaded dice, and to supply their place with a pair of fair ones: they accordingly cast lots

who should execute this dangerous commission, and it fell on the manager; he performed the operation without being discovered; after which, his Grace having closely inspected the dice he had in his pocket, and finding them just, renewed the party, and lost nearly thirty thousand pounds in addition yet they could not divide this sum without quarrelling, and Nash, thinking himself ill-used, divulged the whole imposition to his Grace, whereby he saved the remainder of the money. His grace made Nash a handsome present, and ever after gave him his protection, the Duke thinking the secret was divulged through friendship.

THE HUNTING CONNOISSEUR.

A GENTLEMAN that was exceedingly fond of hunting, was once running a fox (the dogs being in full cry) up the side of an acclivity, where the echo gave the various tones a striking effect! meeting a friend to whom, after the usual salutation, he observed, "what heavenly music!"—"Heavenly music, (exclaimed the other, looking up and listening) why I cannot hear any thing for the noise of those d-mn-d hounds!"

THE INEXORABLE SPORTSMAN.

WE have read many instances of unpremeditated equivoques, but the following may, perhaps, fairly be said to eclipse them, in point of appropriateness. A lord of a manor having brought an action against the parson, for shooting upon his lands, imagined himself to be addressed from the desk, one Sunday, in these words—"O Lord forgive us our trespasses:" the

squire rose in a fury, and swore *he would see him damn'd first!*

A GOOD SHOT.

One of the exiled princes of the unfortunate house of Bourbon, that house, whose fate has excited the commiseration of every reflecting mind, was once shooting at Mr. Coke's, at Holkham. While looking the coveys, a foreign servant cried out *poule* (hen), as is customary whenever a hen-pheasant rose. On the gamekeeper's return at night, Mr. Coke asked what sort of a shot the prince was. To which the man replied," I thought, sir, you had been the best shot in the world, till I saw his highness, who beats you; for if he had pulled as often as the French fellow desired him, he would have shot all the pheasants on your Lenoir's estate."

A RECEIPT TO MAKE A JOCKEY.

Take a pestle and mortar of moderate size,
Into Queensbury's head put Bunbury's eyes;
Cut Dick Vernon's throat, and save all the blood,
To answer your purpose, there's none half so good;
Pound Clermont to dust, you'll find it expedient,
The world cannot furnish a better ingredient.
From Derby and Bedford, take plenty of spirit,
Successful or not, they have always that merit—
Tommy Panton's address, John Wastell' advice,
And touch of Prometheus, 'tis done in a trice!

CONCISE CONSOLATION.

A gentleman of no tune having purchased a grey gelding, at a repository of much celebrity, for the pur-

pose of carrying his daughter, sent the horse to a veterinarian of some eminence, for his opinion, from whom he received the following information.

" Sir,

" The subject sent for examination is so completely *chest-foundered*, that he can hardly get his legs from under him; in addition to which, one eye has taken *final leave*, and the other is *visibly* inclined to follow. I understand by your servant, he was brought from the *hammer;* to the hammer he had better be *returned*. ' The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

CANINE INGRATITUDE.

The dog, of all the animals in the creation, has ever been regarded as the peculiar friend and companion of man. Among the most conspicuous of those qualities which bind him to his master, and render him amiable to mankind, is that of *gratitude;* gratitude, which no ill usage can shake, no neglect can destroy. But anomalies are no less frequent in animals than in man; the latter have their moral deviations, and the former their instinctive contradictions. As a striking proof of the justness of these deductions, we will present to our readers the following accredited fact.

A butcher, of Mitcham, in Surrey, had reared a mastiff-dog from a puppy, and was so attached to him, that he was his constant company wherever he went. One day this mastiff had been eating very plentifully of some horse-flesh which his master had purchased for him, and having lost some part of it, the butcher attempted to take hold of it, in order to lay it by: the

dog instantly seized his arm, and tore the flesh off in a most dreadful manner: not content with this, the furious animal flew up at his master's throat, where he fastened himself, and was not loosened from his hold, 'till some neighbours tied a rope round his neck in order to strangle him. The moment the dog felt the cord, he let go; and such was the extraordinary attachment of the butcher to this favorite mastiff, that although his life was in imminent danger, he would not suffer the animal to be destroyed. It is generally supposed, that eating such a quantity of raw horse-flesh occasioned the ferocity of the animal; for 'till this circumstance happened, he had always been remarkably docile.

DR. FRANKLIN'S ADVICE TO A YOUNG SPORTSMAN.

A GENTLEMAN of this description, from a too eager pursuit of the follies of high fashion, had spent the last guinea of his patrimony. At length, after receiving insults from those whom he had protected, and being denied a meal by those whom he had once fed, fortune in one of her vagaries, presented him with another estate more valuable than the first. Upon the possession of it, young Nimrod waited upon the late celebrated Dr. Franklin, who had been the friend of his father, to beg his advice. "What were the causes of your late misfortunes?" enquired the doctor. "Lawyers, quacks, gamesters, and footmen," replied the applicant. "The four greatest pests of your metropolis," rejoined Franklin. "But poisons (continued the doctor) in the political as well as medical world may, when judiciously

applied, become antidotes to each other; my advice therefore, is, that you remember the past conduct of the lawyers; this remembrance will teach you not to go to law, and by this you will preserve your new-acquired property from their chicanery; the practice of the quacks should teach you to live temperately, and by this you will escape the miseries created by those mercenary monsters; the gamester may shew you the necessity of forbearance, and remind you of the old proverb, that 'only knaves and fools are adventurers;' and by this your vigilance will be excited to take care of your ready money: as to the idleness and insolence of footmen, these will teach you the pleasures of waiting upon yourself, in which you will be sure to escape the mortification of paying for torments in your own house. Go, son of my friend, ponder these antidotes, and be happy."

THE QUAKER'S VIEW HOLLA!

THE Duke of Grafton being *fox-hunting* near Newmarket, a quaker, at some distance, upon an adjoining eminence, pulled off his hat, and gave a view holla! The hounds immediately ran to him, and being drawn off the scent, were consequently at fault, which so enraged the duke, that galloping up to the offender, he asked him in an angry tone, "Art thou a quaker?" "I am, friend," replied broad-brim. "Well then, (rejoined his grace) as you never pull off your hat to a *christian*, I will thank you in future not to pay that compliment to a *fox*."

A HORSE AND A GALLOWAY.

THE famous Dr. Galloway, so remarkable for his surprising cures in the veterinary line, passing along the street, a young man called after him, "Dr. Horse! Dr. Horse!" at which the doctor turned round, and said, "Is it me you want? my name is *Galloway*, and not *Horse*." "Why, (replied the wag) what difference is there between a *horse* and a *galloway*?

PLAY UPON WORDS.

A POACHER was carried before a magistrate, upon a charge of unlawfully killing game in a nobleman's park, where he was caught in the fact. Being asked what he had to say in his defence, and what proof he could bring to support it, he replied,—"An' please your worship, I know and confess that I was found in his lordship's park, as the witness has told you, but I can bring the whole parish to prove, that for these thirty years it has been my *manner*."

LONDON FOX CHASE.

THE Epping Hunt has often been admired for its curious field of sportsmen, but we believe never was there a more motley group than that which was displayed on the following singular occasion:—A fine fox was unkennelled among the ruins in the Strand, on the western side of Temple Bar. Masons, labourers, hackney coachmen, &c. &c. all in full cry, joined the pursuit. The crowd and variety were additionally increased by a large portion of the casual passengers in

that great thoroughfare, who were attracted to the scene of curiosity, supposing that some wonderful discovery had been made among the ruins. Poor Reynard, being an animal of strong instinct; first made for Clement's Inn, in hopes, no doubt, that a fellow-feeling would there ensure him a safe asylum. He had the good fortune to gain the gate, but that was nearly the total of his success; he tried every building; he ran up stairs and down stairs; but no friendly lawyer would afford him shelter, no hospitable door would open to receive him; he met with nothing but demurrers, rebutters, and sur-rebutters, while action *vi et armis* every where pursued him; finding no law in the inn, he made a double to gain his own ground, but he had scarcely reached it, when the blow of a pick-axe put an end at once to his life, and the pursuit. A bodman immediately mounted his brush, and a party of masons and labourers carried the dead body in procession to a public-house, there to regale themselves after the fatigues of the day, and celebrate the success of the chase. From whence poor Reynard came, or how it happened he should take up such strange quarters, we cannot conjecture.

A FASHIONABLE SPORTSMAN AND HIS FRIEND.

Dick.—Lend me a horse, my friend Bob, for to morrow—
Pray which of them all will you lend?
Its cursed unpleasant, you well know, to borrow,
But I'm easy with you, my good friend.
Bob. —'Pon honour, with pleasure I would but——indeed——
Which would you prefer then?—

Dick.—.....The Grey—
Bob. —Poor devil, he's badly, and quite off his feed.—
We'd a d—mn—ble run the last day—
Dick.—The Black—
Bob. —He is blister'd—
Dick.—The Brown—
Bob. —He is fired—
Dick.—The Bay—
Bob. —She's a stumbling bitch :
You should not have her, Dick, unless I desir'd,
To see you laid dead in a ditch.
Dick.—Pray which shall I have then—
Brown Muzzle or Crop ?
Bob. —I lend none—if truth I must tell—
I've no licence, I own—but my stable's a shop—
I ride all my horses—to sell.

A SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

A GENTLEMAN of Worcester paying a visit to a friend a few miles distant, took with him a brace of greyhounds, for the purpose of a day's coursing :—a hare was soon found which the dogs ran for several miles, and with such speed, as to be very soon out of sight of the party who pursued ; but, after a very considerable search, both the dogs and the hare were found dead, within a few yards of each other ; nor did it appear that the former had caught the hare, as no marks of violence were discovered upon her. A labouring man, whom they passed, said he saw the dogs turn her two or three times.

INSTANCE OF EXTRAORDINARY AFFECTION IN A BADGER.

THE following circumstance is related in a letter to a friend from Chateau de Venours.

"Two persons were on a short journey, and passing through a hollow way, a dog which was with them started a badger, which he attacked, and pursued, till he took shelter in a burrow under a tree. With some pains they hunted him out, and killed him. Being a very few miles from a village, called Chapellatiere, they agreed to drag him there, as the Commune gave a reward for every one which was destroyed; besides, they purposed selling the skin, as badger's hair furnishes excellent brushes for painters. Not having a rope, they twisted some twigs, and drew him along the road by turns. They had not proceeded far, when they heard a cry of an animal in seeming distress, and stopping to see from whence it proceeded, another badger approached them slowly. They at first threw stones at it, notwithstanding which it drew near, came up to the dead animal, began to lick it, and continued its mournful cry. The men, surprised at this, desisted from offering any further injury to it, and again drew the dead one along as before; when the living badger, determining not to quit its dead companion, lay down on it, taking it gently by one ear, and in that manner was drawn into the midst of the village; nor could dogs, boys or men induce it to quit its situation by any means, and to their shame be it said, they had the inhumanity to kill it, and afterwards to burn it, declaring it could be no other than a witch."

THE ROYAL CHESS-PLAYER.

Prince Bathiani, a branch of one of the first families in Hungary, (says a member of the late National Assembly) seems to possess no ambition beyond a desire to analyze the whole composition of the game of Chess. Could Addison's ideas be followed up in the dissection of the brain of this man, he observes, nothing would be found in it but the various models of all the various pieces made use of in this game, from the pawn to the king. He sees, he hears, he thinks of nothing but chess. It is the first thought of his waking hours, and the last of his nocturnal slumbers: all the motives that move and agitate other men, are to him dull and inert. "In vain (says the French writer of this account) did I endeavour to detach him but for a moment from the precious continuity of his own ideas, by introducing some observations upon the situation of his country. To these he made no reply; but pulling a small chess-board out of his pocket, he assured me that he had it made at London by one of the ablest artists of which Great Britain had to boast."

Resembling the ancient knights-errant that ranged over hill and dale in search of adventures, Prince Bathiani has traversed all Europe with no other view than to obtain the superlative happiness of throwing down the gauntlet to some of the ablest players. It was perhaps jestingly said of this prince, that he had an idea of travelling into Asia, to discover whether any of the race of Palemedis were still in existence.

There can be no doubt that his journey to Rome, about the year 1794, was for the purpose of learning

the abilities of the chess-players in that city. For three months he was most rigorously incog. He also lost considerable sums, but was by no means cured of the vain conceit of his own abilities: at best but a very middling player, he was continually intoxicated with the eulogiums heaped upon him by artful and designing men. Dining one day at the house of his banker, an abbé being present, and proposing a party at chess, it was accepted by the prince with great pleasure; when the abbé, after considerable success, perceiving that his want of attention had nearly been prejudicial to him, suddenly exclaimed, "What a fool am I; I have been nearly as conceited as Prince Bathiani."—The banker, who was a looker-on, felt an uncommon embarrassment. The prince, however, without betraying any symptoms of surprise, asked the abbé, "Why he said he was as conceited as Prince Bathiani?" "Because, (replied the other) I have often heard that this German prince is a terrible chess-player, but that his vanity is so great, that he believes himself the first player in the world; while the proof of the contrary exists at Vienna, where he lost fifty thousand crowns." "That is false (replied the prince), he lost no more than forty." "Well (said the abbé), that is enough to prove him forty times a fool." It is scarcely necessary to add, that this party soon broke up, the prince paid his loss, and went out abruptly. The abbé's curiosity being awakened to know his partner, the banker unable to resist his importunities, informed him that this was Prince Bathiani himself. "That (exclaimed the abbé) is impossible." However, to be convinced, he followed the prince's chariot towards the Place d'Espagne, and being soon after completely satisfied,

he had only to regret that he did not derive more advantage from the opportunity that had been afforded him.

AN EXTRAORDINARY STAG HUNT.

It is maintained by metaphysicians, that all our actions result from the association of ideas; that during sleep this operation of the mind still continues with a certain degree of energy, though memory is suspended, (whence the proximate cause of dreams) and that if any past or expected event dwells strongly and exclusively upon the intellect, we infallibly find ourselves, while asleep, busied about that event. Perhaps a stronger proof of the accuracy of this hypothesis never occurred, than that which was presented by Sir F—d P—le. This gentleman slept one night at the Cock Inn, Epping, preparatory to the last day's stag hunt at that place; but going to repose, he was so full of the pleasures of next day's field, that he no sooner fell asleep, than in imagination he entered upon the *chase* with his accustomed ardour. After running the first *burst* quietly enough *in bed*, he jumped up, in order, as he supposed, to take a leap over a stile; and to supply the want of a horse, he adroitly threw up the sash, and strided his supposed hunter: the window happened not to be far from *terra firma*, and by luckily catching hold of the curtain, he landed safely on the other side of the *hedge*. Sir Ferdinand then continued the sport with unabated vigour, and had proceeded some considerable way towards Epping-place Inn, when he luckily met with a *check;* during his chase, he had kept the middle of the road, a privilege which he was

by no means easily made to relinquish; however, he met with a broad-wheel waggon, the driver of which perceiving something in white before him, providentially stopped his horses, or Sir F. must have been materially injured. Hodge, still finding the ghost advance, and being a stout fellow, he stepped forward, and accosted him with "who's there?" No reply being made, he made bold to take him by the hand and shake him: it was not, however, 'till he had repeated this compulsory salutation two or three times, that Sir F. could be made to relinquish his *pursuit*, and acknowledge that he was *thrown out*. When he came to himself, his astonishment is easier to be conceived than described: however, upon recollecting that he had been in bed at the Cock at Epping, and explaining the event to the astonished waggoner, he re-conducted him to the inn, and knocked up the landlord. Sir F. and the host immediately went to the room where he had slept, and there found the window and curtain in the situation above-described; the dream also recurring to Sir Ferdinand, the whole of this wonderful event was accounted for. Sir F. then went to bed again, had medical assistance, and continued at the inn several days, in consequence of the bruises he received in the fall from the window, and the cold he caught during the chase.

SPORTING PORTRAIT OF THE P— OF W—.

THIS is a most distinguished likeness of the original, who, with as *good a head* and *better* heart than the major part of his cotemporaries, has unhappily become the dupe of almost every *titled villain* in the

higher circles of society. There is not a polished adventurer of *the family*, but has enjoyed some part of the general depredation upon his property. Possessing sensations openly alive to all the tender claims of *humanity*, to all the endearing offices of *polite society*, he could not, so early in life, be proof against the eternally seducing attractions of *duplicity*. Born to support a situation far superior to every idea of *subordination*, he could not be abstracted from that infinity of *temptation*, to which a p—— of so much distinguished philanthropy, so much invariable affability, must inevitably become the incessant subject. Propelled by the influence of *fashion*, and the never-failing force of example, he became a temporary dependant upon the deceptive criterion of *friendly* assistance, and a dupe to the most villainous schemes, the most abandoned artifices, that ever disgraced an aristocratic association. Under the relentless influence of such connections, he unfortunately embarked in every unjustifiable and ruinous pursuit that juvenility could adopt, or infatuation approve. His hounds, hunters, stud in training, and the retinue that were attendant upon the whole, exceeded, in these respects, every moderate calculation, both in number and expenditure; which, in addition to the immense sums for which he stood engaged upon *the turf*, would have annihilated the revenue of majesty itself, and rendered additional claims upon national liberality matter of the most inevitable necessity. Happy, however, for himself, happy for his *august* and *anxious relatives*, more happy for an admiring, expectant, and beloved nation (over whom he is one day to preside) he has, with a degree of ardour that adds lustre to a long list of in-

herent virtues, no longer to be obscured, nobly and voluntarily relinquished every fascinating folly, that could tend to sully his name, or degrade his dignity; his hunting establishment has been long reduced, his numerous racing stud distributed by the hammer of a *fashionable auctioneer*, and his almost unlimited retinue dismissed, as a kind of sacrifice to economy.

In contemplating this spontaneous act of honour and of justice, let us generously bury in oblivion the remembrance of those follies, which *thousands* in his situation, surrounded with every incentive to irregularity, and *beyond* the restraint of authoritative inhibition, would have *committed*, but which *few* would have the magnanimity to abjure. And let us never forget, that it is harder to make *one* retrograte motion from vice to virtue, than to sink from the highest pinnacle of the former to the lowest depths of the latter.

" Virtus in actione consistit." Hon.

THE HIGH BLOOD OF A FOXHOUND.

An Historical Fact.

THE breed of Colonel Thornton's canine race was universally allowed to be one of the highest strain imaginable; unconfined to *sort*, as also unrestrained in expence, his observation and experience indubitably proved his great knowledge in every *cross of blood*, more than any other sporting competitor. In crossing the foxhound with the pointer, and *vice versa*, he evinced a science peculiar to himself; and the following anecdote of a foxhound, as related by himself, will

not be altogether inapplicable to verify the existence of high blood in the species.

A gallant lofty young bitch-hound was one day freely giving tongue, in drawing a strong cover, and when at first casting off, and none of the other hounds challenging the same drag, the huntsman chided her babble, but to no purpose; she still continued with redoubled note, and the huntsman persisted she was wrong, and thought her lavish and incorrigible, which induced him to apply the whip with great severity, and in the bestowing of which, one of her eyes was accidentally lashed out of the socket. In this state the bitch continued to run from drag to chase, and proved herself stanch, and not riotous, for a fox had stole away, and she broke cover, single-handed. However, after much cold scenting, and some delay, the pack hit off the chase; at some little turning, a farmer, who was reconnoitring his grounds, informed the field, or rather the gentlemen of the chase, that they were far behind their fox, for that a single chase hound, very bloody about the head, and with an eye cut out, had passed some fields distant, and that she was then running breast high in scent, and there was little probability of getting up to her afterwards; however, coming up to check, the pack *did* get up with her, and after some little cold hunting, hit off the chase again from a numerous cast, where the bitch had not failed, and clapped on him some hard running. At length, after a severe burst, they run into their fox, and killed him in a most gallant style; Colonel Thornton, the owner of the hounds, was in at the death, and observing this bitch-hound, actually took out his scissars, and severed the

skin by which the eye had hung pendant, during the progress of the chase."

INSCRIPTION ON A FAVOURITE DOG.

My dog, the trustiest of his kind,
With gratitude inflames my mind.

Let this perpetuate the memory
of an animal,
who, when living, was deservedly esteemed
for his
uncommon sagacity and honesty;
though of Irish origin,
he was no rebel,
but faithful, constant, and invariable
in his attachments;
his anger
got sometimes the better of that discretion
with which he was endowed
by nature;
but it was then, only when he found
unjustifiable opposition
to his delegated legal authority.
Possessed of every amiable quality,
His resentment for any affront,
or rough treatment,
soon subsided,
and he became at once
placable, loving, and sincere.
Such was the famous
Uno,
whose misfortune it was to be
killed by accident,
(to the general regret of all who knew him)
June 6, 1796.

BIOGRAPHY PARODIED, IN THE HISTORY OF PERO.

Pero was descended, on the female side, from a very ancient line in Northumberland, and tradition says, that his ancestors were, from generation to generation, great favourites of the Saxon kings of that district. By his own mother's side, (who was of Shropshire) he was related to almost all the celebrated hounds who signalized themselves in the chase during the time of the Danish and Norman usurpations. In the tree of pedigree of Pero's family, we find also the name of *Pelpo*, king Canute's favourite buck hound, and also that of *List*, who was king Alfred's faithful companion, when that monarch was driven forth, and in disguise, in the Isle of Wight. But the most illustrious name in the tree, and the founder of the male line, is *Harpan*, who came over with William the Conqueror, and was his favourite blood-hound; the records likewise of the Duke of Fitzroy's kennel assure us, that when the conqueror deluged the northern counties with blood, and spread desolation throughout that district, Harpan attended him, and had an amour with a beautiful fox-hound belonging to the Prior of Durham, from which union our Pero was lineally descended. When he was but a little puppy, he shewed a great precocity of genius, and every one foretold that he would not disgrace the illustrious blood that flowed in his veins! He was, therefore, when very young, put under the care of Tom Snipe, the duke's gamekeeper, but this part of his education did not succeed according to expectation. Honest Tom, in his old

days, having made too free with the bottle, Pero's instructions were, consequently, much neglected, and it was feared he would fall into idle habits, and that his great genius would remain uncultivated. To prevent such a dreadful misfortune, his guardians removed him into Wiltshire, where he finished his studies, under the care of the learned and ingenious Peter Partridge, gamekeeper to Lord N——d; at first, indeed, he suffered severely by Peter's whip, but no sooner was he broke of his idle habits, than he made a most rapid progress in his education, in every part of which he was without an equal, whether for the melody of a fine deep-toned voice, for swiftness of foot, unexhausted strength, or stanchness of scent; nor can it create surprise, that these rare qualifications, so happily blended together, procured him the favour and patronage of the great. He has hunted with all the first nobility in the kingdom, and indeed has always kept the best company, and never failed to excite their esteem and admiration. He was always in at the death, on which occasion he has often been honoured by his M——y's attention, and at one time was patted on the head by the P—— of W——, but this singular honour and happiness had almost cost him his life; for, on boasting of it in the kennel, with rather too much vanity, the envious hounds set upon him, and had not the whipper-in most fortunately entered, and seasonably exercised his whip among them, he had certainly been torn limb from limb. Lord L——, who was then on a hunting visit to Lord N——, affected with Pero's dangerous situation, begged him of his lordship, and his request was granted; but no sooner did he bring

him home, than his own kennel was equally envious! So true are the words of the lyric bard—

"A favourite has no friend!"

To remedy this inconvenience, however, it was ordered that Pero should sleep in the warm stable, and all day he was a parlour guest with his lordship, by whose hand he was fed with the choicest bits; but such is the fallaciousness of worldly enjoyments! with all this semblance of terrestrial bliss, poor Pero was truly miserable; the servant maids, though they dare not speak out, were his bitter enemies, and were even greatly offended, forsooth, because he dirtied the staircase, the hall, and the parlour! and besides the almost daily plots that were laid to poison him, many a good kick and blow he got when his master's back was turned. Thus passed his days, till old age, hastened by luxury and inactivity, (for he indulged himself too much in sleeping before the parlour fire) brought on its attendant infirmities. His loss of memory became notorious, and all his faculties were visibly impaired; when his lordship, out of great compassion and regard for him, ordered him to be hung, a death, which, excepting a few that were shot for being mad, was the lot of all his ancestors, for these two thousand years, and perhaps as many more beyond the extent of our most ancient records. In his person, Pero was remarkably well made, and beautifully spotted with liver colour, except on his left hind leg, where he wore two black spots; one of his ears was a little torn, occasioned by the riot in the kennel, already mentioned; he had great expression in his countenance; when his

lordship would hold up to him the wing of a fowl, or a slice of venison, he would leer at it slily, and wag his tail, and turn up one ear, as if listening with great attention, which, together with the arch cast of his eyes, gave him a wonderful look of sagacity. He was firm in his friendship, and grateful to his benefactors, whom he would attend night and day; but he was vindictive to a high degree, and could never forbear growling when any, who had used him ill, entered the parlour, while he lay at his lordship's feet; he was greatly addicted to concubines, by whom he has left a numerous progeny, which are highly prized by the best huntsmen in this kingdom. He was also a great thief, for which the cook and butler gave him many a curse, and not a few hard blows; but, it must be said in his vindication, that he never stole any thing except when he was hungry; we had almost forgotten to mention to posterity, that *half* his tail was cut off; this was done by the celebrated Tom Snipe, already mentioned; the reason he gave for it was, that the weight of his tail might not break his back, when he was in hard running; so happy is it for youth to fall into the hands of ingenious preceptors, and so ridiculous is the saying of the poet—

"God never made his works for man to mend."

In a word, he was a dog,

"Take him for all in all, we ne'er shall see his like again."

WONDERFUL ESCAPE.

A GENTLEMAN being sporting one day, was led farther than he intended, by the wildness and continued evolution of the covey he was pursuing, till at length night surprised him. Being unwilling to return through the length of way that would be inevitable if he pursued the proper road, he chose to cut off a part, by taking almost a trackless route through the fields. This road he had before travelled, though it was many years since; he kept therefore in the track he had formerly known, which was by the side of the dangerous Mersey, whose waves had, in one place, undermined and washed away the solid earth, and left only the turf remaining above, twenty yards from the surface of the water.

When he came to this place, it sunk with his weight, and he had inevitably perished, had not his gun, which he carried under his arm, caught two trees that had inclined, but not totally yielded, to the waves. But even this temporary safety could not secure his life, for, when unable to endure it, he must inevitably have fallen into the river, had not one of his faithful dogs rescued him. If he moved, the gun would have lost its hold; he was, therefore, uncertain what to do in this dreadful dilemma; but the grateful animal looked round in seeming despair, whined and gazed full at him, and at length, with all the firmness that a friend is capable of displaying for his benefactor, seized him by the collar, and absolutely drew him from his tremendous suspension. The gentleman, when delivered, lay on the ground for some time thunderstruck and mo-

tionless; the poor animal watched him with the greatest solicitude, but when he perceived him rise, it is impossible to express how he bounded round the field, leaped up as high as his head, bounded again, and used every gesticulation to manifest his excessive joy!

SKETCH OF A SPORTSMAN OF THE LAST AGE.

This character, now worn out and gone, was the independant gentleman of three or four hundred pounds a year, who commonly appeared in his drab or plush coat, with large silver buttons, and rarely without boots. His time was principally spent in field amusements, and his travels never exceeded the distance of the county town, and that only at assize and sessions, or to attend an election. A journey to London was by one of these men, reckoned as great an undertaking as is at present a voyage to the East Indies; and it was undertaken with scarcely less precaution and preparation. At church, upon a Sunday, he always appeared, never played at cards but at Christmas, when he exchanged his usual beverage of ale, for a bowl of strong brandy punch, garnished with a toast and nutmeg.

The mansion of one of these squires was of plaster, or of red brick, striped with timber, called callimanco work, large casement bow window, a porch with seats in it, and over it a study; the eaves of the house were well inhabited by martins, and the court set round with holly-hocks, and clipt yews; the hall was provided with flitches of bacon, and the mantle-piece with fowling pieces and fishing-rods, of different dimensions, ac-

companied by the broad sword, partisan, and dagger borne by his ancestors in the civil wars; the vacant spaces were occupied by stag's horns; in the window lay *Baker's Chronicle*, *Fox's Book of Martyrs*, *Glanvil on Witches*, *Quincy's Dispensatory*, *Bracken's Farriery*, and the *Gentleman's Recreation*; in this room, at Christmas, round a glowing fire, he entertained his tenants; here was told and heard exploits in hunting, and who had been the best sportsman of his time; and although the glass was in continual circulation, the traditionary tales of the village, respecting ghosts and witches, petrified them with fear; the best parlour which was never opened but on some particular occasion, was furnished with worked chairs and carpet, by some industrious female of the family, and the wainscot was decorated with portraits of his ancestors, and pictures of running horses and hunting pieces.

Among the out-offices of the house were a warm stable for his horses, and a good kennel for his hounds; and near the gate was the horse-block, for the convenience of mounting.

But these men and their houses are no more; the luxury of the times has obliged them to quit the country to become the humble dependents on great men, and to solicit a place or a commission to live in London, to rack their tenants, and draw their rents before due. The venerable mansion is suffered to tumble down, or is partly upheld as a farm-house, until, after a few years, the estate is conveyed to the steward of the neighbouring lord, or else some nabob limb of the law, or contractor!

THE ECONOMICAL SPORTSMAN.

THERE is no apophthegmatical axiom so just but that it is capable of modification, either from its own inherent deficiency, or from the multifarious inclinations, habits, and pursuits of mankind. That "necessity is the mother of invention," few will feel disposed to contradict, and as few probably would be inclined to assert or maintain, that the love of pleasure, or a peculiar fondness for any given pursuit, could produce the same ingenuity, and stimulate a man to the same contrivances as that "tamer of the human breast," necessity. But,

"Exemplo plus quam ratione vivimus."

All knowledge is built upon experience, and experience alone can produce perfection. The following well authenticated narrative will sufficiently prove that there is no passion of the human breast so strong, but that it may be equalled, and sometimes surpassed, by others, of less apparent energy.

With half a dozen children, as many couple of hounds, and two hunters, Mr. Osbaldeston, clerk to an attorney, kept himself, family, and these dogs and horses, upon *sixty pounds per annum*. This also was effected in London, without running in debt, and with always a good coat on his back. To explain this seeming impossibility, it should be observed, that after the expiration of the office hours, Mr. O. acted as an accomptant for the butchers at Clare Market, who paid him in offal. The choicest morsels of this he se-

lected for himself and family, and with the rest he fed his hounds, which were kept in the garret. His horses were lodged in the cellar, and fed on grains from a neighbouring brewhouse, and on damaged corn, with which he was supplied by a corn-chandler, whose books he kept in order once or twice a week. In the season he hunted, and by giving a hare now and then to the farmers over whose grounds he sported, he secured their good will and permission; and several gentlemen struck with the extraordinary economical mode of his hunting arrangements, which were generally known, winked at his going over their manors. Mr. O. was the younger son of a gentleman of good family, but small fortune, in the north of England, and having imprudently married one of his father's servants, was turned out of doors, with no other fortune than a *southern* hound big with pup, and whose offspring from that time, became a source of amusement to him.

THE MONKEY SPORTSMAN.

A DIVERTING occurrence once took place near Taunton, in Somersetshire. A favourite old hunter, belonging to Joseph Pautley, Esq. being locked in the stable, on hearing the noise of a French horn and cry of the hounds began to be very restiff; the ostler instantly saddled him, placed a large monkey on his back, and turned him loose; following the sound, he joined the pack, and was one of the first in at the death of poor Reynard; but the amazement of the sporting gentlemen was greatly heightened by observing the monkey hold the reins with all the dexterity of a true sportsman.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

Pale rose the misty spirits of the vale,
And from the verdant haunts of silver time,
Whose fairy haunted stream,
First heard the discord of my artless song,
Spread o'er the fading landscape wide;
Enthron'd are now the starry throng;
The queen of heaven is clad in all her pride;
The birds of night majestically sail
Amid the silent air:
While pensive meditation seeks the plains
Whose hallow'd earth Eugenio's dust contains.
Ah! youth belov'd, of sport beyond compare;
Fast fell my tears upon the sacred spot,
Alas! by all, but me, neglected and forgot!

Ah! what is manly youth, or jocund health,
When death is near!
Ah! what avail the treasured hopes of wealth,
When fate prepares the destin'd bier!
No more Eugenio shall joy's ardent fire
Impel thee o'er the plain;
No more shall sport the mountain rocks ascend,
Or on the syrtes of the marsh depend,
And bid thee, danger, and stern toil disdain;
No more thy nerves confirm, thy gen'rous soul inspire.
Where is the vigorous stride, the manly mien,
On which th' immortal maids,
Who rule the sylvan shades,
Gaz'd with delight, envious of Clara's bliss;
While the rude powers that guard the glades
Trembling retir'd? Ah me! no more is seen
The graceful form that glow'd amidst the breeze,
In the mild valley, or the lonely wood,
When thou, at sport's command, her devious steps pursu'd.

Farewel, the thund'ring tube! Eugenio now
No more invites me to the field!
No more at night's approach, the raptur'd youth,
Bidding his various spoils assert the truth,
Narrates the toils and triumphs of the day.
When morning is reveal'd,
On the high healthy mountain's brow
His early voice shall summon me away
No more. Farewell, Oh sport!
And every gay resort,
Where with Eugenio once I woo'd thy charms,
Me faithful grief disarms,
And friendship leads, when evening's shades arise;
Or early morn with purple stains the skies,
Where, mould'ring in the grave, my lov'd companion lies.

CANINE SAGACITY AND GRATITUDE.

A GENTLEMAN who usually spent the winter months in the capital of North Britain, having gone with his family to pass the summer at his country seat, left the care of his town residence, together with a favorite house-dog, to some servants, who were placed on board wages. The dog soon found board wages very short allowance; and to make up the deficiency, he had recourse to the kitchin of a friend of his master's, which in better days he had occasionally visited. By a hearty meal which he received there daily, he was enabled to keep himself in good condition, till the return of his master's family to town on the approach of winter. Though now restored to the enjoyment of plenty at home, and standing in no need of foreign liberality, he did not forget that hospitable kitchin, where he had found a resource in his adversity. A few days after, happening to saunter about the streets,

he fell in with a duck, which, as he found it in no private property. He snatched up the duck in his teeth, carried it to the kitchen where he had been so hospitably fed, laid it at the cook's feet, with many polite movements of his tail, and then ran out with much seeming complacency, at having given this testimony of his grateful sense of favours.

LACONIC REJOINDERS.

About thirty years ago, a gentleman riding cheek-by-jowl with poor Bob Bloss, the training groom, (in the interval between the heats at an Epsom meeting, and knowingly balancing the pretensions of the different horses, as well as the owners,) found himself by the side of a Golfinding mare, called Whirligig, which he knew to be the property of a London chimney-sweeper, nick-named Sootbag. At the instant, a cockney sportsman rode up, and asked the following questions of the lad who led the mare, and received the following answers. "What's the name of this mare?" 'Whirligig.' "Who rides her?" 'Blackwig.' "To whom does she belong?" 'Sootbag.'

ANECDOTES OF THE LATE LORD ORFORD.

No man ever sacrificed so much time, or so much property, to practical or speculative sporting as the late Earl of Orford, whose eccentricities are too firmly indented upon "the tablet of the memory," ever to be obliterated from the diversified rays of retrospection. Incessantly engaged in the pursuit of sport and new inventions, he introduced more whimsicalities, more ex-

perimental genius, and enthusiastic zeal than any man ever did before him, or most probably any other man ever may attempt to do again.

Among his experiments of fancy, was a determination to drive four red deer-stags in a phaeton instead of horses, and these he had reduced to perfect discipline for his excursions and short journies upon the road: but unfortunately, as he was one day driving to Newmarket, their ears were saluted with the cry of a pack of hounds, which soon after crossing the road in the rear, caught scent of the "four in hand,' and commenced a new kind of chace, with "breast-high" alacrity. The novelty of this scene was rich beyond description; in vain did his lordship exert all his charioteering skill—in vain did his well-trained grooms energetically endeavour to ride before them; reins, trammels, and the weight of the carriage, were of no effect, for they went with the celerity of a whirlwind; and this modern Phaeton, in the midst of his electrical vibrations of fear, bid fair to experience the fate of his namesake. Luckily however, his lordship had been accustomed to drive this set of "fiery-eyed steeds" to the Ram Inn, at Newmarket, which was most happily at hand, and to this his lordship's most fervent prayers and ejaculations had been ardently directed; into the yard they suddenly bounded, to the dismay of ostlers and stable-boys, who seemed to have lost every faculty upon the occasion. Here they were luckily overpowered, and the stags, the phaeton, and his lordship were all instantaneously huddled together in a barn, just as the hounds appeared in full cry at the gate.

INTERESTING NARRATIVE OF SAGACITY IN A DOG.

The dog has long been regarded as excelling every other species of the brute creation in its attachment to man. For domestic uses, no animal has been found more serviceable to the human race, and its actions have so often bordered on ratiocination, that many incidents which have been related are deemed altogether incredible. However, the reader may regard the following narration as an absolute fact, however, much of improbability there may appear in it to an unreflecting mind.

Donald Archer, a grazier, near Paisley, in Scotland, had long kept a fine dog, for the purpose of attending his cattle on the mountains, a service, which he performed with the greatest vigilance. The grazier having a young puppy given him by a friend, brought it home to his house, and was remarkably fond of it: but whenever the puppy was caressed, the old sheep-dog would snarl and appear greatly dissatisfied; and when at times it came to eat with old Brutus, a dislike was evident, which at last made him leave the house; and notwithstanding every search was made after him by his master, he was never able to discover his abode.

About four years after the dog had eloped, the grazier had been driving a herd of cattle to a neighbouring fair, where he disposed of them, received his money, and was bent on returning home. He had proceeded near ten miles on his journey, when he was overtaken by a tempest of wind and rain, that raged with such violence, as to cause him to look for a place of shel-

ter; but not being able to perceive any house at hand, he struck out of the main road and ran towards a wood that appeared at some distance, where he escaped the storm by crouching under the trees; it was thus he insensibly departed from the proper way he had to go, until he had actually lost himself, and knew not where he was. He travelled, however, according to the best of his judgment, though not without the fear of meeting danger from the attack of robbers, whose depredations had lately been the terror of the neighbouring country. A smoke that came from some bushes, convinced him that he was near a house, to which he thought it prudent to go, in order that he might learn where he was, and procure refreshment; accordingly he crossed a path, and came to the door, knocked and demanded admission; the landlord, a surly-looking fellow, gave him an invitation to enter and be seated, in a room that wore but an indifferent aspect. Our traveller was hardly before the fire, when he was saluted with equal surprise and kindness by his former dog, old Brutus, who came wagging his tail, and demonstrating all the gladness he could express. Archer immediately knew the animal, and was astonished at thus unexpectedly finding him so many miles from home; he did not think proper to enquire of his host, at that time, how he came into his possession, as the appearance of every thing about him rendered his situation very unpleasant. By this time it was dark, the weather still continued rainy, and no opportunity presented to the unfortunate gazier, by which he might pursue his journey; he remembered, however, to learn of the landlord where he was, who informed him that he was fourteen miles from Paisley, and that if he

ventured out again before day-light, it was almost impossible for him to find his way, as the night was so bad; but if he chose to remain where he was, every thing should be done to render his situation comfortable. The grazier was at a loss how to act; he did not like the house he was in, nor the suspicious looks of the host and family—but to go out in the wood during the dark, and to encounter the violence of the conflicting elements, might, in all probability, turn out more fatal than to remain where he was. He therefore resolved to wait the morning, let the event be what it would. After a short conversation with the landlord, he was conducted to a room, and left to take his repose.

It is necessary to observe, that from the first moment of Archer's arrival, the dog had not left him a moment, but had even followed him into the chamber, where he placed himself under the bed, unperceived by the landlord. The door being shut, our traveller began to revolve in his mind the singular appearance of his old companion, his lonely situation, and the manners of those about the house; the whole of which tended to confirm his suspicion of being in a place of danger and uncertainty. His reflections were soon interrupted by the approach of the dog, who came fawning from under the bed, and by several extraordinary gestures, endeavoured to direct his attention to a particular corner of the room, where he proceeded, and saw a sight that called up every sentiment of horror; the floor was stained with blood, which seemed to flow out of a closet, that was secured by a lock, which he endeavoured to explore, but could not open it! No longer doubting his situation, but considering himself

as the next victim of the wretches into whose society he had fallen, he resolved to sell his life as dear as possible, and to perish in the attempt or effect his deliverance. With this determination, he pulled out his pistols, and softly opened the door, honest Brutus at his heels, with his shaggy hair erect like the bristles of a boar, bent on destruction; he reached the bottom of the stairs with as much caution as possible, and listened with attention for a few minutes, when he heard a conversation that was held by several persons whom he had not seen when he first came into the house, which left him no room to doubt of their intention. The villainous landlord was informing them in a low tone of the booty they would find in the possession of his guest, and the moment they were to murder him for that purpose! Alarmed as Archer was, he immediately concluded that no time was to be lost in doing his best endeavours to save his life; he therefore, without hesitation, burst in amongst them, and fired his pistol at the landlord, who fell from his seat; the rest of his gang were struck with astonishment at so sudden an attack, while the grazier made for the door, let himself out, and fled with rapidity, followed by the dog. A musket was discharged after him, but fortunately did not do any injury. With all the speed that danger could create, he ran until day-light enabled him to perceive a house, and the main road at no great distance. To this house he immediately went, and related all that he had seen to the landlord, who immediately called up a recruiting party that were quartered upon him, the serjeant of which accompanied the grazier in search of the house in the wood. The services and sagacity of the faithful dog were now more than

ever rendered conspicuous, for by running before his company, and his singular behaviour, he led them to the desired spot. On entering the house, not a living creature was to be seen; all had deserted it; they therefore began to explore the apartments, and found in the very closet, the appearance of which had led the grazier to attempt his escape, the murdered remains of a traveller, who was afterwards advertised throughout all the country. On coming into the lower room, the dog began to rake the earth near the fire-place with his feet, in such a manner as to raise the curiosity of all present; the serjeant ordered the place to be dug up, when a trap door was discovered, which, on being opened, was found to contain the mangled bodies of many that had been robbed and murdered, with the landlord himself, who was not quite dead, though he had been shot through the neck by the grazier. The wretches in their quick retreat had thrown him in amongst those who had formerly fell victims to their cruelty, supposing him past recovery; he was, however, cured of his wounds, and brought to justice, tried, found guilty, and executed. Thus was the life of a man preserved by the sagacity and attachment of a valuable quadruped.

COFFEE-HOUSE CONVERSATION.

An old-fashioned city gentleman, whose peregrinations had always been confined to the east end of the town, happening to call at a fashionable tavern to the westward, seated himself in a box adjacent to a party of about half a dozen young men, who were disputing with great earnestness. One of them exclaimed, "De-

pend upon it, Jack, the *breed of potatoes* is worth any money; I'd give a cool thousand myself." This rather surprized him, but conceiving the youth to be an Irishman, he waited to hear another swore that "he would not give sixpence, for Charles Bunbury's *troth*, though he thought he kept some of the prettiest *fillies* in all England." "Our citizen was preparing to vindicate the worthy baronet from this charge of immorality, when a third cried out, "*who'll go and see Moll Roe take her sweats?*" He had scarce time to wonder what this meant, when another rejoined you know nothing at all about it; I was present when she was covered, and I'll wager fifty pounds that *Celia is a breeding*. The old gentleman, shocked at this indecent assertion, was about to put on his hat, and was going to trudge away, when one of the company asked him, "if he thought the Maid of the Oaks was mistress of his weight?" This put him out of countenance, but as he imagined it to be only a fashionable *hoax*, he seated himself in order to hear the end of the discourse. A youth whom he had not before observed, gravely remarking that he thought *Jenny Spinner* could carry thirteen stone better than *Miss Pratt*, was stopped by a companion, who asked him which he preferred, *Penelope* or *Lais;* whilst he was wondering what possible comparison there could be between the wife of Ulysses and a courtezan, a gentleman entered the room, and informed the company, that *Miss Fury* had beaten *Dick Andrews*, though the odds were three to one against her. This was the only intelligence that pleased the old man, as it proved the warlike spirit of our English ladies; but while he was exulting in the defeat of Dick Andrews, and blaming his want of gallantry, in fighting

with a woman, a smart youth in new boots vehemently swore, that though John Bull was *well bred* he had *no bottom*. This so incensed the British blood of the old citizen, that he lifted up his stick to chastise the young spark for his impudent assertion, when the mystery was explained by perceiving a paper lying upon the table, upon which was inscribed in large letters, "*The Racing Calendar.*"

THE LONDON SPORTSMAN, OR THE COCKNEY'S JOURNEY.

September the first.—According to our agreement made at the *Hole in the Wall*, six of us met at Blackfriar's-bridge at half past five o'clock armed and furnished with a large quantity of ammunition.

Squibbed our guns over the bridge, and got a volley of oaths from a west country-bargeman, that was passing under the centre arch.

Loaded and primed—gave the dogs a piece of bread each—the fox-dog would not eat his—took a dram a piece, and set forwards in high spirits for the Circus gate, on our way to Camberwell, where we were informed we should find several covies.

Just at Christ church, Blackfriar's road, *Ned Simple* shot at a rat, and missed it; but it gave us a fine hunt; the dogs barked all the way, until we drove it into the Thames.

Beat over all the ground about the halfpenny hatches, and found nothing but one cat, which all of us fired at, but being only six in number, and a cat having nine lives, we missed killing, though we severely wounded her.

Passing at the back of Webber-row, we saw several pigeons, but though they were within pistol shot, they flew so fast, that none of us could take aim, although our guns were ready cocked, and loaded with No. 2. six fingers deep.

Saw five sparrows on the ground opposite the Elephant and Castle, Newington, feasting on some new-dropt horse dung—stole up with great caution within four yards of the game, and gave an irregular fire; but *Bob Tape's* musket going off before he took aim, the birds, we suppose, made their escape antecedent to the other five going off, for the devil of a sparrow we killed.

Rather out of humour with such ill luck, so took another dram apiece, and pushed briskly forward for Camberwell.

Met two men driving *geese* at Kennington Common—offered them eighteen pence, which they accepted, for a shot at the flock at twenty yards; drew lots who should fire first; it fell to *Billy Candlestick's* chance, who, from his father's belonging many years ago to the *Orange Regiment* of city militia, knew something of taking aim.

The goose-driver stepped the ground, and Billy took aim for above ten minutes, when shutting both his eyes, lest the pan might flash in his sight, he snapped and missed fire: he took aim a second time—snapped and missed again—borrowed *Bob Tape's scissars*, and hammered the flint—snapped and missed fire a third time—thought the devil had got hold of the gun—rammed her—found she was neither loaded nor primed. The goose driver refused to let Billy try again, so we gave him another sixpence, and he sold us

a lame gander, which we placed about six yards distant, and taking a shot a piece at him, we kill'd him, and put him into *Ned Thimble's* cabbage-net.

When we came in sight of the Swan at Stockwell, we all run as hard as we could to see who should get in first, as we had settled to breakfast there; unfortunately, Billy's gun being cocked, he made a stumble, and the trigger being touched by something, off went the piece, and lodged the contents in the body of a *sucking pig* that was crossing the road; the squeaking of the poor animal roused the maternal affections of the sow, and set the *fox dog*, the *terrier*, the *Newfoundland kitch*, and the *mastiff*, a-barking; the noise of the sow, the pig, and the dogs, with the report of the gun, brought out the people of the house, and indeed of the neighbourhood, and being threatened by one, and laughed at by another, we thought it best to buy the pig, at four shillings, which we did; and having put it into *Bob Tape's* game-bag, which by the bye, was nothing but half a bolster tick, we made the best of our way to the Plough at Clapham, where we had some cold buttock and ale for breakfast.

Tried all the common round—beat every bush with the muzzle of our guns—set the dogs on the pigs; and found but one chaffinch, which was rather wild, not letting us come within eight yards, so that we could not make sure of our bird; we hunted him from spray to spray, for above an hour, without being able to come in a parallel line, so as to take sure aim, when at last he was killed by a little boy, who knocked him down with a stone—bought him, and put him into the net with the goose.

Resolved to make for Blackheath, and so cut across

the country, that we might get into the stubbles—missed our road, and by some kind of *circumbendibus* got into Brixton Cause-way, where we ask'd if there were any birds in the neighbourhood. We were directed to a dead horse, where two ravens and several magpies were assembled, but they would not stay our arrival, for the moment they saw us they made off.

Our pig-carrying companion and our goose-carrier complained of the weight, so we took charge of the game by turns.

Hunted a weasel for above an hour, and lost him —the terrier was remarkably stanch.

Crossing a field near Camberwell, we thought we saw a covey of partridges at the side of a ditch, so we all made up to them with our guns cock'd, tying the dogs to our legs, that they might not run in and spring the game.

What we thought to be a covey of partridges proved to be a gang of gypsies, who were squatted under the hedge, peeling turnips and paring potatoes for dinner. It was the mercy of God that we did not fire upon them, as all our pieces were up to our shoulders, and we had but one eye a-piece open, when that which we took to be the *old cock*, rose up and said, in a loud voice—"*What the devil are ye about?*"

After many difficulties, and but little sport, got by the direction of the gypsies into the Greenwich road, where being rather fatigued, we stopped at the half-way house until a coach came by, when mounting the roof and the box, we were conveyed near Blackheath, to our unspeakable joy.

Never saw the heath before—amazed at the number of furze bushes, and the wide extent there is for game

—had an excellent chase after a jack-ass, which the mastiff tore on the leg—kept close together, for fear of losing each other.

Got down near a large house—shot at a flock of sparrows, and killed one, which we think is a cock, his head being rather black.

Saw several brother-sportsmen out, who had killed nothing but a hedge-hog and a lame jack-daw, which belonged to a public-house at New Cross turnpike.

Got up to the main road—fired at a yellow-hammer, and frightened the horses in the Dover stage; the guard threatening to shoot us, we took to our heels.

Saw some black game flying very high, they look'd for all the world like crows.

The terrier came to a point at a thick bunch of fern; were sure now this must be a covey of partridges, and we prepared accordingly — the mastiff run in, brought out one of the young ones; it proved to be a nest of field mice; took every one and put them into the bolster—grass mice were better than nothing.

Much fatigued, and agreed to shoot all the way home—fired off our guns at the foot of Greenwich hill, and were laughed at by the inhabitants. Loaded them again, and fired at a sheet of paper for half an hour, without putting a grain in it—got to Smith's at dusk, and discharged our pieces in the air before we went in —had something to eat and drink, then set off for the city, and squibbed all the way, as long as the powder lasted.

Got home much fatigued with the day's sport, and told a thousand lies about the birds we killed, and the presents we made of them; smoked our pipes, and by twelve o'clock got to bed.

INSTANCES OF AFFECTION IN SPANIELS.

CAN man too highly prize, or too generously shelter the dog? That animal, gifted by nature with the most interesting qualities; that animal, whose vigilance protects us, whose humility interests us, whose fidelity may sometimes shame us: there is, perhaps, no virtue which the breath of civilization may expand or ramify in the breast of a human being, but what may be found, with inferior energy, in the instinct of the dog; with inferior energy, because he is not endowed with all those inlets to perfection, which characterize his imperious master! The two following anecdotes may be added to that long list of honourable examples, which testify the virtues of the canine race; they are both founded on facts, and the latter is literally transcribed, from a writer of respectability.

The gamekeeper of the Rev. Mr. Corsellis had reared a spaniel, which was his constant attendant, both by night and day; whenever old Daniel appeared, *Dash* was close beside him, and the dog was of infinite use in his nocturnal excursions. The game at that season, he never regarded, although in the day time no spaniel would find it in a better style, or in greater quantity; but if at night, a strange foot had entered any of the coverts, *Dash*, by a significant whine, informed his master that the enemy were abroad; and many *poachers* have been detected and caught from this singular intelligence. After many years friendly connection, *old Daniel* was seized with a disease, which terminated in a consumption, and his death: whilst the slow, but fatal, progress of his disorder, allowed him to crawl about, Dash, as usual, followed his foot-

steps, and when nature was still further exhausted, and he took to his bed, at the foot of it unwearily attended the faithful animal; and when he died, the dog would not quit the body, but lay upon the bed by its side. It was with difficulty he was tempted to eat any food; and although after the burial he was taken to the hall, and caressed with all the tenderness which so fond an attachment naturally called forth, he took every opportunity to steal back to the room in the cottage, where his old master breathed his last: here he would remain for hours, and from thence he daily visited his grave; but at the end of fourteen days, notwithstanding every kindness and attention shewn him, he died literally broken-hearted.

A FEW days before the overthrow of Robespierre, a revolutionary tribunal had condemned Monsieur R. an ancient magistrate, and a most estimable man, on a pretence of finding him guilty of a conspiracy. Mr. R. had a water-spaniel, at that time about twelve years old, which had been brought up by him, and had scarce ever quitted his side. Mr. R. was cast into prison, and in the silence of a living tomb he was left to pine in thought, under the iron scourge of the tyrant; who, if he extended life to those whom his wantonness had proscribed, even until death became a *prayer*, it was only to tantalize them with the *blessing* of murder, when he imagined he could more effectually torture them with the curse of existence.

This faithful dog, however, was with him when he was first seized, but was not suffered to enter the prison; he took refuge with a neighbour of his late master. But that posterity may judge clearly of the

times in which Frenchmen existed at that period, it must be added, that this man received the poor dog trembling and in secret, lest his humanity for his *friend's dog* should bring him to the scaffold. Every day at the same hour, the dog returned to the door of the prison, but was still refused admittance; he, however, uniformly passed some time there: such unremitted fidelity at last won even on the *porter of a prison*, and the dog was at length allowed to enter: the joy of both master and dog were mutual; it was difficult to separate them; but the honest jailor, fearing for himself, carried the dog out of the prison; the next morning, however, he again came back, and once on each day afterwards was regularly admitted by the humane jailor. When the day of receiving sentence arrived, notwithstanding the guards which jealous power, conscious of its dangers, stations around, the dog penetrated into the hall, and couched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to lose for ever. The fatal hour of execution arrives, the doors open, his dog receives him at the threshold! his faithful dog alone, even under the eye of the tyrant, dared to own a dying friend! he clings to his hand undaunted! Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy head, poor dog! exclaimed the condemned: the axe falls, but the tender adherent cannot leave the body; the earth receives it, and the mourner spreads himself on the grave, where he passed the first night, the next day, and the second night. The neighbour meantime unhappy at not seeing the dog, and guessing the asylum he had chosen, steals forth by night, and finding him, caresses and brings him back. The good man tries every way that kindness could devise to make him eat;

but in a short time the dog escaping, regained his favorite place. Every morning, for three months, the mourner returned to his protector, merely to receive his food, and then went back to the ashes of his dead master! and each day he was more sad, more meagre, and more languishing.

His protector at length endeavoured to wean him; he tied him; but what manacle is there that can ultimately triumph over nature? He broke or bit through his bonds, again returned to the grave, and never quitted it more! It was in vain that all kind means were used to bring him back; even the humane jailor assisted to take him food, but he would eat no longer! for four and twenty hours he was absolutely observed to employ (O force of genuine love!) his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the being he had served; affection gave him strength, but his efforts were too vehement for his powers: his whole frame became convulsed; he shrieked in his struggles; his attached and generous heart gave way, and he ceased to breathe, with his last look turned upon the grave, as if he knew he had found, and again should be permitted to associate with his master; and that his

"Faithful dog should bear him company."

SINGULAR RACE.

In the month of December, 1800, a match was to have been run over Doncaster course for one hundred guineas, but one of the horses having been drawn, a mare started alone, that by running the ground she

might insure the wager; when having run about one mile of the four, she was accompanied by a greyhound bitch, who joined her from the side of the course, and emulatively entering into the competition, continued to race with the mare the other three miles, keeping nearly head and head, affording an excellent treat to the field, by the energetic exertions of each. At passing the distance-post five to four was betted in favour of the greyhound; when parallel with the stand, it was even betting, and any person might have taken his choice for five or ten; the mare, however, had the advantage by a head at the termination.

EPITAPH ON A HUNTSMAN.

In the church-yard of Pelton, near Barnstaple in Devonshire.

Here lies John Hayne, who died the 18th of January, 1797, in the 40th year of his age, much regretted by his master, William Barber, of Tremmington, Esq. to whom he was a faithful servant twenty-five years.

'Tis done; the last great debt of nature's paid,
And Hayne among the numerous dead is laid!
O'er hills and dales, thro' woods, o'er mountains, rocks,
With keenest ardour he pursued the fox;
Heedless of danger, stranger to dismay,
Dauntless thro' obstacles he held his way;
But now alas! no more his bosom beats,
High in the chase, forgotten are his feats;
His ardour boots him not, for there are bounds,
Ne'er overleap'd by huntsmen, horse, or hounds;
Here was his course arrested,—then draw near,
Sons of the chase, and drop the piteous tear;
Now, o'er his tomb whilst you impassion'd bend,
And pensive think of your departed friend;
Repeat the tale, conveyed in simple strain,
And sighing say, "*Here lies poor honest Hayne.*"

THE SOUND HORSE.

Some years ago, an action was brought against a gentleman at the bar, respecting a horse, on which he wanted to go the circuit. The horse was taken home, and his servant mounted him to shew his paces; when he was on the animal's back he would not stir a step; he tried to run him *round* and *round*, but all would not do, he was determined not to go *the circuit*. The horse-dealer was informed of the animal's obstinacy, and asked how he came to sell such a horse.—"Well, (said the dealer) it can't be helped, but I'll tell you what I'll do, give me back the horse and allow me five pounds, and we'll settle the affair." The barrister refused, and advised him to send the horse to be broke in by a *rough rider*. "Rough rider! (said the dealer) he has been to rough riders enough."—"How came you then to sell me a horse that would not go?" replied the barrister.—"I sold *you* a horse *warranted sound*—and *sound* he is; (said the dealer) but as to his going, I *never thought he would go!*"

A JUST REPLY.

The Duke Longueville's reply, when it was observed to him, that the gentlemen bordering on his estates were continually hunting upon them, and that he ought not to suffer it, is worthy of imitation:—"I had much rather (answered the duke) have *friends* than *hares!*"

REYNARD'S SAGACITY.

The old Duke of Grafton had his hounds at Croydon, and occasionally had foxes taken in Whittlebury Forest, and sent up in the venison cart to London; the foxes thus brought, were carried the next hunting morning in a hamper behind the duke's carriage, and turned down before the hounds. In the course of this plan, a fox was taken from a coppice in the forest, and forwarded as usual. Some time after a fox was caught in the same coppice, whose size and appearance was so strikingly like *that* got at the same spot, that the keepers suspected it was the fox they had been in possession of before, and directed the man who took him to London to enquire whether the fox hunted on such a day was killed or escaped; the latter having been the case, the suspicion of the keepers were strengthened. Some short time after, a fox was again caught in *the same coppice*, which those concerned in the taking were assured was the fox they had bagged twice before; to be, however, perfectly able to identify their old acquaintance, should another opportunity offer, previous to his third journey to town, he had one ear slit, and some holes punched through the other. With these marks he was dispatched to London, was again hunted and escaped, and within a very few weeks was retaken in the same coppice; when his marks justified the keeper's conjectures, in spite of the seeming improbability of the fact. It is with some concern, that the conclusion of this singular account is added, which terminates in the death of poor Reynard, who was killed after a very severe chase, bearing upon him the signals

of his former escapes, and which ought to have entitled him to that lenity and privilege which was formerly granted to a stag, who had beat his royal pursuers.

EXTRAORDINARY CHASE.

A STAG was once hunted from Wingfield Park, in the county of Westmoreland, until by fatigue, or by accident, the whole pack was thrown out, except *two foxhounds*, bred by Lord Thanet, who continued the chase during the greater part of the day. The stag returned to the park from whence it had been driven, and as a last effort, leapt the wall, and died as soon as he had accomplished it. One of the hounds ran to the wall, but being unable to get over it, laid down and almost immediately expired: the other was found dead about half a mile from the park. The length of this chase is uncertain, but as they were seen at Red-Kirks, in Scotland, distant by the post-road about forty-six miles, it is conjectured that the circuitous course they took could not amount to less than *one hundred and twenty miles!*

LUDICROUS METEMSYCHOSIS.

THE souls of deceased bailiffs and common constables are in the bodies of setting dogs and pointers; the terriers are inhabited by trading justices; the bloodhounds were formerly a set of informers, thief-takers, and false evidences; the spaniels were heretofore courtiers, hangers-on of administration, and *hack* journal writers, all of whom maintain their primitive qualities

of fawning on their feeders, licking their hands, and snarling and snapping at all who offer to offend their masters; a former train of gamblers and black-legs are now embodied in that species of dogs called lurchers: bull dogs and mastiffs were once butchers and drovers: greyhounds and hounds owe *their* animation to country squires and fox hunters; little whifling, useless lap dogs, draw their existence from the *quondam* beau; macaronies and gentlemen of the *tippy* still remaining the playthings of ladies, and used for their diversion. There are also a set of *sad dogs*, derived from attornies and *puppies*, who were in times past attornies' clerks, shopmen to retail haberdashers, men-milliners, &c. Turnspits are animated by old aldermen, who still enjoy the smell of the roast meat; that droning, snarling species, stiled Dutch pugs, have been fellows of colleges; and that faithful useful tribe of shepherds' dogs were, in days of yore, members of parliament, who guarded the flock, and protected the sheep from wolves, and thieves, although indeed, of late, some have turned sheep-biters, and worried those they ought to have defended.

CURIOUS BOND.

The following bond, given for breaking of a *setter*, shews the price of such labour upwards of a *century* ago, and the nature of the contract to perform it.

Ribbesford, Oct. 7, 1685.

"I, JOHN HARRIS, of Wildore, in the parish of Hartlebury, in the county of Worcester, yeoman, for and in consideration of ten shillings of lawful English money, this day received of Henry Hurbert, of Ribbes-

ford, in the said county, Esq. and of thirty shillings more of the like money by him promised to be hereafter paid me, do hereby covenant and promise to and with the said Henry Hurbert, his executors and administrators, that I will, from the day of the date hereof, until the first day of March next, well, and sufficiently maintain and keep a Spanish bitch, named *Quand*, this day delivered into my custody by the said Henry Hurbert, and will before the said first day of March next, fully and effectually train up and teach the said bitch to set partridges, pheasants, and other game, as well and exactly as the best setting dogs usually set the same. And the said bitch, so trained and taught, I shall and will deliver to the said Henry Hurbert, or to whom he shall appoint to receive her, at his house in Ribbesford, aforesaid, on the first day of March next. And if at any time after the said bitch shall, for want of use or practice, forget to get game as aforesaid, I will at my costs and charges maintain her for a month, or longer, as often as need shall require, to train up and teach her to set game, as aforesaid, and shall and will fully and effectually teach her to set game, as well and exactly as is above mentioned.

"Witness my hand and seal the day and year first above written.

JOHN HARRIS his ✕ mark.

"Sealed and delivered in the presence of

H. PAYNE his ✕ mark."

A RATIONAL DOG.

[*The property of the Rev. Dr. Worsley, of Gatcomb, in the Isle of Wight, Related by H_____-y C_____-g, Esq.*]

> Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;
> He who would seek for pearls, must dive below.
>
> DRYDEN.

Man, in the fulness of his imaginary consequence, has presumed to assert that there is *no* creature in the universe possesses reason but himself. If this be a *true* position, how frequent may he behold in the less favoured animals, actions, that may put his rationality to the blush, and faculties, only called instinctive, to remind human presumption of its own insufficiency!

Some authors, and those of no mean consideration, have learnedly maintained, that if we *must* admit of a difference, the portion is often so slender, that a wise man hardly knows where to draw the line of demarcation. Our own immortal Milton was certainly possessed of this sentiment, when he composed the following interrogatories:

> ——————"Is not the earth with various
> Living creatures, and the air replenish'd; and all these at
> Thy command to come and play before thee? Knowest thou
> Not their language and their way? *They* also *know*, and
> *Reason* not *contemptibly*.
> With these find pastime."——————

And now Aurora with the jocund hours, presented one of those lovely mornings, when softened by a peculiar serenity, every being that has pulsation rejoices

with the vegetation that surrounds it. The sun had just exhaled the dews of night when I quitted my inn, and having refreshed myself at the milk-house on Node's Hill,* resolved on a trip to Chele-Bay, and the south-westerly parts of this delectable island: so, like the Peripatetics of old, took my staff, and pursued my journey with no other companion but the rural muse.

At Gatcomb, about two miles west of Newport, a fine black dog, powdered with large white spots, and of the greyhound breed, came across the field from his master's house towards me, swift as an arrow from the bow of an archer; he presented his nose, pricked up his ears, and wagged his tail, while, with the most significant look I had ever beheld, seemed to say—"Let me be your companion, you will not disapprove my friendship." I encouraged my new acquaintance for his partiality towards me, and consented to comply with his solicitations, for I had frequently found the whimsicality of the canine reasoner, and his playful endeavours to divert, more agreeable to me than the ridiculous frivolity of our own species. We therefore set off together in the most friendly manner, and presently became as familiar, as if our acquaintance had been of a long standing; and he did every thing with me but talk. If a robin perched upon a bramble bough, he flew forwards to look into the matter; and

* The French having attempted to force Caresbrook Castle, defended by Sir Hugh Tyrrel, were cut off by an ambuscade, in a lane, which still bears the name of *Deadman's Lane*: and the *tumuli*, where the slain were buried, was called *Hoddie's-Hill*, now corrupted to Node's-Hill.

when any thing appeared, having human consistency, my new friend returned with the greatest precipitance to warn me of the thing, and put me on my guard. When he came to a runlet of water, he would stay to lap of the current, and, turning up his brilliant eyes, most tenderly seemed to say—"Companion, if thou art thirsty, here thou mayest slake thy craving, like me, to the full of thy wishes." To be brief my dog was my prime minister, and performed his duty in that capacity with more credit to himself than many moderns who fill that exalted station; for he never led me to act wrong, nor forced me, through false representations, to perform projects prejudicial to the interest of those who looked up to me for comfort and protection; he had no private motive to gratify, nor could I accuse him of the smallest peculation: on the contrary, he was a most penetrating companion upon disinterested principles, my playful associate, determined defender, and my accomplished friend. And thus we journeyed together, communicating reciprocal caresses, until we arrived at the White Horse at Niton, near the sea; a village celebrated for its prodigious crabs and delicious oysters. I entered the mansion with an intent to solace myself and companion, but the good woman of the refectory assured me her husband was gone with his fish to Southampton, and she had not so much as a lobster left behind. At this disagreeable news, I found myself obliged to go farther a-field, so resolved to pass over the high downs of St. Catherine* for

* St. Catherine's chapel, on Chele Downs, was founded by Walter Gadyton, in 1323.

Chele-Bay. As I turned over the stile at Niton, my good friend seemed more attentive than I had before observed him. I had reason to apprehend his distress arose from my disappointment, and I endeavoured to rouse him to more playful measures. At length, as if awakened by some pleasing recollection, he raised his ears and darted across the Downs; in a few minutes I heard something cry like a tortured child, it was a fine wild rabbit my friend had taken, and when he had deprived it of life, brought his game and laid it at my feet, and again turning his eyes pleasantly towards me, seemed to articulate thus—"There, fellow-traveller, though you were deprived of a meal at the White Horse at Niton, I have provided one on the Downs of St. Catherine; take it, and refresh thy weary spirits." I took the rabbit by the heels, caressed my new *friend in need*, and we went merrily over the downs and rocks together, till we arrived at the old stone-church by the bay side, which, with the bays of Brixton and Freshwater, form one dreadful coast, from Broken End to the Needle Rocks.

Reflecting on the dangers of the sea-worn mariners, I left these tremendous heights, and with my playful dog tripped to the green by the church, entered a pleasant house called the *Spaniard*, and there found an excellent repast.

> Think'st thou thro' life to drink thy cup all sweet,
> Thou'rt wrong; some bitters in the bev'rage meet.
> And this is right; since every age agrees,
> Without its bitters, not a sweet shall please.

I omitted to observe, as I passed Chele, with the rabbit in my hand, and the dog by my side, I overtook a being they call at this place a gentleman-farmer, with

a fowling-piece. He seemed to regard me and my friend with a surly aspect. I moved my hat, but he returned not the motion. Just as I had finished my comfortable meal, I heard the report of a gun; I looked round for my dog, but saw him not, he had strayed to the village green. I leaped up and flew to the door, when a rustic lad told me the gun was fired by Farmer W———y, at a black dog, for running after his lambs. I instantly concluded the death of my kind companion had been effected by the same surly thing we passed in the lane.

I could have sighed at the dissolution of a common acquaintance, but had a tear ready for my generous and playful quadruped. "If ever the farmer (said I with warmth) should arrive at the bar of judgment, may he, who is the founder of mercy, remind him of the murder; and may he be forced to acknowledge, with contrition, that when he slew my honest companion he took away the life of a being possessed of more philanthropy than himself." Such was my affection for this kind creature; and the man of mercy will pardon my exclamation. It is a poor and pitiful benevolence, that doth not extend beyond our own species: limited to that narrow sphere, it will daily counteract itself as we advance in life, until it becomes entirely confined to ourselves, and as shrivelled, cold, and forlorn, as flinty avarice in the shades of its detested obscurity.

I had scarce made an end of my reflections, when I beheld my dog enter unhurt! The farmer had missed his aim; and, that we might not run the risk of another attack, my friend and I left the inhospitable shores of Chele.

Unwilling to return the way we came, I took the road to Chillerton; and my fellow-traveller continued as entertaining as before; we went merrily on till we arrived at the back gate of Gatcombe-house; the dog knew his home, and, as if sensible of the impropriety of proceeding, in the most tender manner caressed me, and bid me farewell; then darting through his master's grounds, leaped the pales, and disappeared.

How shall we account for so much knowledge, foresight, and friendship, in what we call the brute? May not this be suggested as a solution: the dog is capable of discriminating the imports of sounds, as well as man, and, of course, is competent to observe upon the actions of those with whom he is familiar; at least, I found those principles in the subject of my eulogium, whose friendship I shall never forget, and with whom I should again be happy to find such rational pastime!

MEMOIRS OF A CELEBRATED SPORTING LADY.

Lady Dareall was the only child of a gentleman of large fortune, in Hampshire, who was a perfect Nimrod in the chase; he was doatingly fond of her, having no son to initiate into his favorite pursuits, or to participate with him in the pleasures of hunting and shooting; seeing his daughter a fine robust girl, he determined to bring her up in the place of one, and, as she had strong animal spirits, great muscular strength, and rude health, she preferred partaking of the field sports of her father, to the lessons of the French governess and dancing-master, or being confined to work at the tambour-frame of her mother; in spite of

whose gentle remonstrances, Mr. Hawthorn, aided by the inclinations of his romping daughter, vowed he would have his plan of education adopted.

In consequence, at fifteen, she would take the most desperate leaps, and clear a five-barred gate with the keenest fox-hunter in the county. She was always in at the death; was reckoned the best shot within a hundred miles; for having once levelled her death-dealing tube, the fate of the feathered tribe was inevitable, as the spoils she exultingly displayed, sufficiently testified, when she turned out her net to her admiring father.

At seventeen, Harriet Hawthorn, early habituated to exercise, had never felt the baleful curse of ill-health, that extermination of every comfort. Her height was five feet eight; her person finely formed: she had a commanding and majestic appearance. From the freedom of her education which had banished *mauvaise honte*, she had acquired a firm tone of voice, an impressive manner of delivering her sentiments, which, if it did not always carry conviction to her auditors, helped to awe them into silence. Her complexion was that of a bright brunette; on her cheeks glowed the rich tints of health, laid on by Aurora, as she hailed the rosy-fingered goddess's approach on the upland lawn. Her eyes were of the darkest hazel, full of fire and intelligence; her nose Grecian; her hair a glossy chesnut, which flowed in luxuriant profusion upon her fine formed shoulders, in all its native graces, as she never would consent to its being tortured into the fantastic forms dictated by the ever-varying goddess, Fashion, to her votaries.

Her mind partook of the energies of her body, it was

strong, nervous, and masculine; she had a quick perception of character, and a lively wit, which she expressed in flowing and animated language; unused from early life to restraint, she never could be induced to put any on her words and actions, but had, to the present moment, done and said whatever struck her fancy, heedless of the world's opinion, which she treated with the most sovereign contempt.

At the period we have mentioned, she met at a fox-chase, Sir Harry Dareall, a handsome young man, just come of age, with whom she was charmed, by seeing him take a most desperate leap, in which none but herself had the courage to follow him. Mutually pleased with each other's powers, from that time they became constant companions; they hunted, shot, and played back-gammon together.

At this crisis the lovers were divided, by Squire Hawthorn being ordered to Bath by his physicians, after having had a severe fit of his old enemy, the gout, in his stomach. To expel this foe to man, from the seat of life to the extremities, he was sent to drink the waters of Bladud's fount, though, in the squire's opinion, old Madeira would have been much more pleasant, and of equal utility; but the faculty persisted, and he was compelled to yield. He would not go without his darling Harriet, deprived of whose society he could not exist a single day.

This was Miss Hawthorn's first introduction to the fashionable world, except at an assize, a race, or an election ball. It was all, to her, new and wonderful; she was at first amused by the novelty and splendour of the gay city of Bath, that emporium of cards, scandal, and ceremony. With her ideas of free-agency, she

was soon disgusted with the painful restraint imposed on her by the latter; wild as the wind, and unconfined as air, she soon bid defiance to rule and order, determined to please herself just as she used to do at Bramble-Hall. In consequence of this wise resolve, she would mount her favourite blood-horse, gallop over Claverton Downs for a breathing before breakfast—leap off at the pump-room—dash in—charge up the ranks between yellow-faced spinsters and gouty parsons, to the terror of the lame and decrepid—toss down a glass of water—quite forget the spur with which she always rode—entangled it in the fringe of some fair Penelope's petticoat, who, in knotting it, had beguiled many a love-lorn hour, which this fair equestrian demolished in a moment, paying not the least attention to the comments her behaviour occasioned the company to make, such as—"How vastly disagreeable—monstrous rude—quite brutish—only a fit companion for her father's hounds—I wonder how her mother, who is really a very polite bred woman, can think of letting her loose without a muzzle!" To audible whispers, like these, Miss Hawthorn either laughed contemptuously; or as her wit was keen and pointed, she made the retort courteous, and by her sarcasms soon silenced her antagonists.

At the balls, she paid as little attention to precedence and order, as she did to ceremony in the pump-room; in vain the master of the ceremonies talked "*about it, and about it:*" in vain he looked sour, or serious. She laughed in his face—advised him to descend from his altitude, that only made him look queer and quizzical; then walked to the top of the room, takes her place upon those seats held sacred for nobi-

lity, that were not to be contaminated by plebeians. In vain the elected sovereign of etiquette talked of his delegated authority, and remonstrated against her encroachments, as indecorous and improper. The men supported her in all these freaks; the women, afraid of her satirical powers, only murmured their disapprobation.

The males were all charmed with the graceful beauty of her person, and the wild playful eccentricities of her manners: she was the toast and admiration of Bath, under the appellation of—"*La Belle Sauvage.*" The females concealed the envy they felt at this new rival of their charms, under a pretended disgust of her *unfeminized* manners and masculine pursuits; while she felt and expressed a perfect contempt of their trifling avocations: and used to say they were pretty automatons, whose minds were as imbecile as their persons.

Tired of the dull routine of fashionable follies, as the pleasure of surprising the crowd lost their novelty, Miss Hawthorn sighed for the time that was to restore her to her early habits. Of all the men that fluttered round, praised her charms, and vowed themselves her devoted adorers, she saw none that could stand in competition or dispute her heart, with her favourite companion in the chase; the manly, bold, and adventurous Sir Harry Dareall.

Her father, who, by drinking the waters, had expelled the gout from his stomach to his feet, and was content to accept a prolonged existence through the medium of excruciating torments, could not, till pronounced by the faculty to be in a state of convalescence, remove to Bramble-Hall. Miss Hawthorn,

obliged to remain in a place of which she was heartily tired, sought amusement in her own way; nor gave herself trouble what the company, with whom, to oblige her mother, she associated, thought of her actions.

At length Mr. Hawthorn, with his family, left Bath, and returned to Bramble Hall, where he soon received a visit from Sir Harry Dareall, who made overtures to the old gentleman of marrying his blooming Harriet. Mr. Hawthorn discovered the pleasure with which she received the baronet's proposal; accepted the offer with as much eagerness as it was made, by the intended son-in-law; and as the estates joined, and their pursuits were so congenial, every one pronounced it a good match.

Soon after Sir Harry received the hand of the blooming Harriet from her father; after which the new married pair, with a splendid retinue, set off for Leveret Lodge, the seat of Sir Harry, who, with the old-fashioned hospitality of his progenitors, ordered open-house to be kept for his tenants and dependants. The October brewed at his birth, and preserved for this joyous occasion, was now poured out in liberal potations, and drank to the health of the bride and bridegroom; an ox was roasted whole in the park, and the plumb-pudding of our hardy sires smoaked on the festive board. This rural *fête*, in the old English style, lasted a week.

Let us now follow Lady Dareall, and note her *entrée* into the great world. Aided by the advantages of youth, beauty, fortune, fashion, and consequence, the admiration of the men, the envy of the women, and the gaze of the multitude. Through the entreaties and

remonstrances of her husband and friends, she allowed herself to be presented at court, to have a box at the opera, and so far to comply with the fashionable circles, to which she had been introduced, as to attend their routs, and give them at her own house; but these were not the amusements congenial to her mind, and she determined that, as she yielded to her husband's inclinations in town, she would live to please herself in the country. For this purpose she kept a pack of fox-hounds, that were reckoned the stanchest in the country; her stud was in the highest condition; her pointers excellent; and the partridges felt she had not forgot to take a good aim.

Obliged, by fashion's law, to pass some of the winter months in London every year, she soon threw off the restraint that tyrant custom imposes on the sex: amused herself by riding her favourite blood horse, Tarquin, against the male equestrians in Hyde-Park, or driving her phaeton with four fleet coursers in hand, through all the fashionable streets, turning a corner to an inch, to the wonder and terror of her beholders. The ladies, who were constantly hearing her admired by the men, for her prowess, and venturous feats of horsemanship, finding Lady Dareall was quite the rage, sickened with envy; determining, as they could not persuade her to follow their fashions, they would aspire to imitate hers.

From hence we may date the era of women venturing their pretty necks in a fox-chase, shooting flying, and becoming female-charioteers, to rival the celebrity of the fair huntress, who was at the head of the *haut-ton*, with all these dashing ladies; and we had *Dareall*

riding-hats, Dareall boots and *spurs*, and *Darcall saddles!*

When Lady Dareall had been married about fourteen years, she had the misfortune to lose her husband, who was thrown from his horse during a fox-chase, and fractured his skull, by attempting a desperate leap. His beloved lady, who had cleared it a few moments before, saw the accident, immediately sprung from her horse, and, while she sent for a surgeon, and a carriage, no house being nigh the spot where the accident happened, she threw herself on the ground by his side, and laying his bleeding head on her lap, shed a torrent of genuine tears, over the only man she ever loved. He was unable to speak, but seemed sensible of her tender sorrow: for he feebly pressed her hand, and before any assistance arrived expired in her arms.

She mourned for him with unfeigned sorrow; her "occupation seemed to be gone;" her horses fed quietly in their stables, while for the space of three months the hounds slept in their kennels, and she wore a black riding-habit for six. But time, which ameliorates the keenest anguish, and reconciles us to all things, aided by the conviction we cannot recal the tenants of the tomb, failed not to pour its lenient balm into her wounded bosom; and Lady Dareall "was herself again."

Sir Harry left an only son, by this lady, the present Sir John Dareall, who, following the example of his father and mother, we see him now at the pinnacle of fashion, a Nimrod in the chase, a Jehu in London streets, a jockey riding his own matches at Newmarket, a bore at the opera, and a pigeon at the ladies' faro-

tables! But he is a mixed character: he seeks celebrity by mixing with men of quality and fashion; to gain the reputation of being one himself, he imitates all their follies, though they are not the sort from which, by inclination, he is enabled to receive any pleasure: for this he associates with the wives and daughters of needy nobility, with whom his money will compensate for his manners, though, did he give the sensations of his heart fair play, he would mix among the buxom daughters of his fox-hunting neighbours."

To gratify his desire for fame, he will draw straws for hundreds, race maggots for thousands: has a chariot, built by Leader, in which he never rides; keeps an opera-dancer, whom he seldom sees: but this is to give him *eclat* with the fashionable world, and stamp him as a man of high *ton!* for, to indulge his real taste, he steals in a hackney-coach to the embraces of his dear Betsey Blossom, once the dairy-maid of his mother, but now his mistress, in a snug lodging in Marylebone, whom he admires for the vulgar, but native, charms of rosy cheeks, white teeth, and arms as blue as a bilberry.

Lady Dareall, his mother, at the present period is not yet forty, though she appears much older; for she is grown robust. Her complexion is dyed of the deepest bronze, occasioned by living so much on horseback, and exposing herself to the warring elements in all seasons; for the burning sun, or the pelting storm, deter her not from her accustomed avocations. By her management of herself she is so truly case-hardened, that she sets coughs, colds, and sore throats, at defiance!

She rises at day-break, plunges directly into a cold

bath, makes a neat breakfast, then mounts her fleet mare, and, according to the season either hunts, shoots, or courses till dinner. After having visited her stud, sits down at back gammon with the vicar; but if she has a visitor that can play, she prefers her favourite game, chess.

But though she has done every thing to preserve her health, and destroy her beauty, she is still a fine woman, and remains a favourite of the neighbouring gentlemen; is their companion in field-sports, and often entertains with a dinner the members of the hunt in the vicinity.

CURIOUS INSTANCES OF AFFECTION.

PLINY relates, that at Argos, a *goose* was enamoured of a fair boy, named *Hemus*, and also of a damsel, called *Glauce*, who was a skilful player on the lute; in this latter attachment he had a rival in a *ram!* *Lacydas*, the philosopher, had the honour of a *goose's love*, so ardent, that it never left him night or day; and he was goose enough, at the death of his favourite, to have the creature buried magnificently. The affection of geese, in these later days, have apparently taken a different direction, and, like other experienced lovers, have evinced their passion for *old women*. As an instance, an aged blind woman, of a village in Germany, used to be led every Sunday to church by a *gander*, taking hold of her gown with his bill; when he had introduced her to her seat, he always retired to graze in the church-yard, and no sooner was the congregation dismissed, but he returned to his duty, and led her

home. One day the pastor called at the house of the party, and expressing his surprize to the daughter of her mother being out—"Oh, sir, (said the girl) we are not afraid of trusting her out, for the *gander* is with her!

CANINE FIDELITY.

Mr. Hawkes, farmer, of Halling, returning much intoxicated from Maidstone market, with his dog, when the whole face of the country was covered with snow, mistook his path, and leaped over a ditch on his right hand, towards the river; fortunately he was unable to get up the bank, or he would have fallen into the Medway, at nearly high water. Overcome with liquor, Hawkes fell amongst the snow, in one of the coldest nights ever remembered; turning on his back, he was soon asleep; his dog scratched the snow from about him, and then mounted upon the body, rolled himself round, and laid him on his master's bosom, for which his shaggy hide proved a seasonable covering. In this state, with snow falling all the while, the farmer and his dog lay the whole night: in the morning a Mr. Finch, who was out with his gun, perceiving an uncommon appearance, proceeded towards it; at his appearance the dog got off the body, shook the snow from him, and, by significant actions, encouraged Mr. Finch to advance. Upon wiping the snow from the face, his person was immediately recognized, and was conveyed to the first house, when a pulsation in the heart being perceptible, the necessary means to recover him were employed, and in a short time

Hawkes was able to relate his own story.* In gratitude to his faithful friend, a silver collar was made for his wearing, and thus inscribed:—

In man true friendship I long strove to find
But miss'd my aim;
At length I found it in my dog most kind;
Man! blush for shame.

INTERESTED CONDOLENCE.

When hounds are at a check, the huntsman should not move his horse either one way or the other. Hounds lean naturally towards the scent, and if nothing be said, will soon recover it; if a hound is spoken to at such a time, calling him by his name (which is too much practised) he seldom fails (observes Mr. Beckford) to look up, as much as to say, *what the deuce do you want?* Had he the faculty of speech, he would add, before he stooped to the scent again—"*You fool, let me alone.*" When hounds are at fault, not a word should be said; no other tongue should be heard but that of a hound, and so inflexible was a friend of Mr. Beckford's, who kept harriers, in this particular, that a gentleman accidentally coughing while his hounds were at fault, he rode up to him immediately and said—"*I wish, sir, with all my heart your cough was better.*"

* From this interesting fact were derived the materials for the Prologue to the *Wheel of Fortune*. Ed.

CYPRIAN HUNTING.

To shew you the peculiar manner in which greyhounds are trained to pursue their game in some countries, the following description of their use in the Island of Cyprus may not be uninteresting.

"In this place (says the author) I had the pleasure of seeing a Cyprian hunting, or coursing match, and that at which I was present was none of the least brilliant, as it was the governor's. Having arrived at a spacious plain, interspersed with clumps of mulberry-trees, some ruins, and thick bushes, the sportsmen began to form a ring, in order to inclose the game. The barrier consisted of guards on horseback, with dogs placed in the intervals. The ladies of the greatest distinction in Nicosia, with a multitude of other people, stood upon a little hill, which I ascended also. The governor and his suite were posted in different parts of the plain, and as soon as the appointed moment arrived, the hunt was opened with the sound of musical instruments; part of the dogs were then let loose, which, ranging through the bushes and underwood, sprung a great number of quails, partridges, and woodcocks. The governor began the sport by bringing down one of these birds, his suite followed his example, and the winged tribe, into whatever quarter they flew, were sure of meeting with instant death. I was struck with the tranquillity of the *stationary* dogs, for, notwithstanding the instinct by which they were spurred on, not one of them quitted his post; but the rest ran about in pursuit of the game. The scene was soon changed, a hare started up from a bush, the dogs pur-

sued, and while the *former* made a thousand turnings in order to escape, she every where found an opponent: she however, often defeated the *greyhounds;* and I admired, in such cases, the sagacity of these animals, which disdaining the assistance of those that were young and inexperienced, consequently liable to be deceived, waited until some of the cunning old ones opened the way for them, and then the whole plain was in motion: when the poor animal was just ready to become a prey to its enemies, the governor rushed forward, and throwing a stick which he held in his hand before the greyhounds, they all stopped, and not one of them ventured to pass this signal. One of the swift greyhounds, being then let loose, pursued the hare, and having come up with it, carried it back, and jumping upon the neck of the governor's horse, placed it before him. The governor took it in his arms, and delivering it to one of his officers, gave him orders, if it continued alive, to shut it up in his park, where he maintains a great many prisoners of the same kind. I admired, above all, the discipline of the greyhounds, and the humanity of the governor, who thought it his duty to preserve an animal which had afforded him so much pleasure.

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF DUCÉ,

AN OLD POINTER.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old dog,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require,
Permit her still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

Oft' for your sport I brush'd the morning dew
Oft' rang'd the stubble where the partridge lay ;
Well-pleas'd I labour'd ;—for I toil'd for you,
Nor wish'd for respite till the setting day.

With you my good old master, have I rov'd,
Or up the hill, or down the murm'ring brook ;
When game was near, no joint about me mov'd,
I strove to guess your wishes by your look.

While you with busy care prepar'd the gun,
I frisk'd and sported by my master's side,
Obey'd with ready eye your sign to run,
Yet still abhorr'd the thoughts of ranging wide.

O these were days, be they remember'd still,
Pleas'd I review the moments that are past ;
I never hurt the gander by the mill,
Nor saw the miller's wife stand all aghast.

I never slunk from the good farmer's yard ;
The tender chicken liv'd secure for me ;
Though hunger prest, I never thought it hard,
Nor left you whistling underneath the tree.

These days, alas ! no longer smile on me ;
No more I snuff the morning's scented gale,
No more I hear the gun with wonted glee,
Or scour with rapture thro' the sedgy vale.

For now old age relaxes all my frame,
Un-nerves my limbs, and dims my feeble eyes ;
Forbids my once swift feet the road to fame,
And the fond crust, alas ! untasted lies.

Then take me to your hospitable fire,
There let me dream of thousand coveys slain ;
There rest, till all the pow'rs of nature tire,
Nor dread an age of misery and pain.

Let me with Driver,* my old and faithful friend,
Upon his bed of straw sigh out my days;
So blessings on your head shall still descend,
And, well as pointer can, I'll sing your praise.

Pity the sorrows of your poor old Duce,
Whose trembling limbs your helping hand require;
Permit him still to crawl about your house,
Or rest contented near your kitchen fire.

SINGULAR SAGACITY OF AN ENGLISH MASTIFF.

A French officer, more remarkable for his birth and spirit than for his riches, had served the Venetian republic with great valour and fidelity for some years, but had not met with preferment adequate by any means to his merits. One day he waited on the *illustrissimo*, whom he had often solicited in vain, but on whose friendship he had still some reliance. The reception he met with was cool and mortifying: the noble turned his back on the necessitous veteran, and left him to find his way to the street, through a suit of apartments magnificently furnished. He passed them, lost in thought, till casting his eyes on a sumptuous sideboard, where stood on a damask cloth, as a preparation for a splendid entertainment, an invaluable collection of Venice glass, polished and formed to the highest degree of perfection: he took hold of a corner of the linen, and turning to a faithful English mastiff, who always accompanied him, said to the animal, in a

* A favourite horse.

kind of absence of mind—"There, my poor old friend, you see how these scoundrels enjoy themselves, and yet see how we are treated!" The poor dog looked up in his master's face and wagged his tail, as if he understood him. The master walked on, but the mastiff, slackening his pace, and laying hold of the damask cloth with his teeth, at one hearty pull brought the whole sideboard to the ground, and deprived the insolent noble of his favourite exhibition of splendor!

CURIOUS WAGER.

General Scott won one of his many thousands at Newmarket, by the following wager:—Just as his horse was about to start for a sweepstakes, Mr. Panton called out to him—"General, I'll lay you a thousand guineas your horse is neither first nor last." The general accepted the bet; immediately gave directions to his rider; his horse came in last, and he claimed the money. Mr. Panton objected to payment, because the general had spoken to his rider; but the Jockey Club held, that the bet was laid not upon the chance of the place in which the horse would come, if the rider was uninformed of it, but upon the opinion that he had not speed enough to be first, nor tractability enough to be brought in last.

LUDICROUS COMPARISONS.

The penetrating eye of reflection may often discover strong resemblances between many of the canine species and certain classes of mankind; not so absolute, certainly, but that contrarieties will exist;

though the more general adumbrations of character approach so as nearly to coalesce without the smallest difficulty. A few of the most obvious of them may be thus ranked.

The supple, sinister, smooth tongued *sycophant*, in the scent of a great man, who is ready to execute the commands of a *premier*, however repugnant they may be to his inclination; however they may revolt against his ideas of honour (to say nothing of the shocks they give his *conscience*): who is ever disposed

"To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord."

To say *aye* and *no* to every nothing a great man says —though *aye* and *no* too are not certainly, as old Lear says, *true divinity*—may aptly be coupled, in the way of comparison, with the *spaniel*, who is distinguished among his canine companions, by fawning upon those who use him worst, and licking even the hand that is raised in wrath against him; crouching at the feet of his imperious master, and becoming more humble the more he is beaten by him.

The sour and severe *critic*, whose supreme delight is to discover errors in a work which has met with a favourable reception from the public, who sits down with all the malice of an enemy, fastens upon the slightest deviation from the rigid rules of the Stagyrite with the execrable satisfaction of a *Scaliger*, and points them out to view with an exultation which does no credit to his *heart*, whatever compliments he may receive for his critical acumen—ranks with the *cur*, who is always snapping and snarling at every man he meets, sticks close to his heels, and annoys those whom he as-

sails in such a manner, that they find it no easy matter to disengage themselves.

The *pimp*, who makes it the dishonourable employment of *his* life to make the life of a right honourable personage happy, by drawing innocent girls from the paths of virtue, and putting them into his lordship's power, may be classed with the *pointer*, who hunts for the game his master wants to get into his possession, and as soon as he sees the poor birds endeavouring to make their escape, gives him notice, that some of them at least may be intercepted in their flight.

The *country-gentleman*, who lives upon his patrimonial estate in the most prudent style, which enables him at once to make a respectable appearance, and to endear himself to his indigent neighbours by well-governed hospitality, is (if the comparing him to a dog carries no degradation with it) like one of those faithful domestic animals that guards the house of his protector with the utmost faithfulness, and makes a noble *opposition* to those who might attempt by bribes, or blows, to prevent him from doing his duty, a *true English mastiff*.

The *delicate dangler* after the fair, who spends his whole time in giving himself an effeminate appearance, and distinguishing himself by feminine employments; whose conversation turns chiefly upon the tattle of the day, and who prefers a *tête á tête* with the silliest girl in the kingdom to the company of any of his own sex, is of no more consequence in the creation than a *lap-dog*.

The *bailiff*, whose occupation is to seize those unfortunate members of the community whom the law has condemned to *durance vile*, for the contraction of debts

which they cannot discharge, appears and acts with the fierceness of a *bull dog*: and as well may the sturdiest of the horned race hope to throw off his ferocious assailant, whom he despises at the same time, as the unhappy debtor shakes off a catchpole, though he may look at him, perhaps, with the most cordial contempt.

The vigilant *thief-taker*, who peeps into *courts* and *alleys*, for those who have endeavoured to screen themselves from the eye of justice, by skulking into corners and obscure places, may, with particular propriety, be compared to a *terrier*; as they are both serviceable in bringing to light the *vermin*, by which society is grievously infested.

The *projector*, who is always in pursuit of something which continually eludes his search, may be classed with the *water-spaniel*, in chase of a duck, who is perpetually seeing the object of his pursuit sinking from his sight, and tantalizing him by a re-appearance in a different place, to which he hurries, animated with fresh hopes, only to be mortified by fresh disappointment.

This catalogue might be increased by coupling *soldiers* with *blood-hounds*; *courtiers* with *turnspits*; and *blunderers in politics* with *blind puppies*, &c. &c. &c. but it is sufficiently evident, that there *is* a striking resemblance between the *human* and the *canine species*; and, it may be added, that upon many occasions the latter, making all due allowances for education, discover *more rationality*, though they cannot *reason*.

SINGULAR PROPERTY IN DOGS.

The following remarkable discovery in the natural history of the dog is derived from the Gentleman's Magazine, to which work it was communicated by a correspondent from Bloxwick.

"I HAVE lately discovered a property in dogs which I never saw mentioned by any naturalist, nor yet even noticed by any one but myself; but for the truth of which I can, if necessary, produce several witnesses. About two years ago I had a terrier bitch, which brought six whelps, five of them were immediately drowned, and the sixth was left to be nursed by the mother till it could walk, when it was removed to a farm-house at about a mile distant, to which the bitch was constantly going with her master. At most of these visits I thought she had eat something that made her sick, for she invariably threw up every time I called; but, upon attending to her more carefully, I found that whenever she got a hearty meal at home she would trot off to the barn and disgorge what she had eat before her whelp, and which he always eat up with great avidity. Not satisfied with this one instance, I tried a spaniel bitch, about half a year ago, in the same way, and found her daily practise the same thing, and which, I suppose, is not confined to *my* dogs only, but pervades the whole breed. This mode of the bitch feeding her whelps, seems never yet to have been noticed by any author, and may call out the remarks of some of your correspondents."

INSTRUCTIONS TO COCKNEY SPORTSMEN.

MY VERY GOOD FRIENDS,

PERMIT me, with all due deference and with sincere pleasure, to give you a few hints, which may render you pleasing to yourselves and terrible to others; but, first, let me attempt to explain the meaning of the appellation by which you are distinguished, viz. "cockNIES." I could, with the greatest facility, deduce this word from the Greek, but as possibly you may not have your lexicon ready, I prefer deriving it from the two English monosyllables *cock* and *nigh*, though I do not mean by the first word either *cock-sure*, or a *cock of the game*, from both of which you are equally remote: the signification I allude to is, *cocking the optic*, and the word *nigh*, as by sometimes creeping under shelter of a wall, or hedge, instances have been known of your shooting a fowl, or a turkey, at the distance of five yards. Having, therefore, proved you most indisputably to be *cock-nighs*, or, as from the corruption of the orthography, it is at present spelt, *cocknies*, I shall now proceed to my instructions.

1. In the choice of a gun, I would advise you to prefer a crooked barrel, as the odds being against your levelling direct, there will then be more chance of your hitting the object.

2. In loading, most people are in the habit of putting in the *powder* first; but as this is not of the smallest consequence, you are at liberty to follow your own inclination.

3. With respect to *flints*, by all means do not take those which throw out a great deal of fire, for then it must inevitably scatter; but chuse one of so dull a nature as scarcely to emit a single spark, for you well know "*Scintilla una sufficit.*"

4. When the *snow* is upon the ground, I would exhort you, instead of a pointer to take out a Newfoundland dog, and be particular that it is entirely *white*, as you will then have a chance of *surprising* the enemy.

5. In taking aim, shut both your eyes; for if it be a received opinion, that a sportsman shoots well by shutting *one eye*, you must of course shoot *twice* as well by shutting *two eyes!*

6. In the choice of a dog, take one that is either lame or blind; for if they are too active they put up the game: but, indeed, this may be remedied by tying up the two hind legs.

7. Lastly, as to the game you should prefer; the *turkies* are uncommonly strong in the wing, and the *sucking pigs* run like the wind; therefore confine yourself to *geese*, *brooding hens*, and *sows in pig*, to which you must approach within three yards before you presume to "make ready, present and fire."

Your's, PETER POPGUN.

THE DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

HIS grace is one of the oldest and most *distinguished* characters upon the turf, whether we consider his judgment, his ingenuity, his invention, or his success. No personage, within our recollection, has been more noticed by the public prints, and, perhaps, more mis-

represented. Enabled by birth and fortune to enjoy the comforts of life, he has given into them without restraint, totally indifferent to the cynical caprice of individuals on the *one hand*, and to the jaundiced eye of envious malevolence on the other. But amidst the general pursuit of pleasure to which his life has been devoted, those pleasures have yet been the enjoyment of a man of honour, undebased by the long list of *swindling* degradations, that so unhappily characterize the juvenile representatives of *modern* nobility. A taste for and patronage of the fine arts, a predilection for beautiful women, rich wines, and a desire to excel on the *turf*, and to *exceed* in calculation, have ever been the distinguishing traits and ultimate gratification of his *grace's* ambition. When E— of M— he contrived and executed schemes of *expedition*, which were believed by his competitors to be absolutely *impracticable*; of these, his well-known *carriage-match*,* and conveying a letter fifty miles within an hour, (inclosed in a

* In consequence of a conversation, at a sporting meeting, relative to *running against time*, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled, and almost incredible. Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he was allowed the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered that a race-horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprizing to the *knowing ones* for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

cricket ball, and handed from one to the other, of twenty-four expert cricketers) will ever remain lasting remembrances. In all his engagements upon the turf, he has preserved a most unsullied and distinguished eminence, both paying and receiving with an unimpeached integrity. He has ever prided himself more upon the excellence than the extent of his stud. His matches have not been so numerous as those of many other sportsmen, but they have mostly been upon a more expanded scale, and more brilliantly terminated. He and his rider, *Dick Goodison*, have generally gone hand in hand in their success, and there is every reason to believe, that never, in a *single instance*, have they deceived each other; for, as his grace never closed a *match* without the corresponding sanction of

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As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coach-maker (Wright) in Long Acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible, and silk is said to have been recurred to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather. It then became necessary to select four blood-horses of approved speed, and, what was far more difficult to procure, two *honest* groomboys (Errat and another) of small weight and approved skill, to manage them. The course at Newmarket having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile was marked out there, and although several horses are said to have been killed in *training*, yet it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day (Aug. 29, 1750), which was to decide bets to the amount of thousands of pounds, the noble and ignoble gamesters repaired to the spot pitched upon; the jockies mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and rushing with a velocity almost rivaling the progress of sound, darted, within the appointed time, to the goal!

his confidant, so it is naturally concluded, in return, he has been equally faithful to the interest of his employer. During so long an uninterrupted attachment to the turf, his grace has never displayed the least want of philosophy upon the unexpected event of a race, or ever entered into any engagement but when there was a great probability of becoming the winner. In all emergencies he has preserved an invariable equanimity, and his cool serenity never forsook him even in moments of the greatest surprise, or disappointment. A singular proof of this occurred at Newmarket, just as they were going to start for a sweepstakes, when his grace being engaged in a betting conversation with various members of the *Jockey Club*, one of his lads that was going to ride (in consequence of his light weight), calling his grace aside, asked him *too soon*, and *too loud*, "How he was to ride to-day?" His grace, conscious that he was overheard, with a well-affected surprise, exclaimed—"Why, take the *lead*, and *keep* it, to be sure! How the d—vil *would you ride!*" Amid his grace's various successes, and strong proofs of judgment, which are infinitely superior to his long list of contemporaries, none, perhaps can be produced more in point than the performances of his horse *Dash*, (by *Florise*) in the year 1789. On Tuesday in the first spring meeting, he refused 500 guineas forfeit from Lord Darby's *Sir Peter Teazle*, the six mile course, 1000 guineas, h. f.; and on Monday, in the second spring meeting, he beat Mr. Hallam's b. h. by Highflyer, 8st. 7lb. each, B. C. 1000 guineas. On Thursday, in the second October meeting of the same year, he beat his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's Don Quixotte, 8st. 7lb. each, six mile course, 900 guineas;

and the Tuesday se'nnight following he beat Lord Barrymore's Highlander, at the same weight, three times round the R. C. 800 guineas; winning exactly within the six months 3000 guineas.

Increasing years, and a repeated succession of every comfort the world has to bestow, seems at length to have lulled all his grace's keener appetites to the apathy of age, and he glides towards the dissolution of life with every domestic gratification of *hospitality* around him. The present temporary stagnation of the turf, from which so many have lately *(compulsively)* withdrawn themselves, may have been one predominant reason why his grace's stud are nearly all thrown out of training, and disposed of to the best advantage. Indeed his grace's present pursuits seemed chiefly confined to pedestrian parades, and alternate turns in the front of his own mansion; rational excursions with his phaeton and ponies, from the White Horse Cellar to Hyde Park Corner; and sometimes the longer and more laborious journey of *Park Lane, Hyde Park*, and *home*. These, with occasional elegant entertainments and accompanying concerts (to the most brilliant of the fashionable *dulcineas* and *operatic beauties)*, seem likely to fill the measure of his grace's sublunary enjoyments, and to afford him daily opportunity in ruminating upon the various pleasures of this life, or the uncertainty of the future, that, whether *sooner* or *later summoned* to pass "the bourne," he may exultingly lay his head in mental ease upon the pillow, and in paying the *debt* of *nature*, gratefully exclaim—"*value received.*"

THE PRINCE AND THE PUPIL.

A CHESS-PLAYING ANECDOTE.

While Mr. Cunningham resided at the Hague, a German prince, hearing of our author's great skill in the game of chess, came to that city for the purpose of playing with him at that truly noble amusement. The prince informed Mr. Cunningham, by a note, of the reason that induced him to visit the Hague: Mr. Ogilvie, a Scotch gentleman in the Dutch service, who passed with many for little better than an ingenious madman, happened to be with Mr. Cunningham when he received the note, to whom he said, "That he did not choose to risk his reputation, for all the knowledge of the game at chess, with a person whom he did not know, and wished that Mr. Ogilvie would go and play a game or two with the prince, in the character of one of Mr. Cunningham's disciples." This he acceded to, and Mr. Cunningham, it is said, wrote to the prince a note to this effect, "that although he had the honour of receiving his highness's invitation to play a game at chess with him, he could not accept of that honour, as business of a very peculiar nature would not admit of it at that time; but rather than his highness should be disappointed, he had sent one of his pupils to give him some entertainment that evening, and that, if he should be beaten, he would then do himself the honour of waiting on him (the prince) the next day; and would play with him as many games as he should choose." Mr. Ogilvie accordingly went, and beat the prince every game. Early next morning the prince left the Hague, con-

vinced, that if he was thus shamefully defeated by the *scholar*, he had, if possible, less chance of success with the *master*.

LUDICROUS ANGLING ANECDOTES.

Sir John Hawkins, in his notes on the *Complete Angler*, relates the following story:—"A lover of angling told me, he was fishing in the river Lea, at the ferry called Jeremy's, and had hooked a large fish at the time when some Londoners, with their horses, were passing: they congratulated him on his success, and got out of the ferry-boat; but, finding the fish not likely to yield, mounted their horses, and rode off. The fact was, that angling for small fish, his bait had been taken by a barbel, too large for the fisher to manage. Not caring to risk his tackle by attempting to raise him, he hoped to tire him; and, for that purpose, suffered himself to be led (to use his own expression) as a blind man is by a dog, several yards up and as many down, the bank of the river; in short, for so many hours that the horsemen above-mentioned, who had been at Walthamstow and dined, were returned, who, seeing him thus occupied, cried out—"*What, master, another large fish!*"—"No, (says the Piscator) *the very same.*"—"Nay, (says one of them) *that can never be; for it is five hours since we crossed the river!*" and, not believing him, they rode on their way. At length our angler determined to do that which a less patient one would have done long before: he made one vigorous effort to land the fish, broke his tackle and lost him."

The same intelligent knight furnishes us with ano-

ther anecdote relating to this sullen fish:—"Living some years ago (says he) in a village on the banks of the Thames, I was used, in the summer months, to be much in a boat on the river; it happened, that at Shepperton, where I had been for a few days, I frequently passed an elderly gentleman in his boat, who appeared to be fishing at different stations for barbel. After a few salutations had passed between us, and we were become a little acquainted, I took occasion to enquire of him what diversion he had met with. "Sir, (says he) I have but bad luck to-day; for I fish for barbel, and you know they are not to be caught like gudgeons."—"Very true, (answered I) but what you want in *tale*, I suppose you make up in *weight*."—"Why, sir, (replied he) that is just as it happens; I like the sport, and love to catch fish; but my great delight is in *going after them*. I'll tell you what, sir, (continued he) I am a man in years, and have been used to the sea all my life; (he had been an India captain) but I mean to go no more, and have bought that little house which you see there (pointing to it) for the sake of fishing: I get into this boat (which he was then mopping) on a Monday morning, and fish on till Saturday night, for barbel, as I told you; for that is my delight; and this I have sometimes done for *a month* together, and in all that while have not had *one bite!*"

AN ANCIENT ANGLING ANECDOTE,

OR THE CUNNING EGYPTIAN.

PLUTARCH, speaking of angling, informs us, that Marc Antony and Cleopatra, in the midst of their unparalleled splendor, passed many of their hours in that tranquil amusement. He also mentions a deception reciprocally played off by those two royal personages upon each other. The whole business of angling may, indeed, be said to be deceptive, and therefore tricks in that art should be excused.

"Antony (says Plutarch) went one day to angle with Cleopatra, and being so unfortunate as to catch nothing in the presence of his mistress, he was much dissatisfied, and gave secret orders to the fishermen to dive under water, and put fishes which had been fresh taken upon his hook. After he had drawn up two or three, Cleopatra perceived the trick; she pretended, however, to be surprised at his good fortune and dexterity, and mentioned the circumstance to her friends, at the same time inviting them to come and see him angle. Accordingly a very large company went out in the fishing vessels, and as soon as Antony had let down his line, she commanded one of her servants to be beforehand with Antony, and, diving into the water, to fix upon his hook a *salted fish*, one of those which were brought from the Euxine Sea." It does not appear how Antony relished this imposition from his fair associate.

THE REFINED PALATE,

OR, LEGS THE CRITERION.

A CERTAIN northern well-fed divine, pretending to a greater knowledge of good eating than his neighbours, and particularly in his taste and flavour of game, dined once with a neighbouring squire, who was determined to try the parson's palate. In the second course two common wood-pigeons were introduced, to which the cook had affixed the feet of *moor-game*. The parson expecting game, reserved his fire till they were introduced, when he set to work, and eat the greatest part of the birds! no notice was taken of the parson's mistake. At supper a brace of moor-game were served up, with the wood-pigeon's feet; the parson was prevailed on to take a slice of them; he quickly exchanged plates, exclaiming loudly that wood-pigeons were unwholesome, and ought never to be introduced before gentlemen. The squire then explained the whole affair, which chagrined the parson so much, that he ever afterwards laid aside all pretensions to a refined palate.

THE WHIP HAND.

A CITY JUSTICE, well known in Bow-street, being on a visit to a near relation, not a hundred miles from Eaton, having ordered his groom to come in to wait at table, the lad obstinately refused, at the same time throwing out hints, "that masters liked to make servants work better than paying them: at which the jus-

tice was so exceedingly offended, that snatching up a horsewhip, he began to flog the lad about the legs most unmercifully, which was immediately returned with interest, when a most ludicrous scene ensued, to the no small amazement of the gaping multitude. But at last, after many exertions of skill and dexterity on both sides, the justice was obliged to take to his heels, and leave the knight of the whip triumphant.

AMIABLE SAGACITY OF A DOG.

THE author of the *Tableaux Typographiques de la Suisse*, in his description of the Alps and Glaciers, relates the following circumstance.—The chevalier Gaspard de Brandenberg was buried together with his servant, by an avalanche, as they were crossing the mountain of St. Gothard, in the neighbourhood of Airolo. His dog, who had escaped the accident, did not quit the spot where he lost his master. Happily this was not far from a convent. The faithful animal scratched the snow, and howled for a long time with all his strength; then ran to the convent, returned, and ran back again. Struck by his perseverance, the people of the house followed him next morning: he led them directly to the spot where he had scratched the snow; and the chevalier and his domestic, after thirty-six hours passed beneath it, were drawn out safe and well. They had distinctly heard every bark of the dog, and all the discourse of their deliverers. Sensible of the attachment of this fine animal, to which he owed his life, he ordered, on his death, that he should be represented on his tomb with his dear dog. At Zug, in the church of St. Oswald, they still shew the tomb and

the effigy of this magistrate. He is represented with a dog at his feet.

AN EPISTLE FROM ECLIPSE TO KING FERGUS.

DEAR SON,

"I set out last week from Epsom, and am safe arrived in my new stables at this place. My situation may serve as a lesson to man: I was once the fleetest horse in the world, but old age has come upon me, and wonder not, King Fergus, when I tell thee, I was drawn in a carriage from Epsom to Cannons, being unable to walk even so short a journey. Every horse, as well as every dog, has his day; and I have had mine. I have outlived two worthy masters, the late Duke of Cumberland, that bred me, and the Colonel with whom I have spent my best days; but I must not repine, I am now caressed, not so much for what I can do, but for what I have done; and with the satisfaction of knowing that my present master will never abandon me to the fate of the *high mettled racer!*

"I am glad to hear, my grandson, Honest Tom performs so well in Ireland, and trust that he, and the rest of my progeny, will do honour to the name of their grandsire,

"*Cannons, Middlesex.* "ECLIPSE."

"P. S. Myself, Dungannon, Volunteer, and Virtumnus, are all here.—Compliments to the Yorkshire horses."

AN INGENIOUS MORALITY ON CHESS,

BY POPE INNOCENT.

THIS world is nearly like a chess-board, one point of which is white, the other black, because of the double state of life and death, grace and sin. The families of this chess-board are like the men of this world: they all come out of one bag, and are placed in different stations in this world, and have different appellations, one is called King, another Queen, the third Rook, the fourth Knight, the fifth Alphin, the sixth Pawn.

The condition of the game is, that one takes another; and when the game is finished, as they all come out of one bag, they are put in the same place together. Neither is there any difference between the king and the poor pawn; and it often happens, that when thrown promiscuously into the bag, the king lies at the bottom; just as the great will find themselves in their transit from this world to hell. In this game the king goes and takes in all the circumjacent places in a direct line: a sign the king takes every thing justly, and that he never must omit doing justice to all uprightly; for in whatever manner a king acts, it is reputed just; and what pleases the sovereign has the vigour of law.

The Queen, whom we call *Fen*, goes and takes in an oblique line: because women being an avaricious breed *(genus)*, whatever they take beyond their merit and grace, is rapine and injustice.

The Rook is a judge, who perambulates the whole land in a straight line, and should not take any thing in an oblique manner by bribery and corruption, nor

spare any one. Thus they verify the saying of Amos—"*Ye have turned judgment into gall, and the fruits of righteousness into hemlock!*"

But the knight, in taking, goes one point directly, and then takes an oblique circuit; a sign that knights and lords of the land may justly take the rents due to them, and their just fines, from those who have forfeited them, according to the exigence of the case; their third point being obliquely, applies to them, so far as they extort subsidies and unjust exactions from their subjects.

The poor pawn goes directly forward, in his simplicity; but whenever he will take, does so obliquely. Thus man, while he rests satisfied with his poverty, lives in a direct line; but when he craves temporal honours, by means of lies, perjuries, favours, and adulation, he goes obliquely, till he reaches the superior degree of the chess-board of this world; then the pawn changes to *fen*, and is elevated to the rank of the point he reaches, just like poverty promoted to rank, fortune, and consequently insolence.

The Alphins are the various prelates of the church, pope, archbishop, and their subordinate bishops, who rise to their fees not so much by divine inspiration, as by royal power, interest, entreaties, and ready money. These Alphins move and take obliquely three points; for almost every prelate's mind is perverted by love, hatred, or bribery; not to reprehend the guilty, or bark against the vicious, but rather to absolve them of their sins: so that those who should have extirpated vice, are, in consequence of their own parsimony, become promoters of vice, and advocates of the devil.

In this chess-game the devil says "Check!" when-

ever he insults and strikes one with his dart of sin; and, if he that is struck cannot immediately deliver himself, the devil, resuming the move, says to him, "Mate!" carrying his soul along with him to prison, from which neither love nor money can redeem him—for from hell there is no redemption. And as huntsmen have various hounds for taking various beasts, so the devil and the world have different vices, which differently entangle mankind—for all that is in the world, is either lust of the flesh, lust of the eyes, or proud living.

APPAREL NECESSARY TO BE WORN BY EVERY ACCOMPLISHED SPORTSMAN.

WEAR a wig, if possible; and should you be a sportsman, and hunt the forest (Epping), the larger and whiter it is, the safer for you; for should your horse prove what is properly termed *too many* for you, and make off, nothing but the singularity of your appearance can restore you to your disconsolate family.

The hallooing and hooting of the boys, that this will occasion, will enable your friends to trace you through most of the villages you may have passed; and, at the worst, to know in what part of the country you may be cried. I never admired a round hat, but with a large wig it is insupportable; and, in truth, a most puerile ornament for the head of a sober man. In windy weather you are blinded with it; the inconvenience it occasions to men of business, or rather those who are called on the road, a rider, a bagster, &c. are, that by its being blown over his eyes, he is frequently carried a contrary way from his intended rout. A cocked

hat, besides the advantages over its competitor, and the dignity it gives to the most unhappy countenances, has so many others, that it is wonderful to me it is not universally worn, but more particularly by equestrians. If in windy weather, you are blinded; in rain, you are deluged by a round hat; whereas one properly cocked will retain the water in till you arrive at your baiting place, and keep your head (which riding may have heated) agreeably cool; having much the same effect upon it that a pan of water has upon a flower-pot.

Let your boots be somewhat short, and the knees of your breeches must just reach the joints, so that the flap of your saddle (and observe, a single flapped saddle is the genteelest) may be continually curling up, and chafing you between the confines of the boots and breeches, by which means you will be satisfied that your leg is in a proper position.

AN INGENIOUS PARODY.

Is this a king's plate I see before me,
Turned toward my hand? come, let me clasp thee:
I have thee not! and yet I see the still—
In form as bright as ever racer won.
Thou marshel'st me the way to Newmarket,
And a horse the instrument I'm to use.
Thy brilliant form's worth my swift gelding,
And I will run him. Send for th' engraver,
Be on my seal and scutch'on, feats of *blood*,
Which were not there before; but no such luck!
It was ambition, that dire antidote,
My wish. Now all the fashionable world,
Hurry to the course, and, trav'lling all night,
Abjur'd by curtain'd sleep; now meet the peers;
Sport day commences; and the thin sweated jockey,
Proud of his office, whose daily training
And feeding's kept his weight, with shambling gait,

And knowing wink, towards the starting-post
Moves like a deep-one. The full betting-room
Admits my steps, that quickly move for fear;
The very black legs prate of my hedging off,
Laying my bets, or taking in the queer flats,
And country squires!

JEALOUSY AND REVENGE OF A COCK.

THE habitudes of the domestic breed of poultry cannot, possibly, escape observation; and every one must have noticed the fierce jealousy of the cock. It should seem that this jealousy is not confined to his rivals, but may, sometimes, extend to his beloved female; and that he is capable of being actuated by revenge, founded on some degree of reasoning concerning her conjugal infidelity. An incident which happened at the seat of Mr. B——, near Berwick, justifies this remark. "My mowers (says he) cut a partridge on her nest, and immediately brought the eggs (fourteen) to the house. I ordered them to be put under a very large beautiful hen, and her own to be taken away. They were hatched in two days, and the hen brought them up perfectly well till they were five or six weeks old. During that time they were constantly kept confined in an out-house, without having been seen by any of the other poultry. The door happened to be left open, and the cock got in. My housekeeper, hearing her hen in distress, ran to her assistance, but did not arrive in time to save her life; the cock, finding her with the brood of partridges, fell upon her with the utmost fury, and put her to death. The housekeeper found him tearing her both with his beak and spurs, although she was then fluttering in the last agony, and incapable of

any resistance. The hen had been, formerly, the cock's greatest favourite.

A CANINE EPISTLE.

From Towzer to Ponto, in relation to the Dog Tax.

DEAR PONTO,

I WENT home with Phillis, the parson's speckled bitch, last Tuesday, and, to my great astonishment, I heard the doctor declare that Mr. Pitt had actually a scheme on foot to tax us poor dogs, the consequence of which will be, that three parts in four of our species will be knocked on the head. I profess I am not in any dread for myself, nor for you, my dear Ponto, for our usefulness will preserve us, since man (though by far the most ungrateful of any other animal) seldom chuses to destroy what is of real benefit. I am not, therefore, alarmed out of any selfish views; no, it is a noble spirit of patriotism that inflames me; and, though I say it, there is not a dog in the nation that will fight more desperately, or bark louder, in a good cause, than your old friend Towzer. Let your sneaking puppies follow low mercenary views; let them wag their tails at every scoundrel, and nuzzel in dung-hills for half a bone. I am a British mastiff, and scorn such paltry actions. I will venture to say, that almighty Love itself cannot make me do a little thing, and though I like a pretty bitch as well as another dog, yet it is not in the power of the most bewitching of that sex, either by day to make me kill a neighbour's sheep, or by night to desert my post, and leave my master's house unguarded. But why all these professions of honesty to me, my Ponto will say, who have had long

experience of Towzer's worth and integrity. True, but at this juncture it is highly requisite that you should think the best of me, since I am about to engage thee in an affair, the seriousness and importance of which cannot be too strictly attended to, and the greater opinion thou hast of the proposer, with the more alacrity wilt thou enter upon the whole affair.

One must be a stupid dog, indeed, not to know that, notwithstanding our innumerable taxes, the ministry are dreadfully in want of money. The tax, therefore, will certainly take place, unless we can start some other more lucrative scheme. Such a one I have in my mind, but I am well aware that it cannot be brought to maturity without thy assistance. Thy intimacy with Miss Biddy's lap-dog will forward thee in the way I shall lay down for thee. Thou must engage Shock to communicate my proposals to his fair mistress, and at the same time to back them with his own interest. Should she stand our friend, we have nothing to fear, for Sir Nathan Nimbletongue, the member for the county, is her slave, and she has a pair of eyes that would dazzle a Roman senate into blindness to the common cause, and corrupt the integrity of a Cato. I have enclosed a copy of the scheme, and remain thine, most affectionately, TOWZER.

Towzer's scheme for a poll tax on that part of the human species who are distinguished by the appellation of *sad dogs*, *lazy dogs*, and *puppies*.

1. The family of the *sad dogs* has ever been reckoned, without controversy, the most numerous and the most ancient of any in the kingdom: it, therefore, they were taxed at the easy rate of one shilling per head, they would produce to government, annually, at least 400,000l. sterling.

2. The *lazy dogs* are those expletives of nature which seem only

formed to devour her works, and prevent her being burthensome to herself, and would, at sixpence per head, produce the same sum at least.

3. And lastly, the *puppies*, that are so numerous, in which are included the tribe of fops, coxcombs, lady's men, &c. &c. would, at sixpence per puppy, produce, on an average, the same sum.

Thus there would be one million two hundred thousand pounds sterling, produced from a soil that has hitherto brought nothing but rankness, weeds, and barrenness.

AN EPITAPH ON A SPORTSMAN.

Beneath this turf, pent in a narrow grave,
Lies a true sportsman, generous, great, and brave;
It was his principal, and greatest pride,
To have a fowling-bag slung by his side;
Thro' woods and fields to labour, toil, and run,
In quest of game, with pointer, scrip, and gun.
His random shot was seldom known to spare,
The woodcock, pheasant, or the tim'rous hare;
Till death (that sable lurcher) lay conceal'd,
Surpris'd, and shot our hero in the field;
Then in this covert may he safely rest,
Till rous'd to join with covies of the blest!

JOURNAL OF TIMOTHY TAPE.

Rose at seven—spent an hour in balling doe-skins, colouring boot-tops, &c. &c.—Stupid boy had lost one of my spur-leathers—obliged to use packthread. Got to the stable by nine—spurs wrong put on—gave ostler a pint of beer to alter 'em. Mounted on the off-side in such a hurry, that, losing my balance, I pitched over head foremost into the horse-trough—got out half-suffocated; wig so wet was forced to take it off and dry it—stable-boys laughed, dogs barked, I swore; but at length, being mounted by the help of a step, set off, and reached Tottenhamcourt-Road without any mate-

rial accident, except that a hackney-coach splashed me all over.

N. B. Took his number. Whilst paying the turnpike, dropped my glove—afraid to get off, for fear of not being able to mount again—so rode on, putting my naked hand in my pocket—*Mem.* Its genteel to sit easy. Just by Mother Red-Cap's horse made a trip—pulled at him with all my might, but, breaking the rein, fell backwards, and came to the ground with my foot in the stirrup—luckily, horse was no run-away—mended the rein with my garter, and led my horse till I came to a mile-stone, where, with some difficulty, I re-mounted. Finding that I should be too late for the ordinary, squared my elbows, turned out my toes, flourished my whip, stuck in the spurs, and away I trotted—by the time I had got a mile found myself very sore, though I rose in the stirrups at least a foot every second—however, persevered, and by two o'clock reached Highgate Hill, at the bottom of which, as the devil would have it, the saddle turned round, and down I came once more—to complete my misfortune, the girth (for there was but one) broke; so with the saddle on my back, and leading my horse, I fagged up the hill, and at length reached the inn, followed by all the rabble of the place. After dinner, discovered I had lost all my money by my fall—obliged to leave my watch for the reckoning—girth being mended, I mounted about eight o'clock in the evening; but, being dreadfully galled, borrowed a crown of the landlord, and giving it a man to take my horse home, returned to Cheapside in the stage, highly delighted with my ride, and the pleasures of the country!

Sunday night. TIM TAPE.

MISFORTUNES OF CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

I AM the son of an opulent citizen, who, for the first fifty years of his life, was never three miles from Threadneedle-street; who knew no learning but arithmetic, no employment but posting his books, and no dissipation beyond the enjoyment of his weekly club. It has been observed, that a man's veneration for learning is sometimes in proportion to his own want of it: this was exactly the case with my father. He was determined his son should be the best scholar in the city of London. He, therefore, sent me to a considerable free-school in the neighbourhood, till the age of eighteen, when I was sent to a college in Oxford. As I had never in my life been farther from London than Turnham-Green, I found myself in a new world; and, for some time, thought it a very happy one. I had health and spirits, my allowance was ample, and I had a great many agreeable companions, who obligingly assisted me in the arduous task of spending it. A very little observation was sufficient to shew me, that every body around me consulted only by what means they should best get rid of their time; and candour must acknowledge, that the variety and elegance of their amusements reflect great honour on the inventors. I too was resolved not to be behind hand with my friends in the science of spending time agreeably, and, in order to do it more systematically, chose for my *arbiter* one of the most knowing men in Oxford. He not only regulated my dress and behaviour, but selected with great care my acquaintance; told me how many under-waistcoats were proper for the different seasons; how many capes were necessary for a great coat; when

shoe-strings and boots were most becoming; taught me how to lounge down the High street, and how to stand before the fire at the coffee-house.

Under such a guide my progress was not slow; I soon became almost as wise as my instructor, and should shortly have obtained the character of a *knowing man*, had not my hopes been cut off at once by an accident. It being summer when I was entered at the university, my feats of horsemanship had been confined chiefly to Port Meadow and Bullington Green, at one or another of which places I never missed appearing at least once a day, upon a very clever cropped poney; and though I knew no more of an horse than an elephant, yet, by the instructions of my friend, by talking big, and offering to trot a number of miles within the hour for large sums, I contrived to make many people believe I knew something of the matter. At last winter came, and I found it necessary to be very fond of fox-hunting, without which no man can pretend to be *knowing*. Never was a more fatal resolution taken; never was there a man less qualified for a sportsman; as I was naturally timid and chilly, and had never been on horseback in my life before I came to Oxford. But there was no alternative, my reputation, my character, my existence, as a *knowing man*, depended on my conduct in this article; and, to say the truth, I had heard from my acquaintance such long and pompous accounts of *sharp bursts* and long chases; such enthusiastic panegyrics on, and such animated descriptions of, this amusement, that I really began to think there must be something bewitching in a diversion which seemed to take up so much of the time and thoughts of my companions. I therefore, by

the advice of my friends, gave forty-five guineas for a very capital hunter; and having furnished myself with the proper paraphernalia—cap, belt, &c. made an appointment to go with a large party and meet the fox-hounds the next day. My friends were punctual to their appointment, and rattled me out of bed at seven o'clock, on a raw November morning, though I would have given a thousand pounds to have lain another hour, and a million not to have gone at all. I was, however, obliged to repress my sensations, and to feign the alacrity I felt not; and to affect a glow of pleasure, and assume the eagerness of hope. After a long ride, through a most dismal country, we arrived at the wood, where we found the hounds were not yet come, on account of the badness of the morning, which, from being foggy and drizzling, had now turned to a very heavy rain. Here then we amused ourselves riding up and down a wretched swampy common, or standing under a dripping wood, for about two hours; at the end of which time the day cleared up, the hounds came, and every countenance but mine brightened with joy: for I was half in hopes they would not come at all. But no sooner had the hounds thrown off, than my horse grew so hot, that, benumbed as my hands were with cold, I had no sort of power over him; the consequence of which was, that I received many severe reprimands for riding over the hounds, and treading on the heels of the other horses. After riding in this state of torment for about three hours, the men and hounds all at once set up a terrible howling and screaming, and they told me they had found a fox. I shall not attempt to describe the chase, for I am sure you will never know it from my description: all I remember is,

that as soon as the chase began, my horse (who went just where he pleased) dashed down in a very wet boggy lane, and in a moment covered me over with water and mud.

At last my sufferings came to a close, for turning short at the end of a narrow lane, my horse started—I pitched over his head, and fell as soft as if it had been on a feather-bed. There I lay, till a countryman, who had caught my horse, brought him to me, and good-naturedly assisted me in getting up and cleaning my clothes. No intreaties, however, could prevail on me to remount, and having desired my assistant to lead my horse to Oxford, I determined to endeavour reaching home on foot; but this I found not so easily effected in my present condition, and luckily meeting with a higler's cart, which was bound for that place, I got into it, and in this vehicle made my triumphant entry over Magdalen bridge, about six o'clock in the evening, just as the High-street was the fullest.

As soon as I got to college, I went to bed, and sent for a doctor, by whose assistance I soon recovered as to my health, but my reputation was lost for ever. My story had got wind, and I was laughed at by all parties. My acquaintance began to look at me in a very contemptible light, and even my most familiar friend soon let me know it was no longer consistent with his reputation to be seen walking in the High-street with me. If I entered a coffee-house, I was sure to hear a titter and a whisper run round the room; and at last the very servants of the livery-stables pointed at me as I passed through the streets, and said—"There's the gentleman that got such a hell of a tumble the other day!"

In short, I was obliged to give up all my knowing

acquaintance, and get into an entirely different set, who, as they had never aspired to the first pinnacle of sporting merit, and could, at best, but boast a secondary kind, received me with open arms. They told me I had entirely misspent my time, and my money, that fox hunting was not only a dangerous, but an expensive, and very uncertain amusement; but that shooting was free from these objections, being a diversion extremely cheap, and which had the additional recommendation of furnishing us game for our own tables, or our friends; and they offered to be my instructor in these amusements.

I listened to this recital with pleasure, and accepted the offer with gratitude, for I thought it not impossible to gain some degree of reputation for being a good shot; I therefore furnished myself with every proper requisite for this amusement; and, in an evil hour, accompanied my new friends to Bagley Wood. It is enough to say, that the last error was worse than the first; and that I returned home wet, dirty, scratched, and tired, and pretty well convinced that I was not more fitted for a shot than a fox-hunter.

I have since endeavoured to excel in some other amusements, but the same ill-luck has constantly attended me. I got at least twenty broken heads last winter in learning to skate; and have since narrowly escaped being drowned in attempting to throw a casting net, which had nearly drawn me into the water with it. This, however, was the last effort of the kind I ever made; I am now set quietly down, perfectly satisfied with my own achievements in the sporting way.

But the worst is, that one of my companions won-

ders at my want of taste, and another at my want of resolution; a third asks me how I felt when I was falling off, and a fourth thanks heaven he was not bred in London!

CHRISTOPHER COCKNEY.

DEATH OF TOM MOODY,

The noted Whipper-in; well known to the Sportsmen of Shropshire.

You all know Tom Moody,* the whipper-in, well;
The bell just done tolling was neatest Tom's knell:
A more able sportsman, ne'er followed a hound,
Thro' a country, well-known to him, fifty miles round;
No hound ever open'd with Tom in the wood,
But he'd challenge the tone, and cou'd tell if 'twas good:—
And all, with attention, would eagerly mark,
When he cheer'd up the pack—"Hark!
To Rockwood, hark! hark!
High!—Wind him! and cross him!
Now Rattler, boy!—hark!"

Six crafty earth-stoppers, in hunter's green drest,
Supported poor Tom to an "earth" made for rest:
His horse, which he styl'd his "Old Soul," next appear'd,
On whose forehead the brush of his last fox was rear'd;
Whip, cap, boots, and spurs, in a trophy were bound,
And here and there follow'd an old straggling hound.

* The veteran sportsman, who is the subject of this ballad, died some years since, in the service of Mr. Forrester, of Shropshire. He had been the whipper-in to that gentleman's pack upwards of thirty years: and from the whimsical circumstances attending his burial, it is considered as worthy of a place in this collection.

Ah!—no more at his voice yonder vales will they trace!
Nor the Wrekin* resound his first burst in the chase!
"With high over!—Now press him!
Tally-ho!—tally-ho!"

Thus Tom spoke his friends, e'er he gave up his breath—
"Since I see you're resolv'd to be in at the death,
One favour bestow—'tis the last I shall crave—
Give a rattling view-halloo, thrice over my grave:
And unless at that warning I lift up my head,
My boys! you may fairly conclude I am dead!"
Honest Tom was obey'd, and the shout rent the sky,
For ev'ry voice join'd in the Tally-Ho! cry.
"Tally-ho!—Hark forwards!
Tally-ho!—Tally-ho!"

NATURAL HISTORY OF THE PUPPY.

THE puppy is an animal often mentioned, often seen, often complained of, but never yet accurately described. As the word *puppy* is not to be found in Linnæus, it may be necessary to attempt a definition. Puppy then is derived from the French *pou-pee*, which means either a whelp or one of those pasteboard figures, which we see in the shops of fashionable hair-dressers to exhibit their skill. It originally signified the whelp of a female dog, and at that time was known rather in kennels than in families; but it is now understood as a species of human beings, differing from the rest of mankind in this respect, that in them there is something internal, as well as external, to be looked at or expected; whereas with the puppies all is outside. When, therefore, we speak of the head of a puppy, we

* The famous mountain in Shropshire.

are not speaking of that which contains the brain or intellect, but of a round empty knob, which has no other pre-eminence than that of being accidentally placed at the upper extremity of the body.

Puppies (from the above derivation of their name) came from France, but though puppies were originally the growth of that country, they may be cultivated with success in almost any; and it is pretty certain that they have been made to thrive with as much success in London as at Paris.

In the account of this animal, I must correct myself, so far as to guard against the term *cultivation*, which is, strictly speaking, not applicable to them; on the contrary, they never flourish so well as when left to themselves, and kept free of all cultivation; those who have attempted cultivation have either failed, or produced an animal of a quite different species. Cultivation and education are almost synonymous terms, and therefore equally improper in this case.

At what time they were imported into this country it is not easy to say, as they have been mentioned by writers for nearly two centuries past, but it is principally within the last that they have become domesticated, and that no place has been found entirely free of them. In the metropolis the best specimens are to be seen; and next to that in the principal cities, and in some towns on the sea coast, such as Brighthelmstone, Margate, &c. but in the latter they are chiefly in the summer, and it is only within these thirty years that they have frequented those places at all.

The metropolis, notwithstanding, is the chief haunt of the species, and no public places are free from them. The theatres, opera, concerts, and riding-schools, the

parks, and the most frequented streets, particularly between Charing Cross and Hyde-Park Corner, often swarm with them.

It was a long time supposed that they were of the monkey kind; in respect to chattering they certainly resemble that animal. Their language is pronounced with the same kind of confused noise, and what they say is equally sensible. They have also all the mischievous tricks of monkies, and somewhat of their knack of imitating common actors, or taking off certain peculiarities; but in other respects they totally differ from the monkey, who is a far more faithful and affectionate animal, and fulfils the end of its creation more punctually than the puppy. Veracity, in matters of natural history is of great importance, and therefore, we have introduced this short comparison between the two animals. It is our present business to do justice to puppies, but it must not be at the expence of monkeys.

We have already hinted, that the puppy is an animal entirely *outside;* strip him of that, and you have a mere *non-entity*, or what we may term the personification of *nobody*. It is in their skin, or outer covering, that they pride themselves, and by which they are principally known. On this account, also, it is that they are so much encouraged by various descriptions of artisans, particularly tanors and barbers, who have acquired such a perfect knowledge of the genius of the animal, that they can alter its shape at pleasure, and do sometimes, for the entertainment of the public, produce such extraordinary transformations, as have been thought worthy of representation on the stage, and these are often exhibited by artists in the print-shops.

It is common with natural historians to enquire into the use of the animals they describe; but this is a question, which, in the case of puppies, would be attended with some difficulty, and no author has seriously made the attempt. In truth, the more we consider them, the more useless they appear. A great part of their time is consumed in sleep, or at least in bed, where they are to be found at the time when the rest of the world have completed half the business of the day. Justice, however, requires me to add, what I have slightly hinted at already, viz. that they occasion a considerable consumption of broad cloth and leather, particularly in the article of boots; but, on the other hand, they have occasioned a diminution in the demand for shoes and stockings, none of these articles having for many years been considered as belonging to the puppy tribe.

With regard to the propagation of this animal there are many difficulties and uncertainties. That they are capable of propagating their own species, has been doubted, and indeed they seldom marry: but, on the other hand, they are themselves said to be the produce of a cross breed, composed of a fool and a fine lady! These produce puppies in abundance, and take such care in rearing them, that they are quite perfect in their kind by the time they have reached their fifteenth or sixteenth year; after which, their parents send them into the world to provide for themselves, and seldom take much care about them afterwards. They are not a very long-lived animal; they are generally worn out after they have been upon the town a very few years, and very many of them, when they have arrived at the age of twenty-one, are caught by persons

appointed for the purpose, and locked up in cages, of which there are several in and about the metropolis, particularly in the Old Bailey and Fleet Market, and a very large one in St. George's Fields.

Some of them are not absolutely disagreeable, and many persons, particularly ladies, are particularly fond of them, preferring them to parrots and monkies. Indeed they are in some respects more docile than these animals, and perform a greater number of droll and diverting tricks: some of them cannot only call a coach, but hand the company into it, and pay for it afterwards. Some of them can very cleverly defray the expence of a tavern bill, and will present tickets for the opera, or a concert, like a human being. Some, likewise, have been taught various games, although it must be confessed they play their cards but indifferently; yet, if they pull out their money readily and gracefully, it affords amusement to their antagonists. Others of them ride on horseback very expertly, and acquire a knowledge of the business of the stable, equal to that of the most rational grooms and jockies.

When to this is added, the chattering noise they make in talking, and the various actions which they are taught to mimic, it may be supposed, that in general they would be preferred to monkies or parrots; but there are many reasons why this should not be the case, and the principal reason is, that the expence of keeping them is enormous.

INCONGRUOUS ADOPTION.

A fox that had been dug out of its earth, being brought to a gentleman's in Shropshire, to be kept till the next

morning, when it was to be turned out before a pack of hounds; a female rabbit, with two sucking ones, was procured for its refreshment, and the fox accordingly ate up the old rabbit for his supper; but in the night he found means of effecting his escape; a cat, who had lately kittened in the house, found suck for the young rabbits, and taking compassion on the poor orphans, nourished them as she would have done her own offspring, and seemed even to pay them uncommon attention; for she frequently carried them in her mouth to different parts of the house, even into the garrets, for greater security from any enemies whom she apprehended might injure them: and more particularly from a young terrier, who was also kept in the house. One of the rabbits died in two or three days, but the other lived till it was able to run about after its nurse, who continued to treat it with the utmost tenderness and affection, but whose cares were unavailing to preserve her adopted from the enemy she most suspected—the terrier, who finally demolished the poor rabbit, to the grief of its foster-mother.

SINGULAR PENSION.

The Hon. Mr. L— lost, a few years since, at Brookes's, 70,000l. with his carriages, horses, &c. which was his last stake. Charles F—, who was present, and partook of the spoils, moved that an annuity of 50l. per annum should be settled upon the unfortunate gentleman, to be paid out of the general fund; which motion was agreed to *nem. con.* and a resolution was entered into at the instance of the same gentleman, that every member who should be completely

ruined in that house should be allowed a similar annuity out of the same fund, on condition they are never to be admitted as sporting members; as, in that case, the society would be playing against their own money.

CAUTIONS FOR THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

1. We recommend all persons who have dogs of any kind, whether bull-dogs, mastiffs, grey-hounds, pug-dogs, lap-dogs, or mongrels to keep them at home, as the dogstealers are prowling about to provide pointers for the cockney sportsmen to-morrow.

2. Ladies who have parrots, or singing-birds of any kind, to be cautious of hanging them out of their windows to-morrow, as they may probably be considered as fair game by the sporting parties.

3. It would be adviseable also to padlock the doors of hen-houses, as poultry will stand in a very dangerous predicament throughout the whole of to-morrow; the first of September having become as hostile to cocks in particular, as Shrove Tuesday was at a former period.

4. The cowkeepers are recommended to have an extraordinary watch over their cattle; as an accidental shot, though it would not kill a cow, might lame, or blind it.

5. It is earnestly hoped that all persons will be cautious of walking in the vicinity of town, and particularly near hedges, in the early part of the day; as, on the first of last September, a lady walking under an umbrella during a shower of rain, in Pancras fields,

was shot at by a sportsman from the city, who took her for a *green goose*.

6. All persons who drive out to-morrow, in gigs and one-horse chairs, are desired to put up the heads; and ladies and gentlemen who take airing in their carriages, are particularly requested to keep up the blinds for fear of accidents.

7. Parents are also most seriously charged to prevent their children from bathing to morrow, for fear they should be taken for water-fowl.

(Signed) JONATHAN SAVE-ALL.
August 31. Secretary.

CHLOE'S VEXATION.

At the glittering dew which bespangled the lawn,
Aurora was taking a peep,
To rouse the keen sportsman broke forth the clear dawn.
When up started Colin, as brisk as a fawn,
Leaving Chloe unconscious asleep;
And op'ning the casement he cried out to John,
His servant, and old sporting croney,
"See the sun's getting up, and 'tis time we were gone,
"So uncouple the pointers, young Ponto and Don,
"And saddle the black shooting poney."
Awak'd by the noise, Chloe rubbing her eyes,
Which might rival the basilisk's charms,
Exclaim'd, "What's o'clock?" Then with well-feigned surprize,
"'Tis not five! Why, my Colin, so soon dost thou rise,
"And quit thy poor Chloe's fond arms?"
Colin quick snatch'd a kiss, smil'd, and shaking his head,
Cried, "The day, my sweet Chloe remember."
The disconsolate fair one, then, tossing in bed,
Again courted sleep, but with ponting lip said,
"Oh, the deuce take the First of September!"

CZARINA: AN ANECDOTE OF LORD ORFORD.

It is well known that this nobleman was disordered in his mind. Once, during an attack which was on him, he was confined to his chamber with an attendant; but with all the latent artifice for which objects of this description are so remarkable, he contrived, by some plausible pretext, to get his keeper out of the room, and instantly jumped out of the window, ran to the stables, and saddled his pye-balled poney, at the very time he well knew the grooms and stable attendants were all engaged.

On that day his favourite bitch, old Czarina was to run a match of great consequence; the game-keepers had already taken her to the field, where a large party were assembled, equally lamenting the absence of his lordship, and the cause by which his presence was prevented.---When, at the very moment of mutual regret and condolence, who should appear, at full speed on the pye-balled poney, but Lord Orford himself.

> His presence all bosoms appeared to dismay,
> His friends stood in silence and fear.

But none had power to restrain him, all attempts and entreaties were in vain, the match he was determined to see; and no persuasion whatever could influence him to the contrary. Finding no entreaties could divert him from the extatic expectation he had formed, the greyhounds were started, and Czarina won. During the course, no human power or exertion could prevent him from riding after the dogs, more particularly

as his favourite bitch displayed her superiority in every stroke; when, in the moment of the highest exultation and in the eagerness of his triumph, unfortunately falling from his poney, and pitching upon his head---whether occasioned by apoplexy, or such contusion upon the skull as instantly affected the brain---he almost immediately expired, to the inexpressible grief of those who surrounded him at the last moment of his life.

UNCOMMON INSTANCE OF CANINE SAGACITY.

In October 1800, a young man going into a place of public entertainment at Paris, was told that his dog would not be permitted to enter; and he was accordingly left at the door with the guard. The young man had scarcely entered the lobby when his watch was stolen; he returned to the guard, and prayed that his dog might be admitted, as through his means he might discover the thief. The dog was suffered to accompany his master, who intimated to the animal that he had lost something: the dog set out immediately in quest of the *strayed* article, and fastened on the *thief*, whose guilt on searching him was made apparent; the fellow had no less than *six* watches in his pocket, which being laid before the dog, he distinguished his master's, took it up by the string, and bore it to him in safety.

CONNUBIAL TENDERNESS.

A GENTLEMAN, equally remarkable for the urbanity of his manners, and the excellence of his fox-hounds, was addressed one evening in the following manner by his huntsman.---"An please your honour,

sir, (twirling his quid and cap with mutual dexterity) I should be glad to be excused going to-morrow to Woolford Wood, because, as how, I should like to go and see my poor wife buried."—"I am really sorry for thee, Tom, (replied his master) we can do very well without thee for one day: she was an excellent wife!" Notwithstanding, however, this kind permission, Tom was the first in the field on the following morning. "Hey-dey! (said his master) did I not give you leave to see the remains of your poor wife interred, and to pay the last tribute at her grave?"—"Yes, your honour, you did to be sure, but I thought as how, being a fine morning, we should have good sport of it; so I desired our Dick, the dog-feeder, to see her *earthed!*"

THE PHEASANT.

Close by the borders of the fringed lake,
And on the oak's expanding bough is seen;
What time the leaves the passing zephyrs shake,
And sweetly murmur thro' the sylvan scene.

The gaudy pheasant, rich with varying dyes,
That fade alternate, and alternate glow;
Receiving now his colours from the skies,
And now reflecting back the wat'ry bow.

He flaps his wings, erects his spotted crest,
His flaming eyes dart forth a piercing ray.
He swells the lovely plumage of his breast,
And glares a wonder on the orient day.

Ah! what avails such heav'nly plumes as thine,
When dogs and sportsmen in thy ruin join.

CURIOUS MAP OF A SPORTSMAN.

THE late Mr. O'Kelly, well known to all the lovers of the turf, having at a Newmarket-Meeting, proposed a considerable wager to a gentleman, who it seems had no knowledge of him; the stranger suspecting the challenge came from one of the black-legged fraternity, begged to know what security he would give for so large a sum, if he should lose, and where his estates lay. "O! by Jasus, my dear crater, I have the *map of them about me*, and here it is sure enough," said O'Kelly, pulling out a pocket book, and giving unequivocal proofs of his property, by producing *bank notes* to a considerable amount.

A CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPH.

AN old huntsman being on the point of death, requested his master would see a few legacies disposed of, as follows:---

"*Imprimis*, I give to the sexton, for digging my grave, my tobacco-box. *Item*, to the clerk, for two staves, my gin-bottle with silver top. *Item*, to our sporting parson, Dr. Dasher, my silver-mounted whip, with old Merrilass and her litter of puppies engraved, for a funeral sarment (if he can make one) on the following text---

"Foxes have holes," &c.

"An', please your honour (he continued) I have made some varses too, to save the clerk the trouble,

for my grave stone, if your honour will say something first about my birth, parentage, and education." The gentleman promised, and he *died*.

Here lies
TIMOTHY FOX,
who was unkennelled
at seven o'clock, November 5th, 1768;
and having
availed himself of many shifts thro' the chase,
but at last not being able to get into any hole or crevice,
was run down
by CAPTAIN DEATH'S bloodhounds,
Gout, Rheumatism, Dropsy, Catarrh, Asthma,
and Consumption.

From early youth I learnt to hoop and halloo,
And o'er the Cotswold the sharp hound to follow;
Oft at the dawn I've seen the glorious sun,
Gang from the east till he his course had run.
I was the fam'd Mendoza of the field,
And to no huntsman would give in or yield;
And when it fancied me to make a push,
No daring Nimrod ever got the brush.
But all my life-time death has hunted me,
O'er hedge and gate, nor from him could I flee;
Now he has caught my brush, and in this hole
Earth my poor bones—"Farewel! thou flowing bowl,
Scented* with Reynard's foot, for death my rum† hath stole."

---

* A custom with enthusiastic fox-hunters, to put a foot, or pad, of the fox killed into a bowl of punch; deduced, perhaps, from the unenlightened heroes amongst the ancient northern tribes, who thought the beverage more highly flavoured when drank out of the skulls of their enemies. The writer of the present anecdote must confess, that he has carried his ardour more than once so far, as to immerse the foot of a fox recently killed in a bumper of port.

† His aquavitæ.

PROMPT COURAGE OF FRANCIS I.

When this monarch was at Amboire, among other diversions for the ladies of his court, he ordered an enormous wild boar he had caught in the forest to be let loose in the court before the castle. The animal enraged at the small darts, &c. thrown at him from the windows, ran furiously up the grand stair-case, and burst open the door of the ladies' apartment. Francis ordered his officers not to attack him, and waited deliberately to receive him with the point of his hanger, which he dexterously plunged between his eyes, and, with a forcible grasp, turned the boar upon his back. This prince was then but one and twenty years of age.

REPARTEE OF LOUIS XV.

When this monarch went out to hunt, it was customary for his suite to take with them forty bottles of wine, of which, however, he seldom tasted; indeed, they were intended more for his servants than for him. One day the king was extremely thirsty, and asked for a glass of wine. "Sire, there is none left," said they. "Do you not always bring forty bottles?"---"Yes, Sire, but all is drank."---"In future (said he) you will be so good as to bring forty-one, that at least one may be left for me.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

In the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne, Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is adorend with the various trappings and accoutrements in which that animal is commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines.

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
these stones are erected.
What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished;
His deportment was graceful, nay noble;
the ladies admired, and followed him;
by application, he gained applause.
His abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
the divine, the lawyer, and the statesman
into his own smooth track.
Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the cavaliers
would not have refused his assistance, for to the reins of due government he was always obedient
He was a favourite, yet at times he felt the wanton
lash of lawless power.
After a life of laborious servitude, performed like Clarendon's,
with unimpeached fidelity,
he, like that great man, was turned out of employment
stript of all trappings, without place or pension:
Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,
not dreading futurity, he placidly met the hand
appointed to be his assassin.
Thus he died—an example to all mortals under the wide
expanded canopy of heaven.

CHARACTER OF THE BLOOD-HOUNDS.

Used in the Island of Cuba by the Spanish Chasseurs.

BY R. C. DALLAS, ESQ.

The dogs carried out by the Chasseurs del Res, are perfectly broken in, that is to say, they will not kill the object they pursue unless resisted. On coming up

with a fugitive, they bark at him till he stops, they then crouch near him, terrifying him with a ferocious growling if he stirs. In this position they continue barking, to give notice to the chasseurs, who come up and secure their prisoner, each chasseur, though he can hunt only with two dogs properly, is obliged to have three, which he maintains at his own cost, and that at no small expense. These people live with their dogs, from which they are inseparable. At home the dogs are kept chained, and when walking with their masters, are never unmuzzled, or let out of ropes, but for attack. They are constantly accompanied with one or two small dogs, called finders, whose scent is very keen, and always sure of hitting off a track. Dogs and bitches hunt equally well, and the chasseurs rear no more than will supply the number required. This breed of dogs, indeed, is not so prolific as the common kinds, though infinitely stronger and hardier. The animal is the size of a very large hound, with ears erect, which are usually cropped at the points; the nose more pointed, but widening very much towards the after-part of the jaw. His coat, or skin, is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the whole structure of the body, as the severe beatings he undergoes in training would kill any other species of dog. There are some, but not many, of a more obtuse nose, and which are rather squarer set. These, it may be presumed, have been crossed by the mastiff; but if by this the bulk has been a little increased, it has added nothing to the strength, height, beauty, or agility of the native breed.

EPITAPH.

On a grave-stone on the north side of St. Nicholas Church, Nottingham.

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Booth, who departed this life the 26th day of March, A. D. 1752, aged 75.

HERE lies a marksman, who with art and skill
When young and strong, fat Bucks and Does did kill.
Now conquered by grim death; go, reader tell it,
He's now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
Has dropt him down among the dead to lie.
If any wants to know the poor slave's name,
'Twas old Tom Booth, ne'er ask from whom he came.
He's hither sent, and surely such another,
Ne'er issued from the belly of a mother.

It is said, that the deceased composed the above previous to his death, and requested it might be placed on his grave-stone. He was a sportsman and very fond of buck-killing.

EXTRAORDINARY FOX-CHASE.

IN January 1794, a most remarkable adventure happened with the hounds belonging to his Grace the Duke of Beaufort:---They had unkennelled at Stanton Park, when after a most excellent chase over a long scope of country, Reynard being close pressed, and nature nearly exhausted, in the last moments of despondency he entered a cottage at Castle Coombe, and actually took refuge in a cradle, from which but a very few minutes before a woman had providentially

taken her infant. This last exertion of strength and sagacity for the preservation of life, was, however, almost immediately rendered abortive; for the "well-scented hounds," steady to "the adhesive attack," were not foiled to a fault, but entering the hovel, seized upon their devoted victim, and dragging him from "his lurking place," effected his immediate destruction.

EXTRAORDINAY EQUESTRIAN PERFORMANCES.

One of the earliest in the order of time, in this country, occurred in the year 1604, in the reign of James I. when John Lepton, Esq. of Kenwick, in Yorkshire, who was one of his Majesty's grooms, undertook to ride five times between London and York, from Monday morning till Saturday night. He accordingly set out from St. Martin's-le-Grand, between two and three in the morning of the 26th of May, and arrived at York on the same day, between five and six in the afternoon; rested there that night, and the next day returned to St. Martin's-le-Grand, about seven in the evening, where he staid till about three o'clock the next morning. He reached York, a second time, about seven at night, from whence he set off again for London about three in the morning, and reached London between seven and eight. He set off again for York between two and three in the morning following, and getting there between seven and eight at night, completed his undertaking in five days. On the monday following he left York, and came to his Majesty's court at Greenwich, as fresh and as cheerful as when he first set out.

In the year 1619, on the 17th of July, one Bernard Calvert, of Andover, rode from St. George's church, Southwark, to Dover, from thence passed by barge to Calais, in France, and from thence back to St. George's church, the same day; setting out about three o'clock in the morning, and returning about eight in the evening, fresh and hearty.

In 1701, Mr. Sinclair, a gentleman, of Kirby Lonsdale, in Cumberland, for a wager of five hundred guineas, rode a galloway of his, on the Swift, at Carlisle, a thousand miles in a thousand successive hours.

In 1745, Mr. Cooper Thornhill, master of the Bell Inn, at Stilton, in Huntingdonshire, made a match, for a considerable sum, to ride three times between Stilton and London. He was allowed as many horses as he pleased, and to perform it in fifteen hours. He accordingly started on Monday, April 29, 1745, and rode

	h.	m.	sec.
From Stilton to Shoreditch church, London, (71 miles) in - - - -	3	52	59
From London to Stilton in - - -	3	50	57
From Stilton to London in - - -	3	49	56

Which was two hundred and thirteen miles in eleven hours, thirty-three minutes, and fifty-two seconds; and three hours, twenty-six minutes, and eight seconds within the time allowed him.

On Wednesday, June 27, 1759, Jennison Shafto, Esq. performed a match against time, on Newmarket Heath; the conditions of which were, he was to ride fifty miles (having as many horses as he pleased) in two successive hours, which he accomplished with ten

horses, in one hour, forty-nine minutes and seventeen seconds.

In 1761, a match was made between Jennison Shafto and Hugo Meynel, Esqrs. for two thousand guineas; Mr. Shafto to get a person to ride one hundred miles a day (on any one horse each day) for twenty-nine days together; to have any number of horses not exceeding twenty-nine. The person chose by Mr. Shafto was Mr. John Woodcock, who started on Newmarket-Heath, the 4th of May, 1761, at one o'clock in the morning, and finished (having used only fourteen horses) on the first of June, about six in the evening.

On Tuesday, August the 14th, 1773, at thirty-five minutes past ten in the evening, was determined a match between Thomas Walker's, Esq. hackney gelding and Captain Adam Hay's road mare, to go from London to York. Mr. Walker rode his horse, and and Captain Mulcaster rode for Mr. Hay. They set out from Portland street, London, and Captain Mulcaster, with the winning mare, arrived at Ouse-bridge, York, in forty hours, and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Walker's horse tired within six miles of Tadcaster, and died the next day. The mare drank twelve bottles of wine during her journey, and on the following Thursday was so well as to take her exercise on Knavesmire.

The last week in September, 1781, a great match of four hundred and twenty miles in one whole week, was rode over Lincoln two-mile course, and won by Richard Hanstead, of Lincoln, and his famous grey horse, with great ease, having three hours and a half to spare.

October the 15th, 1783, Samuel Haliday, a butcher of Leeds, undertook, for a bet of ten pounds, to ride from Leeds to Rochdale, from thence to York, and back again to Leeds (one hundred and ten miles) in twenty hours. He started at ten o'clock at night, upon a slender mare not fourteen hands high; and though he rode above fourteen stone, he finished his journey with ease, in less than eighteen hours.

December 29th, 1786, Mr. Hull's horse Quibbler, run a match for a thousand guineas, twenty-three miles in one hour, round the Flat at Newmarket, which he performed in fifty-seven minutes and ten seconds.

August 15th, 1792. To decide a wager of fifty pounds, between Mr. Cooper and Mr. Brewer of Stamford, the latter gentleman's horse, Labourer, ran twenty times round the race ground (exactly a mile) at Preston, in fifty-four minutes.

In October 1791, at the Curragh meeting in Ireland, Mr. Wilde, a sporting gentleman, made bets to the amount of two thousand guineas, to ride against time, viz. one hundred and twenty-seven English miles in nine hours. On the 6th of October he started, in a valley near the Curragh course, where two miles were measured, in a circular direction: each time he encompassed the course it was regularly marked. During the interval of changing horses, he refreshed himself with a mouthful of brandy and water, and was no more than six hours and twenty-one minutes, in completing the one hundred and twenty-seven miles; of course he had two hours and thirty-five minutes to spare.—Mr. Wilde had no more than ten horses, but they were all blood, and from the stud of —— Da-

ley, Esq.—Whilst on horseback, without allowing any thing for changing of horses, he rode at the rate of twenty miles an hour, for six hours. He was so little fatigued with this extraordinary performance, that he was at the Turf Club-House, in Kildare, the same evening.

The expedition of the express, with the account of the drawing of the Irish lottery, for 1792, has never yet been equalled, as will appear from the following road bill of the third day's express, Nov. 15, 1792.

	m.	*h.* *m.*
Holyhead to Birmingham - -	163½	in 11 45
Birmingham to Stratford upon Avon	23½	2 4
Stratford upon Avon to London -	105	7 45
	292	20 94

October the 14th, 1791, a trotting match took place on the Romford road, between Mr. Bishop's brown mare, 18 years old, and Mr. Green's chesnut gelding, six years old, twelve stone each, for fifty guineas a side; which was won with ease by Mr. Bishop's mare. They were to trot sixteen miles, which the mare performed in fifty-six minutes and some seconds.

SINGULAR ACCIDENT.

On Sunday, the 29th of October, 1802, about two o'clock, just as the fashionable world were beginning to collect in Hyde Park, an *awful lesson* presented itself to those *Phætonic Meteors*, who are so eternally anxious to obtain a superiority over each other, by the

blaze of their individual brilliancy. A gentleman of the name of D. entering the Park from the turnpike, in his curricle, with a pair of blood bay horses, had not got more than six times the length of his carriage within the gate, when the horses, either from instinctive spirit, not accustomed to the restraint of harness, or alarmed with the rattling of the carriages, began to be a little rampant. Here unfortunately, the driver, either by design or accident, happening to strike one of the horses with the whip, he instantly made an effort at speed, which his companion, being rather more obedient to the bit, seemed for *a moment* reluctantly to comply with; but the force of emulative inspiration was too great to suppress, and they *jointly* overcame the power opposed to their exertions. As the speed of the horses increased, the dread and anxiety of the numerous spectators became on every side perceptible, and infinite personal but ineffectual efforts were made to render assistance. They took the left-hand road toward the canal and magazine, over the gravel recently laid down; at the first gate on the right, the groom, by a sudden jerk upon the large stones, was either thrown or jumped out; and, sustaining no injury, instantly followed, in hope of assisting his master, who firmly kept his seat, the horses going at the extent of their speed, threatening inevitable destruction. Reaching the side of the canal, and no prospect presenting itself but being dashed to atoms, by a continuance of their career becoming, if possible, more and more impetuous, he, at this moment, used all his force to guide them into the water; they obeyed the reins, took the canal, and, although in the greatest danger of being lost, they regained the

land, and were got again into the road, when every heart was elate, upon a presumption the worst was past; and a person had, with great personal fortitude, seized the off-horse by the bridle, and continued to persevere till compelled to relinquish his hold for the preservation of his own life.

Here the loud supplications of Mr. D. for assistance, were most distressing to every human mind, unable to afford the least relief; in which dilemma of mental despondency and desperation, he, perhaps most fortunately, once more guided them towards that deep they had before escaped, where the great body of water, by the time they were chest deep, had retarded their speed, and they seemed to be brought up; but in the very act of turning, when their heads were pointing for the land, the off horse being upon the edge of the great depth, lost foot-hold, when a scene shocking to behold instantly ensued; the weight of the sinking horse gradually subdued every effort of the other, till only their heads were seen above the surface; during which the curricle continued sinking, the body of Mr. D. doing so likewise, till only his head was perceptible, at which moment, the groans of the horses, and lamentations of the driver, exceed the power of the pen to describe; and never can be obliterated from the mind of the writer, who was a near and miserable spectator of the whole. At the critical instant, when it was supposed no effort could save his life, two persons, who had from the first made a determined point at relief, plunged into the stream up to their breasts, and most happily preserved his life at the hazard of their own. The horses after long struggling, were

both drowned, and left in the canal, the curricle was brought to shore by the boat.

THE DUKE DE NIVERNOIS.

When this accomplished *ci devant* nobleman was ambassador to England, he was going to lord Townsend's seat, at Rainham, in Norfolk, on a private visit, *en dishabille*, and with only one servant, when he was obliged by a very heavy shower to stop at a farm-house in the way. The master of the house was a clergyman, who, to a poor curacy, added the care of a few scholars in the neighbourhood, which in all might make his living about eighty pounds a year: this was all he had to maintain a wife and six children. When the duke alighted, the clergyman, not knowing his rank, begged him to come in and dry himself, which the other accepted, by borrowing a pair of old worsted stockings and slippers, and warming himself by a good fire. After some conversation, the duke observed an old chess-board hanging up; and, as he was passionately fond of that game, he asked the clergyman whether he could play. The latter told him that he could play pretty tolerably, but found it difficult in that part of the country to get an antagonist. "I am your man," says the duke. "With all my heart," answers the clergyman, "and if you will stay and take pot-luck, I will see if I cannot beat you." The day continuing rainy, the duke accepted his offer, when his antagonist played so much better, that he won every game. This was so far from fretting the duke, that he was pleased to meet a man who could give him so much entertainment at his favourite game. He accor

dingly enquired into the state of his family affairs, and making a memorandum of his address, without discovering his title, thanked him, and departed.

Some months elapsed, and the clergyman never thought of the matter, when, one evening, a footman rode up to the door, and presented him with a note—"The duke de Nivernois' compliments wait on the Rev. Mr. ——, and as a remembrance for the good drubbing he gave him at chess, begs that he will accept the living of —— worth 400l. per annum, and that he will wait upon his grace the duke of Newcastle on Friday next, to thank him for the same."

The good clergyman, was some time before he could imagine it to be any more than a jest, and hesitated to obey the mandate; but as his wife insisted on his making a trial, he went up to town, and to his unspeakable satisfaction, found the contents of the note literally true.

ASTONISHING OCCURRENCE.

One of the Oxford dragoon horses, quartered at Leominster, in the neighbourhood of Ludlow, Shropshire, having got loose in the stable, had the curiosity to march up a crooked stair-case into the hay-loft, with a view, no doubt, to examine his stock of provisions; it is supposed he must have been there at least two hours, when his rider coming to the stable, and missing his horse, was thunderstruck, knowing he had the key in his pocket. The poor fellow, not having the least suspicion of his horse being up stairs, run like a madman to inform an officer of his loss, but had scarcely got twenty yards, when the animal (ex-

ulting in his station) put his head through the pitching hole and neighed aloud. The astonishment of the soldier, and the whole neighbourhood, can be better conceived than described. Every stratagem that could be devised was made use of, to lead or force him down the stairs, but all in vain; he saw the danger, and was obstinate.

The horse ran a considerable time, trotting and snorting about the loft, to the no small diversion of the spectators; at length, having wearied their efforts and patience, he accidentally trod upon the only vulnerable part of the floor, a trap door which covered a hole for sacking hops, 27 inches by 23, which being made of weaker boards than the rest, gave way; and his hinder part going down through, till his feet, touched the ground, he remained a few seconds in that position, and then disappeared, (like Harlequin in a pantomime, or the methodist parson into the washing tub) and dropped into the very posture and place in which he before stood in his stall, without any hurt except the loss of a few hairs off one of his legs, and a piece of skin, the size of a shilling, off his whiskers. The spectators could not forbear expressing their wonder, that the creature could fall through so small a hole without greater injury.

TROTTING MATCH.

Edward Stevens, a noted jockey in the neighbourhood of Windsor, made a bet with a sporting gentleman of great celebrity in the annals of Newmarket, that he would produce a pair of horses from his own

tud, who should trot in a tandem from Windsor to Hampton Court, a distance of sixteen miles, within the hour. The day being fixed, they performed the journey, with great ease, in fifty-seven minutes and thirteen seconds. They were driven by Mr. James Stevens, brother to the owner, who, by his excellent management, was the chief cause of their being so little distressed by the exertion.

THE HOUNDS.

AN ALLEGORY.

A HUNTSMAN was leading forth his hounds, one morning, to the chase, and had linked several of the young dogs in couples, to prevent their following every scent, and hunting in a disorderly manner, as their own inclination and fancy should direct them. Among others, it was the fate of Jowler and Vixen to be yoked together. Jowler and Vixen were both young and inexperienced, but had for some time been constant companions, and seemed to have entertained a great fondness for each other; they used to be perpetually playing together, and in any quarrel that happened, always took one another's part; it might have been expected, therefore, that it would not be disagreeable to them to be still closer united. However, in fact, it proved otherwise; they had not long been joined together, before both parties began to express uneasiness at their present situation. Different inclinations and opposite wills began to discover and exert themselves; if one chose to go this way, the other was eager to take the contrary; if one was pressing to go forward, the other was sure to lag behind—Vixen pulled back Jow-

ler, and Jowler dragged along Vixen—Jowler growled at Vixen, and Vixen snapped at Jowler. At last it came to a downright quarrel amongst them; and Jowler treated Vixen in a very rough and ungenerous manner, without any regard to the inferiority of her strength, or the tenderness of her sex. As they were thus continually vexing and tormenting one another, an old hound, who had observed all that passed, came up to them, and thus reproved them:—"What a couple of silly puppies you are, to be thus perpetually worrying one another at this rate! What hinders your going on peaceably and quietly together? Cannot you compromise the matter between you, by each consulting the other's inclination? At least, try to make a virtue of necessity, and submit to what you cannot remedy; you cannot get rid of the chain, but you may make it sit easy upon you. I am an old dog, and let my age and experience instruct you. When I was in the same circumstances with you, I soon found the thwarting my companion was only tormenting myself; and my yoke-fellow came into the same way of thinking. We endeavoured to join in the same pursuits, and to follow one another's inclination; and so we jogged on together, not only with ease and quiet, but with comfort and pleasure. We found, by experience, that mutual compliance not only compensates for liberty, but is even attended with a satisfaction and delight beyond what liberty itself can give."

AN EPITAPH.

Beneath this turf a female lies,
That once the boast of fame was;
Have patience, reader, if you're wise,
You'll then know what her name was.

In days of youth, (be censure blind)
To men she wou'd be creeping;
When 'mongst the many one prov'd kind
And took her into—keeping.

Then to the stage* she bent her way,
Where more applauded none was;
She gain'd new lovers ev'ry day,
But constant still to -one was.

By players, poets, peers, address'd,
Nor bribe nor flattery mov'd her:
And tho' by all the men caress'd,
Yet all the—women lov'd her.

Some kind remembrance then bestow
Upon the peaceful sleeper;
Her name was Phillis, you must know,
One Hawthorn was her keeper.

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* A little spaniel bitch strayed into the Theatre, in Drury-Lane, and fixed upon Mr. Beard as her master and protector, was constantly at his heels, and attended him on the stage in the character of Hawthorn. She died much lamented, not only by her master, who was a member of the Beef-Steak Club, but by all the members; at one of their meetings, as many as chose it, were requested to furnish, at the next meeting, an epitaph. Among divers, preference was given to the above, from the pen of the late worthy John Walton, to whom the club were obliged for the well known ballad of "Ned and Nell," and some beautiful songs.

PUNISHMENT OF THE STAG.

An extraordinary event occurred no longer since than June, 1795, upon the frontiers of Kiow, upon the Dniper, in Russia; when a man was seen fast tied upon the back of a stag, which, probably terrified with this uncommon burden, was going at full speed. It was to no purpose that the spectators attempted to stop, or pursue the animal; it was soon out of sight, and about eight days after the wood-cutters found both of them dead in a wood, near Miedzyrycz, in Poland; the man was so much torn and mangled, as to render any recognizance of his person impossible. It was, however, conjectured, that he had been the victim of some great lord.

A similar circumstance we are informed, occurred in the neighbourhood of Friedberg, in the sixteenth century, through which place, a man chained to the back of a stag, was seen to pass, and distinctly heard to cry for assistance, saying he had been three days in that dreadful situation, the stag having brought him all the way from Saxony. Some time after the man and the beast were both found, almost torn to pieces, near the city of Solms.

THE ASSEMBLY OF QUADRUPEDS.

A gentleman travelling, about thirty years ago, through Mecklenburgh, was witness to the following curious circumstance, in the post-house of New Stargard. After dinner, the landlord placed on the floor a large dish of soup, and gave a loud whistle. Imme-

diately there came into the room, a mastiff, a fine Angora cat, an old raven, and a remarkably large rat, with a bell about his neck. The four immediately went to the dish, and without disturbing each other, fed together; after which, the dog, cat, and rat lay before the fire, while the raven hopped about the room. The landlord, after accounting for the familiarity existing among the four, informed the guests that the rat was the most useful of them, as the noise he made with his bell had completely cleared the house from the rats and mice with which it was before infested."

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE FOX.

By Mr. Pennant, and other eminent writers.

The fox is a native of almost every quarter of the globe, and is of such a wild nature, that it is impossible fully to tame him. He is esteemed the most sagacious and most crafty of all beasts of prey. The former quality he shews in his mode of providing himself an asylum, where he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young: and his craftiness is discovered by his schemes to catch lambs, geese, hens, and all kinds of small birds. The fox, if possible, fixes his abode on the border of a wood, in the neighbourhood of some farm or village: he listens to the crowing of the cocks and the cries of the poultry; he scents them at a distance; he chuses his time with judgment; he conceals his road as well as his design; he slips forward with caution, sometimes even trailing his body, and seldom makes a fruitless expedition. If he can leap the wall, or get in

underneath, he ravages the court-yard, puts all to death, and retires softly with his prey, which he either hides under the herbage, or carries off to his kennel. He returns in a few minutes for another, which he carries off or conceals in the same manner, but in a different place. In this way he proceeds till the progress of the sun, or some movements perceived in the house, advertise him that it is time to suspend his operations, and to retire to his den. He plays the same game with the catchers of thrushes, woodcocks, &c. He visits the nets and birdlime very early in the morning, carries off successively the birds which are entangled, and lays them in different places, especially by the sides of highways, in the furrows, under the herbage or brushwood, where they sometimes lie two or three days; but he knows perfectly where to find them when he is in need. He hunts the young hares in the plains, seizes old ones in their seats, digs out the rabbits in the warrens, discovers the nests of partridges and quails, seizes the mother on the eggs, and destroys a vast quantity of game. He is exceedingly voracious, and, when other food fails him, makes war against rats, field mice, serpents, lizards, and toads. Of these he destroys vast numbers, and this is the only service that he appears to do to mankind. When urged by hunger he will also eat roots or insects; and the foxes near the coasts will devour crabs, shrimps, or shell-fish. In France and Italy they do incredible mischief, by feeding on grapes, of which they are excessively fond.

We are told by Buffon, that he sometimes attacks bee-hives, and the nests of wasps, for the sake of what he can find to eat: and that he frequently meets with so rough a reception, as to force him to retire, that

he may roll on the ground and crush those that are stinging him; but having thus rid himself of his troublesome companions, he instantly returns to the charge, and obliges them at length to forsake their combs, and leave them to him as the reward of his victory. When pressed by necessity he will devour carrion. "I once (says M. Buffon) suspended on a tree, at the height of nine feet, some meat, bread, and bones. The foxes had been at severe exercise during the night; for next morning the earth all round was beaten, by their jumping, as smooth as a barn-floor."

The fox exhibits a great degree of cunning in digging young rabbits out of their burrows. He does not enter the hole, for in this case he would have to dig several feet along the ground, under the surface of the earth; but he follows their scent above, till he comes to the end, where they lay, and then scratching up the earth, descends immediately upon, and devours them.

Pontoppidan informs us, that when the fox observes an otter to go into the water to fish, he will frequently hide himself behind a stone, and when the otter comes to shore with his prey, he will make such a spring upon him, that the affrighted animal runs off, and leaves his booty behind. "A certain person (continues this writer) was surprised on seeing a fox near a fisherman's house, laying a parcel of torsks'* heads in a row: he waited the event; the fox hid himself behind them, and made a booty of the first crow that came for a bit of them."

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* A species of cod.

The fox prepares for himself a convenient den, in which he lies concealed during the greater part of the day. This is so contrived, as to afford the best possible security to the inhabitant, being situated under hard ground, the roots of trees, &c. and is besides furnished with proper outlets, through which he may escape in case of necessity. This care and dexterity in constructing for himself a habitation, is, by M. Buffon, considered as alone sufficient to rank the fox among the higher order of quadrupeds, since it implies no small degree of intelligence.

"The fox (says he) knows how to ensure his safety, by providing himself with an asylum to which he retires from pressing dangers, where he dwells, and where he brings up his young. He is not a vagabond, but lives settled in a domestic state. This difference, though it appears even among men, has greater effects, and supposes more powerful causes among the inferior animals. The single idea of a habitation, or settled place of abode, the art of making it commodious, and concealing the avenues to it, imply a superior degree of sentiment."

He is one of those animals that, in this country, are made objects of diversion in the chase. When he finds himself pursued, he generally makes towards his hole, and penetrating to the bottom, lies till a terrier is sent in to him. If his den is under a rock, or the roots of trees, which is often the case, he is safe, for the terrier is no match for him there; and he cannot be dug out by his enemies. When the retreat to his kennel is cut off, his stratagems and shifts to escape are as surprising as they are various. He always takes to the most woody parts of the country, and prefers the paths

that are most embarrassed with thorns and briars. He runs in a direct line before the hounds, and at no great distance from them; and, if hard pushed, seeks the low wet grounds, as if conscious that the scent did not lie so well there. When overtaken he becomes obstinately desperate, and bravely defends himself against the teeth of his adversaries, even to the last gasp.

Dr. Goldsmith relates a remarkable instance of the parental affection of this animal, which, he says, occurred near Chelmsford. "A she fox that had, as it should seem, but one cub, was unkennelled by a gentleman's hounds, and hotly pursued. The poor animal, braving every danger, rather than leave her cub behind to be worried by the dogs, took it up in her mouth, and ran with it in this manner for some miles; at last, taking her way through a farmer's yard, she was assaulted by a mastiff, and at length obliged to drop her cub; this was taken up by the farmer." And, we are happy to add, that the affectionate creature escaped the pursuit, and got off in safety.

Of all animals, the fox has the most significant eye, by which is expressed every passion of love, fear, hatred, &c. He is remarkably playful; but, like all savage creatures half reclaimed, will on the least offence bite even those with whom he is most familiar. He is never to be fully tamed: he languishes when deprived of liberty; and, if kept too long in a domestic state, he dies of chagrin. When abroad, he is often seen to amuse himself with his fine bushy tail, running sometimes for a considerable while in circles to catch it. In cold weather he wraps it about his nose.

The fox is very common in Japan. The natives believe him to be animated by the devil, and their histo-

rical and sacred writings are all full of strange accounts respecting him.

He possesses astonishing acuteness of smell. During winter he makes an almost continual yelping, but in summer, when he sheds his hair, he is for the most part silent.

In the northern countries there is a *black fox*, a variety of the common fox. The Kamtschadales informed Dr. Grieve that these were once so numerous with them, that whenever they fed their dogs, it was a difficult piece of labour to prevent them from partaking. The doctor says, that when he was in Kamtschatka, they were in such plenty near the forts, that in the night they entered them, without any apparent apprehension of danger from the dogs of the country. One of the inhabitants, he informs us, caught several of them in the pit where he kept his fish.

The mode usually adopted by the inhabitants for taking them, is by traps baited with live animals: and, for the greater security, two or three of these traps are placed upon one hillock, that, whatever way the foxes approach, they may fall into one of them. This is found necessary, since those which have been once in danger, ever afterwards go so cautiously to work, as frequently to eat the bait without being seized. But, with all their cunning, when several traps are employed, it is difficult for them to escape. Their skins are very valuable.

A CELEBRATED MARKSWOMAN.

The ingenious Dr. W. Hutton, of Birmingham, in a late publication, in which he gives an account of

several singularities which he met with in a recent journey through a part of Derbyshire, adds, " But the greatest wonder I saw, was Miss Phebe Brown, in person five feet six, about thirty, well proportioned, round sized and ruddy, a dark penetrating eye, which, the moment it fixes upon your face, stamps your character, and that with precision. Her step, pardon me the Irishism, is more manly than a man's, and can easily cover forty miles a day. Her common dress is a man's hat, coat, and a spencer over it, and mens' shoes. I believe she is a stranger to breeches. She can lift one hundred weight with each hand, and carry fourteen score. Can sew, knit, cook, and spin, but hates them all, and every accompanyment to the female character, except that of modesty. A gentleman at the New Bath recently treated her so rudely, ' that she had a good mind to have knocked him down.' She positively assured me, that she did not know what fear was—she never gives any affront, but will offer to fight any man who gives her one—if she has not fought, perhaps it is owing to the insulter's being a coward, for none else would give an affront. She has strong sense, an excellent judgment, says some smart things, and supports an easy freedom in all companies. Her voice is more than masculine, it is deep-toned; the wind in her favour, she can send it a mile; has no beard, or prominence of breast; accepts any kind of manual labour, as holding the plough, driving the team, thatching the ricks, &c. but her chief avocation is horse-breaking, at a guinea a week; always rides without a saddle; is supposed the best judge of a horse, cow, &c. in the country, and is frequently requested to purchase for others at the neighbouring fairs. She is fond of

Milton, Pope, Shakespeare, also of music; is self-taught; performs on several instruments, the violin, &c.

She is an excellent *markswoman*, and, like her brother sportsmen, carries her gun upon her shoulder. She eats no beef, or pork, and but little mutton, her chief food is milk, and also her drink, discarding wine, ale, and spirits."

WOLF-HUNTING.

Soon after Mr. Putnam removed to Connecticut, the wolves, then very numerous, broke into his sheep-fold, and killed seventy fine sheep and goats, besides wounding many lambs and kids. This havoc was committed by a she-wolf, which, with her annual whelps, had for several years infested the vicinity. The young were commonly destroyed by the vigilance of the hunters, but the old one was too sagacious to come within gun-shot; upon being closely pursued, she would generally fly to the western woods, and return the next winter with another litter of whelps.

This wolf at length became such an intolerable nuisance, that Mr. Putnam entered into a combination with five of his neighbours to hunt alternately until they could destroy her. Two, by rotation, were to be constantly in pursuit. It was known that, having lost the toes from one foot by a steel trap, she made one track shorter than the other. By this vestige, the pursuers recognized, in a light snow, the route of this pernicious animal. Having followed her to Connecticut river, and found she had turned back in a direct course towards Pomfret, they immediately returned, and by ten the next morning the blood-hounds had

driven her into a den, about three miles from Mr. Putnam's house. The people soon collected, with dogs, straw, fire, and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect: nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled, compel her to quit the retirement. Wearied with such fruitless attempts, (which had brought the time till ten o'clock at night) Mr. Putnam tried once more to make his dog enter, but in vain! He proposed to his negro-man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf; the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was, that their master, angry at the disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family, resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast, least she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. His neighbours strongly remonstrated against the perilous enterprize: but he, knowing that wild animals were intimidated by fire, and having provided several strips of birch-bark, the only combustible material which he could obtain that would afford light in this deep and darksome cave, prepared for his descent. Accordingly, divesting himself of his coat and waiscoat, and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered head foremost, with the blazing torch in his hand.

The aperture of the den, on the east side of a very high ledge of rocks, is about two feet square; from thence it descends obliquely fifteen feet, then running horizontally about ten more, it ascends gradually six-

teen feet towards its termination. The sides of this subterraneous cavity are composed of smooth and solid rocks, which seem to have been divided from each other by an earthquake. The top and bottom are also of stone, and the entrance in winter being covered with ice, is exceedingly slippery. It is in no place high enough for a man to raise himself upright, nor in any part more than three feet in width.

Having groped his passage to the horizontal part of the den, the most terrifying darkness appeared in front of the dim circle of light afforded by his torch. It was silent as the house of death. None but monsters of the desert had ever before exploded this solitary mansion of horror. He cautiously proceeded onward, came to the ascent, which he slowly mounted on his hands and knees, until he discovered the glaring eye-balls of the wolf, which was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of the fire, she gnashed her teeth, and gave a sullen growl. As soon as he had made the necessary discovery, he kicked the rope, as a signal for pulling him out. The people at the mouth of the den, who had listened with painful anxiety, hearing the growling of the wolf, and supposing their friend to be in the most imminent danger, drew him forth with such celerity, that his shirt was stripped over his head, and his skin was severely lacerated. After he had adjusted his cloaths, and loaded his gun with nine buck-shot, holding a torch in one hand, and the musket in the other, he descended a second time, when he drew nearer than before; the wolf assuming a still more fierce and terrible appearance, howling, rolling her eyes, snapping her teeth, and, dropping her head between her legs, was evidently in the at-

titude, and on the point of springing at him. At the critical instant he levelled, and fired at her head. Stunned with the shock, and suffocated with the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave; but having refreshed himself, and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Being come within sight of the wolf, who appearing very passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ear, and then kicking the rope (well tied to his legs), the people above, with no small exultation, drew them both out together.

ANIMAL COURAGE.

THERE is a well-authenticated anecdote of a cock, that, by crowing, clapping his wings, &c. shewed such spirit on board the gallant Rodney's ship, during the battle on the very memorable 12th of April; the following may be added as a counter-part to it:—

At the commencement of the action which took place between the Nymph and Cleopatra, during the late war, there was a large Newfoundland dog on board the former vessel, which, the moment the firing began, ran from below deck, in spite of the men to keep him down, and climbing up into the main chains, he there kept up a continual barking, and exhibited the most violent rage during the whole engagement. When the Cleopatra struck, he was among the foremost to board her, and there walked up and down the decks, seemingly conscious of the victory he had gained.

EXTRAORDINARY PIKE.

Two gamekeepers belonging to the Hon. Mrs. Leigh, at Stanley Abbey, were dragging a part of the river Avon, under Bericott Wood: within sight of the Abbey-door they caught a pike, which after laying on the bank some time, attempted to disgorge something: he was immediately opened, and another pike taken out of him, which measured, from the extremity of its head to the end of the tail, two feet two inches and a half; weighed four pounds and a half, and the fish it was taken out of, weighed sixteen pounds.

THE AFFRIGHTED HORSE.

As Captain Laing, a gentleman in the army, was driving his gig down the road from St. Peter's, at Broadstairs, into the village, by some accident the animal took fright in coming down the hill, ran with great violence past the corner in the open street, and took for the parade on the beach, which is directly opposite. In the small distance between the high road and the Parade is an iron bar placed across the railing, to prevent carriages passing. The captain, aware of this railing, crouched in the chaise, which passed within an inch of the top, and of his head. Within four yards was the cliff, on the edge of which was a strong railing: upon reaching which the horse made a bold leap over it, but the strong post of the railing caught one of the wheels of the chaise, by which means the shafts were broken off short, the horse and harness precipitated into the sea, and the chaise and driver left behind. It

was most happy for Mr. Laing that the horse attempted to leap the railing when he came to it; for had he, on the contrary, forced himself against it, it would easily have given way, and inevitable destruction to him would have been the consequence; as it was, Mr. Laing escaped without the least injury. The chaise was broken, and the poor animal was dashed to pieces at the bottom of the cliff.

FOX-CHASE WITH MR. PANTON'S HOUNDS.

A PACK of fox-hounds, consisting of twenty-three couple, belonging to Thomas Panton, Esq. of Newmarket, found a fox at Abyssey-wood, near Thurlow, in the county of Cambridge, which immediately quitted the cover, and ran two rings to Blunt's Park, and back to Abyssey; he then flew his country, and went in a line through Lawn-wood, Temple-wood, to Hartwood, where there was a brace of fresh foxes. The pack then divided, fifteen couple and a half went away close (as it is supposed), at the hunted fox, to West Wickham-common, then to Weston Covele, near Chalton-wood, and over Willingham-green; he then took the open country to Balsham, turned to the right, and away to the six-mile bottom going to Newmarket; he was then headed by a chaise, turned short to the left, and stood away upon the Heath in a line to Gogmagog-hills, and was run from scent to view, laid down, and was killed upon the open Heath, at the bottom of the hill. He stood an hour and three quarters, without a minute's check; and it is supposed in that time he ran a space of near thirty miles. The only gentlemen who were in at the death, were Thomas Panton,

and Benjamin Keene, Esqrs. with the huntsman, Thomas Harrison. The pack, as observed before, divided at Hart-wood; six couple and a half of hounds went away with one of the fresh foxes, and killed him without any assistance, at Wethers-field, near Haverhall. The remaining couple of hounds went away with the other fox, and killed him at Thurlow-park gates.

EPITAPH ON HIGHFLYER.

ALAS, POOR HIGHFLYER!

He deserves the pen of an abler writer, but the only merit I can claim is priority.—"*Bis dat qui cito dat.*"

HERE LIETH
The perfect and beautiful symmetry
Of the much lamented
HIGHFLYER;
By whom, and his wonderful offspring,
The celebrated TATTERSALL acquired a noble fortune
But was not ashamed to acknowledge it.
In gratitude to this famous
STALLION,
He call'd an elegant mansion he built
HIGHFLYER-HALL.
At these extensive demesnes
It is not unusual for some of the
Highest characters
To regale sumptuously,
When they do the owner the honour
Of accepting his hospitality.
A gentleman of the Turf,
Tho' he has no produce from the above
STALLION,
Begs leave to pay this small tribute
To his memory.

Here lies the *third** of the Newmarket race,
That ne'er was conquer'd on the Olympic Plain:
Herod his sire, who but to few gave place,
Rachel his dam—his blood without a stain.

By his prolific deeds was built a court,†
Near where proud Ely's turrets rise;
To this fam'd sultan would all ranks resort,
To stir him up to an am'rous enterprize.

To *these three patriarchs*‡ the Turf shall owe
The long existence of superior breed:
That blood in endless *progeny* shall flow,
To give the *lion's* strength and *roebuck's* speed.

THE FOX-HUNTING PARSON.

The late Rev. Mr. L——t, of Rutlandshire, when a young man, being out with Mr. Noel's hounds, he said to the Earl of G. who had promised him the living of T. when it should become vacant—"My lord, the church stands on the land of promise." And a short time afterwards when he had been inducted, he said—"My lord, now the church stands on the land of possession."—He has been known several times, when at prayers in a week, to leave the congregation, and join the hounds, when they chanced to pass in full cry; and once, when he was marrying a couple, left them in the middle of the service, and told them he would finish it the next morning.—He was esteemed as a worthy good man, by all ranks of people in the neighbourhood, and did a great deal of good himself among-t the poor in his own parish. He died, universally lamented, some years ago, and a very remarkable circumstance

* Childers,—Eclipse. † An elegant villa near Ely.
‡ Childers, Eclipse, Highflyer.

happened during the funeral; a fox, very hard run, was killed, after an excellent day's sport within a few yards of the grave, at the time when the sexton was filling it in.

REMARKABLE LEAP.

In March last, when a pack of hounds, were in pursuit of a fox which took through the inclosures adjoining to Sydenham, in Kent; one of the party, a gentleman who lives in the neighbourhood, came up to a gate which he expected to be permitted to pass through; but in this he was for some time prevented by a man, whose appearance bespoke him a *knight of the cleaver*, who, brandishing the terrible instrument of his trade, swore that no one should go that way, whilst he was able to make use of his knife. The *sportsman*, unwilling to lose the game, which would have been the case had he gone another way, began to expostulate with the butcher, and told him, it was not his wish to be out of humour, and was sorry to find his temper soured by some disappointment he had undoubtedly met with. All this had no more effect upon the defender of the castle, than to make him the more positive that no person should pass through – filled with the enthusiasm of the chase, he asked him whether he might *go over*; this he assented to, observing at the same time, that neither him nor any man in England could. However, our sportsman was not to be intimidated by his observations, but instantly drew his horse a few yards back, then ran him to the gate, which he took and cleared well, carrying the rider safe over, to the astonishment of every one.

This gate was a five-barred one, with paling upon

the top, exactly six feet and a half high; the boldness of the attempt did that which the most persuasive language could not effect—it brought from the morose *lamb-slayer* this exclamation, " that he would be d—d if ever he prevented this gentleman from going through his gate whenever he thought proper."

THE CLERICAL JOCKEY.

Hipponeus is a young man of fortune, lately admitted into orders; and, as the habit of a clergyman is a passport into the best of companies, Hipponeus is visited by the most respectable families of that part of the country in which he resides. But Hipponeus's pleasure is seated in his stable, in which he is more nice than in the economy of his household. If you call upon him in a morning, he is out airing his horses; or should you chance to call upon him in an evening, he is with his stud. If any of his horses are sick, you may perceive it in the dejection of his countenance; or shall they, on the contrary, be all in health and high condition, the eager glee of approbation enlivens his whole features: thus this young man's pleasures are regulated by the diary of his stable. Hipponeus is a constant attendant at Newmarket, and, by his frequent conversation with jockies and sharpers, has attained to the happy imitation of the completest on the turf. He is constantly buying and selling horses, and it is allowed that he thoroughly understands (what is termed by dealers) *making up a horse*. Hipponeus is never so happy as when he can (in the language of jockies) take in a friend. It was but the other day that Philetus applied to him to procure him a tractable

jade; for Philotus is one of those who prefer an easy seat to a prancing steed with a probability of being thrown from the saddle. Hipponeus promised his best endeavours, and as one of his own horses had not turned out thoroughly to his satisfaction, he thought it the luckiest time possible to accommodate his friend. Philotus took the horse on the recommendation of Hipponeus, and, in a few days, it proved unfit for use; and now Hipponeus congratulates himself on his superior judgment in *horse-flesh*.

L—D CA—V—SH.

The character of the C—n—sh family, throughout all its branches, is uniform, cold, and phlegmatic; of unsullied honour and integrity. Lord G——e differs in no one point from the rest, unless that he may, by the force of example, be in some degree more tinctured with the prevailing follies of the age. When very young, he discovered a *penchant* for gaming, which has never forsaken him, nor do we believe that his fortune has been materially injured by it, the coolness of his temper preventing those excesses that might have otherwise been fatal.

We do not believe that the mines of Peru would seduce this gentleman to commit a dishonourable act; but if his soul disdains injustice and dishonour, it is not sufficiently warm and animated to feel the exquisite delight of pure natural sensibility, or from thence to be roused to the duties of an amiable and extensive benevolence. Indolence, rather than the want of generosity, we are inclined to believe, is the cause of this omission: but if he was less slothful and indiffe-

rent, he would be far more amiable and useful. The liberal and noble spirit of the lady united to this family, whose charities were universal, and whose benignity of heart was pronounced by the beaming graces of the most ingenuous lovely impassioned countenance,* ought to have operated as an example to persons of a similar rank; but, alas! they are, for the most part, irreclaimable. Her lively mercurial temper was also adapted and admirably calculated to correct the phlegm of the family with which she was connected; but fire and water cannot assimilate. If it falls to the lot of the impartial biographer to expose the vices of others, how happy should we be, had we sufficient eloquence and abilities to describe the various excellences of this charming woman! Who could have regarded her tender assiduity, her affectionate attachment, and universal benevolence, without feeling a degree of pleasure almost inexpressible? The cold unfeeling mind may condemn her warmth of temper, as hurrying, on many occasions, into extremes not properly belonging to feminine reserve; but sensibility, like hers, disdains the fastidious delicacy of etiquette, or punctilio, when the interest or happiness of a friend is at stake. Let us, therefore, consider trifling peccadilloes as only serving to heighten the general beauty of her character. All her foibles and levities originated in a purity of heart, and a consciousness of her own innocence, which made her

* When the Dutchess of D——e made her first appearance at Derby races after her marriage, an honest rustic, on her grace being pointed out to him, in a kind of rapturous astonishment, exclaimed—"That were he G—d Al—m—ty, he would make her Queen of Heaven."

overlook those forms of ceremony and restraint which prudence may, perhaps, require, but of which even the strictest observance is not always sure to stop the breath of calumny.

SPORTING RETORT.

In England, as the titles of nobility are limited, and cannot be usurped by fictitious characters without detection, they confer a degree of consideration upon the possessor, far superior to what is observed in foreign countries, where they are abundant to an extreme, and where every needy adventurer can assume them. A German baron, in derision, once observed to a French marquis, that the title of *marquis* was very common in France: "I, (added he, laughing) have a marquis in my kitchen."—"And I, (retorted the Frenchman, who felt himself insulted) have a German baron in my stable." This repartee was particularly happy; it being well known that German grooms are as common out of their own country as are French cooks. It affords a just lesson too, against the folly, as well as rudeness, of all national reflections.

CANINE ADOPTION.

At the seat of A. Spurling, Esq. at Dyne's Hall, in Essex, a spaniel bitch, remarkable for being a good finder, having a litter of her puppies drowned, went shortly after into the adjoining plantations, and soon returned with a leveret in her mouth, supposed to be about a fortnight old, to which she gave suck, and continued to be affectionately attached to it for a con-

siderable time, to the astonishment of a great number of sportsmen in that neighbourhood, who were eye-witnesses to that wonderful event.

HUNTING ADVENTURE OF HENRY IV.

The education which this great man received was calculated to make him fond of woodland scenery and the sports of the field. Sent to a remote castle, amid the dreary rocks in the vicinity of the Pyrenian mountains, delicacy had no part in the education of the youthful Henry. His ordinary food was brown bread, cheese, and beef. He was cloathed like other children of the country, in the coarsest stuff, and was inured to climb and rove over the rocks often barefooted and bareheaded. Thus, moreover, by habituating his body early to exercise and labour, he prepared his mind to support with fortitude all the vicissitudes of his future life.

How much more interesting to the truly sentimental reader, (the reader who reflects on what he reads, with a view to extract useful wisdom from it) are the rural exploits of young Henry, amid the craggy rocks of Bigorre and Bearn, than the feats of the plumed hero of the field, or the deportment of the august monarch, surrounded by his courtiers in the Thuilleries or the Louvre!

Hunting was ever the favourite diversion of this monarch. He often strayed from his attendants, and met with some adventures which proved pleasant to himself, and evinced the native goodness of his heart, and an affability of disposition which charmed all who had an opportunity of observing it.

Being on a hunting-party one day in the Vendomois, he strayed from his attendants, and some time after observed a peasant sitting at the foot of a tree:—"What are you about there?" said Henry.—"I am sitting here, sir, to see the king go by."—"If you have a mind (answered the monarch) to get up behind me, I will carry you to a place where you can have a good sight of him." The peasant immediately mounts behind, and on the road asks the gentleman how he should know the king. "You need only look at him who keeps his hat on while all the rest remain uncovered." The king joins his company, and all the lords salute him:—"Well, (said he to the peasant) which is the king?—"Faikes, (answered the clown) it must be either you or I, for we both keep our hats on!"

SINGULAR BOAT MATCH.

On the 28th of June, 1765, was determined a wager, between two noblemen, for a thousand guineas, that a boat should go twenty-five miles in an hour. For this purpose a large circular trench, of one hundred feet diameter, and nine feet wide, was dug in a field behind Jenny's Whim, near Chelsea bridge; and, in the centre of the land surrounded by this trench was fixed a post, with a radius, extending to the middle of the canal; so that the boat, being tied to the moveable end of the radius, might be moved with great velocity by a very slow motion, by a horse fastened to some point of the radius, between the boat and the centre. The wager was, however, lost, by part of the tackling

giving way; though the trial had succeeded perfectly well the day before.

SIR J. HARINGTON'S DOG, BUNGEY,

In a letter from Sir John Harington to Prince Henry, son to King James I. concerning his dogge.

MAY it please your highnesse to accepte in as good sorte what I nowe offer, as it hath done aforetyme; and I may saie *I pede fausto;* but, havinge goode reason to thinke your highnesse had good will and likinge to read what others have tolde of my rare dogge, I will even give a brief historie of his good deedes and straunge feats; and herein will I not play the curr myselfe, but in good soothe relate what is no more nor less than bare verity. Althowgh I mean not to disparage the deedes of Alexander's horse, I will match my dogge against him for good carriage, for, if he did not bear a great prince on his back, I am bold to saie he did often bear the sweet wordes of a greater princesse on his necke. I did once relate to your highnesse after what sorte his tacklinge was wherewithe he did sojourn from my house at the Bathe to Greenwich palace, and deliver up to the courte there such matters as were entrusted to his care. This he hath often done, and came safe to the bathe, or my howse here at Kelstone, with goodlie returnes from such nobilitie to employe him; nor was it ever tolde our ladie queene, that this messenger did ever blab ought concerninge his high truste, as others have done in more special matters. Neither must it be forgotten as how he once was sente with two charges of sack wine from the bathe to my howse, by my man Combe; and on his way the cordage did slackene, but my trustie bearer did now

bear himselfe so wisely as to covertly hide one flasket in the rushes, and take the other in his teethe to the howse, after which he wente forthe, and returnede with the other parte of his burden to dinner: hereat yr highnesse may, perchance, marvele and doubte, but we have livinge testimonie of those who wroughte in the fieldes, and espiede his worke, and now live to tell they did muche longe to plaie the dogge and give stowage to the wine themselves; but they did refrain, and watchede the passinge of this whole businesse. I neede not saie how muche I did once grieve at missinge this dogge, for on my journie towardes Londone, some idle pastimers did diverte themselves with huntinge mallards in a ponde, and conveyed him to the Spanish Ambassador's, where, in a happie houre, after six weekes, I did heare of him; but such was the cowrte he did pay to the don, that he was no lesse in good likinge there then at home. Nor did the householde listen to my claim, or challenge, till I rested my suite on the dogge's own prooffes, and made him perform such feats before the nobles assembled, as put it past doubt that I was his master. I did send him to the hall in the time of dinner, and made him bringe thence a pheasant out of the dish, which created much mirth; but much more when he returnede at my commandment to the table again, and put it again in the same cover. Herewith the companie was well content to allow me my claim, and we bothe were well content to accepte it, and came homewardes. I could dwell more on this matter, but *jubes renovare dolorem*; I will now saie in what manner he died: as we traveld towards the bathe, he leapede on my horse's necke, and was more earneste in fawninge and courtinge my no-

tice, than what I had observed for some time backe; and, after my chidinge his disturbinge my passinge forwardes, he gave me such glances of affection, as moved me to cajole him; but, alas! he crept suddenly into a thorny brake, and died in a short time. Thus I have strove to rehearse such of his deedes as maie suggest much more to yr royal highnesse thought of this dogge. But, having said so much of him in prose, I will say somewhat too in verse, as you may finde hereafter at the close of this historie. Now let Ulysses praise his dogge Argus, or Tobite be led by that dogge whose name doth not appear; yet could I say such things of my *Bungey*, for so was he styled, as might shame them both, either for good faith, clear wit, or wonderful deedes; to say no more than I have said, of his bearing letters to Londone and Greenwiche, more than an hundred miles. As I doubte not but your highnesse would love my dogge, if not myselfe, I have been thus tedious in his storie; and again sai, that of all the dogges near your father's courte, not one hathe more love, more diligence to please, or less pay for pleasinge, than him I write of; for verily a bone will contente my servante, when some expecte greater matters, or will knavishly find oute a motion of contention.

I now reste your highnesse's friend in all service that may suite him,

JOHN HARINGTON.

P. S. The verses above spoken of, are in my book of Epigrams in praise of my dogge *Bungey* to Momus. And I have an excellente picture curiously limned, to remaine in my posterity.

Kelstone, June 14, 1608.

MR. RICHARD KNIGHT.

This sporting hero was humbly descended, and took his first view of the world at Rode, a small village in the county of Northampton, where, by the industry of his friends, he was intended to have displayed his manual abilities in the character of a country cord-wainer, or, in other words, a maker of shoes; nature, however, revolted at the idea; the "soul of Richard" became superior to the grovelling suggestion, and he felt the impressive impulse, that he should find himself more agreeably and more firmly fixed in a seat upon the saddle, than upon the hard stool of repentance, paying his incessant devoirs to the awl, and the lapstone.

With a mind thus elate, and prepared for a more active life, he was admitted into the stables of the late Lord Spencer, as a helper, from which happy period he conceived his fortune, as a sportsman, completely made, and which he afterwards found most amply verified. From this subordinate situation, his steadiness, sobriety, and punctuality, soon insured promotion; in a very short time after his introduction, his attachment to the hounds, horses, and sports, rendered his services of so much importance to the establishment, that he made his appearance in the field under the new appointment of a whipper-in. The hounds, at that time, were hunted by a Richard Knight, but not related in any degree to the subject of this essay; and Samuel Dimbledon, now living, was his cotemporary as fellow whipper-in.

Mr. Richard Knight, of whom we are now treating, is the son of a William Knight, who was acknowledged

a most capital huntsman of that time, and hunted the fox-hounds of the late Robert Andrew, Esq. of Harlston Park, in Northamptonshire, who died in 1739; but the hunting establishment was continued by his successor. These hounds, when hunted by William, the father of the present Richard, happening to find a fox in tally-ho! covert, near the famed Naseby-Field, William, in his great anxiety to lay close to the hounds, received a blow from the branch of a tree, which instantly deprived him of an eye: this loss, however, in the heat of the chase, remained undiscovered, till having run the fox to ground at Holdenby; the hounds, in scratching at the earth, threw some dirt or sand into the other eye, at which moment he perceived he had totally lost the sight of that where the blow from the tree was received.

In the year 1756, these hounds, belonging to the present Robert Andrew, Esq. hunted a bag-fox, which was turned out near Ravensthorpe, and killed near Towcester, after a long and excellent run. This chase was the first ever rode by the late Lord Spencer, who immediately after purchased a pack of fox-hounds, and, as is reported by some, took the said William, the father of Richard, to hunt them; which is, however, a deviation from the true state of the transaction. Upon the death of Knight, the late Earl Spencer's original huntsman, the powers of the present Richard were called into action; he was appointed to the supreme command; from which lucky hour may be dated the origin of all his future greatness in the field, where, it should seem, nature had intended him to become the most conspicuous. During the number of years he continued in a department of so much

sporting importance, no man in such situation could have been entitled to more respect, or held in higher estimation.

His abilities, as a huntsman, stood the test of nice investigation, with the most experienced judges, for the long term of between twenty and thirty years, at the close of which it was universally admitted his qualifications were not to be exceeded. Although his weight was constantly increasing—till it nearly reached eighteen stone—he was always a fair and bold rider, being invariably well in with the hounds; and it was admitted, in making his way across a country, particularly upon an emergency, his equal has never been seen. For the most part he possessed, or retained the *suaviter in modo*, but at times there was a little austere acidity, which constituted a drawback. This might probably have proceeded from the adulation of some high characters, who servilely sought to court his attention in the field; or to the pesterings of those juvenile popinjays, who, with "an infinite deal of nothing," are always endeavouring to attract the attention of a huntsman from the sport to some ridiculous frivolities of their own. His voice was remarkably fine, and his language to the hounds melodious and attracting. Under all which excellence, it can create no surprise, that he continued in his situation till a revolution took place in the establishment; when his official functions ceased.

After having unremittingly persevered as huntsman to the late and present Earl Spencer, for the number of years before-mentioned, the hounds, passing under the denomination of the Pichely Pack, were disposed of, with every thing appertaining, to Mr. Warde; under whose management, liberality, and hospitality,

they have attained the reputation of being, at the present day, the most perfect in the kingdom. At the time of transfer, the further services of Mr. Knight were dispensed with, and he has retired to enjoy himself upon a small farm, near Thrapston, in his native county; where, in high health and spirits, at sixty years of age, he lives universally respected. And should the hounds once more revert to their former owner, of which there is a rumour and much expectation, there can be no doubt but Mr. Knight's sporting abilities, notwithstanding his advanced time of life, will again be called into action.

PRODIGIOUS LEAP.

On the last day of December, 1801, as Mr. Robinson, and two other gentlemen, were coursing with a brace of greyhounds, in Surry, between Croydon and Sutton, the dogs so pressed a hare they had put up, that she was forced to leap a precipice of not less than sixty feet deep, into a chalk pit, and was followed by the dogs. Nothing short of death to both hare and greyhounds was expected; but, to the astonishment of all who witnessed it, none of them were hurt, nor was the course impeded; as the hare, after getting out of the pit, by a cart road, was followed by the dogs, and though turned several times by them, at length made his escape.

MANNER OF HUNTING THE BEAR IN NORTH AMERICA.

A very curious account of this sport is described by Mr. Pennant as follows:—

"The chase of these animals is a matter of the

first importance, and never undertaken without abundance of ceremony. A principal warrior first gives a general invitation to all the hunters. This is followed by a most serious fast of eight days, a total abstinence from all kinds of food; notwithstanding which, they pass the day in continual song. This they do to invoke the spirits of the woods to direct them to the places where there are abundance of bears. They even cut the flesh in divers parts of their bodies, to render the spirits more propitious. They also address themselves to the manes of the beasts slain in the preceding chases, as if these were to direct them in their dreams to plenty of game. One dreamer alone cannot determine the place of the chase, numbers must concur; but as they tell each other their dreams, they never fail to agree. This may arise from complaisance, or from a real agreement in their dreams, on account of their thoughts being perpetually turned on the same thing.

"The chief of the hunt now gives a great feast, at which no one dares to appear without first bathing. At this entertainment they eat with great moderation, contrary to their usual custom. The master of the feast alone touches nothing; but is employed in relating to the guests ancient tales of the wonderful feats in former chases; and fresh invocations to the manes of the deceased bears conclude the whole.

"They then sally forth amidst the acclamations of the village, equipped as if for war, and painted black. Every able hunter is on a level with a great warrior; but he must have killed his dozen great beasts before his character is established; after which his alliance is as much courted as that of the most valiant captain.

"They now proceed on their way in a direct line;

neither rivers, marshes, nor any other impediments, stop their course; driving before them all the beasts which they find in their way. When they arrive at the hunting-ground, they surround as large a space as their company will admit, and then contract their circle, searching as they contract, every hollow tree, and every place fit for the retreat of a bear, and continue the same practice till the time of the chase is expired.

"As soon as a bear is killed, a hunter puts into his mouth a lighted pipe of tobacco, and blowing into it, fills the throat with the smoke, conjuring the spirit of the animal not to resent what they are going to do to its body, nor to render their future chases unsuccesful. As the beast makes no reply, they cut out the string of the tongue, and throw it into the fire: if it crackles and runs in (which it is almost sure to do) they accept it as a good omen; if not, they consider that the spirit of the beast is not appeased, and that the chase of the next year will be unfortunate.

"The hunters live well during the chase, on provisions which they bring with them. They return home with great pride and self-sufficiency; for, to kill a bear forms the character of a complete man. They give a great entertainment, and now make a point to leave nothing. The feast is dedicated to a certain genius, perhaps that of gluttony; whose resentment they dread, if they do not eat every morsel, and even sup up the very melted grease in which the meat was dressed. They sometimes eat till they burst, or bring on themselves some violent disorders. The first course is the greatest bear they have killed, without even taking out the entrails, or taking off the skin; contenting themselves with singeing the skin, as is practised with hogs.

JOURNAL OF A GAMESTER.

Rose at four—dreamt had thrown crabs all night, and could not nick seven for the life of me—had some strong green tea, and threw a tea cup at my wife, because she asked for money to buy the children shoes—my stomach being queer, and my hand unsteady, tossed off a half-pint bumper of brandy, and sauntered down to the billiard-table—saw two ill-looking fellows in the Haymarket—was afraid they were bailiffs, so shirked 'em, by dodging 'em behind a coach.—*Memorandum*, the first lucky run to change my lodgings—lost fifteen guineas at billiards, and borrowed one of a friend to pay for my dinner—won a hit or two at backgammon, but lost again at piquet—ordered some turtle and claret for ten, at a guinea a head, and sent my wife two shillings and sixpence to buy some victuals for herself, five children, and the maid—housekeeping dam'd expensive, and no end to woman's extravagance. Heard good news, a famous pigeon expected to dinner, a young *West Indian*, and as rich as Crœsus—was resolved to be prepared, and leave nothing to luck; so loaded a couple of the doctors, for throwing a seven and nine.

After dinner, plied the young *Creole* with wine, and shammed Abraham to avoid the glass; but, nevertheless, pretended to be drunk—about eleven o'clock, the tables were set, cash deposited, and the sport began—by three o'clock, had won 3,000l.—was high in spirits—thought myself a made man, when the devil deserted me, and put it into the head of my opponent to examine the dice!—To make short of my story, I was

detected, compelled to refund, and, finally, kicked out of the room, with my ears slit, and my hair docked.

In my way home, these cogitations offered themselves—What can I do? I am expelled society—I cannot game—I cannot apply to habits of industry—What is to become of me?—I have it—a thought strikes me—the *new philosophy* says death is an eternal sleep—there's horror in the thought! but.....!

By five o'clock arrived at home, and found my wife in tears, and my children crying for bread! Gave 'em a hearty curse—drank a pint bumper of spirits, and went to bed!!!

THE HUNTING LEOPARD.

BY MR. PENNANT.

The hunting leopard is about the height of a large greyhound, of a light tawny brown colour, marked with numerous circular black spots. The legs and tail are long; its form is altogether more lengthened than the tiger's, and the chest narrower. It is a native of India.

This animal is frequently tamed, and used in the chace of antelopes. It is carried in a kind of small waggon, chained and hooded, lest, on approaching the herd, it should be too precipitate, or not make choice of a proper animal. When first unchained, it does not immediately spring towards its prey, but winds with the utmost caution along the ground, stopping at intervals, and carefully concealing itself, till a favourable opportunity offers: then it darts on the herd with astonishing swiftness, and overtakes them by the rapidity of its bounds. If, however, in its first attempt, which con-

sists of five or six amazing leaps, it does not succeed, it loses its breath, and finding itself unequal in speed, stands still for a while to recover: then giving up the point for that time, quietly returns to its keeper.

MAJOR LEESON.

This gentleman was for many years a well known character on the turf: he died a short time since, in an obscure lodging in the rules of the King's Bench. Those who have only heard of the irregularities of the latter days of the late Major, might suppose that silence would be the best tribute that could be paid to his memory. This consideration, however, would defeat the principal end of biography—instruction. Patrick Leeson, the subject of this sketch, was born at Nenagh, in the county of Tipperary, in the year 1754. It cannot be said, that fortune smiled deceitful on his birth, for the wealth of his family consisted only of a few cows and horses, and a farm, on which three generations had subsisted with peace and competence.

Patrick's father had received an education beyond that of an husbandman, who was obliged to till the ground with his own hands; but as his sober wishes never strayed beyond the bounds of his own farm, he was at first determined that his son should tread in his own steps, and that he should not be spoiled by an education beyond his humble views. Patrick, however, was soon distinguished by a quickness of perception, and a promptitude of expression, beyond his years; and, in order that these qualities might be improved to a certain extent, he was sent to learn the Latin tongue under the instruction of a relation, who looked upon all science and human excellence to be

treasured up in that language, with which he was well acquainted, for he had made it his study from his boyish days up to his grand climacteric. Our young pupil made so rapid a progress in his grammar, that his preceptor and father began to conceive the highest hopes of his talents; and, as they were both very pious men, they thought such a star should shine only in the hemisphere of the church, to use the pedagogical expression.

Patrick, it seems, was not so deeply enamoured with abstinence and prayer, for he was already put upon this regimen: he thought that youth might indulge, without criminality, in some of those amusements which are peculiar to that season; such as dancing, wrestling, riding, &c. in each of which he excelled, nature having favoured him with a fine person, and a healthy constitution.

He had now nearly accompanied the prince of Roman historians through all his battles, sieges, &c. when a circumstance happened which put a stop to his classical career:—a recruiting party came to Nenagh, the "ear-piercing fife, and the spirit-stirring drum," were not lost in such a buoyant mind; and Patrick protested that he would rather carry a musket as a private, than rule a score of parishes with the nod of a mitre. His grand-uncle, a catholic priest, was consulted on the occasion. The good old man, after some consideration, gave it as his opinion, that his nephew was destined by nature to wear a red coat instead of a black one; and that examples were not wanting in his own family of those that had risen to unenvied honours in the tented field. Patrick's views were liberally seconded by a Scottish nobleman.

At the age of seventeen he came to London, as ignorant of the world as if he had just dropped into it. As he had spent, or rather wasted, his time, to use his own phrase, in the study of words, he began to study things; for this purpose he was sent to Mr. Alexander's academy, at Hampstead, where in a very short time he laid in a tolerable stock of mathematical knowledge. He was now transplanted, through the munificence of his noble patron, to the celebrated academy of Angers, in France where he had the double advantage of finishing his military studies, and at the same time of learning the French language, which he spoke ever after, with fluency. Whilst at this seminary he fought a duel with Sir W. M——; the courage exerted by these two gentlemen, on that occasion, has been always spoken of to the honour of both. He was soon after appointed a lieutenant in a regiment of foot, in which he conducted himself with the propriety of a man who considers the word soldier and gentleman as synonymous terms.

The only act of indiscretion that can be laid to his charge, if it can be called by that name, will find a ready apology in the impetuosity of youthful blood, and the affection he bore to every man in the regiment, which was reciprocal. The serjeant, a sober steady man, was wantonly attacked by a blacksmith, who was the terror of the town. The serjeant defended himself as long as he was able with great spirit, but was obliged, after a hard contest, to yield to his athletic antagonist. This intelligence reached Mr. Leeson's ears the next morning: without delay he set out in pursuit of the victor, whom he found boasting of the triumph he had gained over the *lobster*, as he called the

serjeant. The very expression kindled Leeson's indignation into such a flame, that he aimed a blow at the fellow's temple, which he warded off, and returned with such force, that Leeson lay for some minutes extended on the ground. Leeson, however, renewed the attack; victory, for a considerable time, seemed to declare on the side of his antagonist; but as soon as the scale turned in favour of the lieutenant, he followed one blow after the other with such rapidity and success, that the son of Vulcan sunk at last, and yielded up the palm, with a copious effusion of blood, the loss of seven or eight teeth, and eyes beat to a jelly. In order to complete the triumph, Leeson placed him in a wheelbarrow, and in this situation he was wheeled through all the town, amidst the acclamations of the populace. Soon after this, Mr. Leeson exchanged his lieutenancy for a cornetcy of dragoons. It may seem a little extraordinary, that a man who had escaped those snares that are strewed in the paths of youth, should fall into them at a time when prudence began to assume her influence over the heart. The gaming-table now presented itself in all its seductive charms. He could not resist them; and an almost uninterrupted series of success led him to Newmarket, where his evil genius, in the name of good luck, converted him in a short time into a professed gambler. At one time he had a complete stud at Newmarket; and his famous horse, Buffer, carried off all the capital plates for three years and upwards. As Leeson was a man of acute discernment, he was soon initiated into all the mysteries of the turf. He was known to all the black legs, and consulted by them on every critical occasion. Having raised an independant regiment, he was promoted to

a majority. He continued for some time to maintain the dignity of his rank, and even expressed a wish to resume that conduct which had endeared him for many years to the good and the brave; but the temptations which gambling held out were too strong to be resisted, and a train of ill-luck preyed upon his spirits, soured his temper, and drove him to that last resource of an enfeebled mind—the brandy-bottle. As he could not shine in his wonted splendor, he sought the most obscure places in the purlieus of St. Giles's, where he used to pass whole nights in the company of his countrymen of the lowest, but industrious class, charmed with their songs and native humour. It is needless to point out the result of such a habit of life—Major Leeson, that was once the soul of whim and gaiety, sunk into a state of stupor and insensibility. On some occasions, it is true, he emerged from this state; but it was the emergence of a meteor that vanishes as it expands, and only left those that witnessed it, to lament the fall of a man that once promised to be an ornament to a profession that was dear to him in his last moments. Having contracted a number of debts, he was constantly pursued by the terriers of the law, and alternately imprisoned by his own fears, or confined in the King's Bench.

A few years since he married a Miss Mullet, who shared all his afflictions, and discharged all the duties of an affectionate wife. When sober, his manners, were gentle and conciliating; and his conversation, on many occasions, evinced considerable mental vigour. He was generous and steady in his friendships, but the dupe of flattery; having experienced all those vicissitudes attendant on a life of dissipation. He was sen-

sible of the immediate approach of his dissolution, and talked of death as a friend that would relieve him of a load that was almost insupportable. He expired in the midst of a conversation with a few friends, and waved a gentle adieu with his hands, when he found that his tongue could not perform that office.

GENERAL CHARACTER OF THE HARE.

(From Bingley's Animal Biography.)

THE generic character of the hare consists in its having two front teeth, both above and below; the upper pair duplicate, two small interior ones standing behind the others: the fore-feet with five, and the hinder with four toes.

These animals live entirely on vegetable food, and are all remarkably timid. They run by a kind of leaping pace, and in walking they use their hind-feet as far as the heel. Their tails are either very short (called in England *scuts*), or else they are entirely without.

The common Hare.

This little animal is found throughout Europe, and indeed in most of the northern parts of the world. Being destitute of weapons of defence, it is endowed by Providence with the passion of fear. Its timidity is known to every one: it is attentive to every alarm, and is, therefore, furnished with ears very long and tubular, which catch the remotest sounds. The eyes are

so prominent, as to enable the animal to see both before and behind.

The hare feeds in the evenings, and sleeps in his form during the day; and as he generally lies on the ground, he has the feet protected, both above and below, with a thick covering of hair. In a moonlight evening, many of them may frequently be seen sporting together, leaping about and pursuing each other: but the least noise alarms them, and they then scamper off, each in a different direction. Their pace is a kind of gallop, or quick succession of leaps; and they are extremely swift, particularly in ascending higher grounds, to which, when pursued, they generally have recourse, here their large and strong hind legs are of singular use to them. In northern regions, where, on the descent of the winter's snow, they would, were their summer fur to remain, be rendered particularly conspicuous to animals of prey, they change in the autumn their yellow-grey dress, for one perfectly white; and are thus enabled, in a great measure, to elude their enemies.

In more temperate regions they chuse in winter, a form exposed to the south, to obtain all the possible warmth of that season: and in summer, when they are desirous of shunning the hot rays of the sun, they change this for one with a northerly aspect: but in both cases they have the instinct of generally fixing upon a place where the immediately surrounding objects are nearly the colour of their own bodies.

In one hare that a gentleman watched, as soon as the dogs were heard, though at the distance of nearly a mile, she rose from her form, swam across a rivulet,

then lay down among the bushes on the other side, and by this means evaded the scent of the hounds. When a hare has been chased for a considerable length of time, she will sometimes push another from its seat, and lie down there herself. When hard pressed, she will mingle with a flock of sheep, run up an old wall, and conceal herself among the grass on the top of it, or cross a river several times at small distances. She never runs in a line directly forward, but constantly doubles about, which frequently throws the dogs out of the scent; and she generally goes against the wind. It is extremely remarkable that hares, however frequently pursued by the dogs, seldom leave the place where they were brought forth, or that in which they usually sit: and it is a very common thing to find them, after a long and severe chase, in the same place the day following.

The females have not so much strength and agility as the males: they are, consequently, more timid, and never suffer the dogs to approach them so near, before they rise, as the males. They are likewise said to practice more arts, and to double more frequently.

This animal is gentle, and susceptible even of education. He does not often, however, though he exhibits some degree of attachment to his master, become altogether domestic: for, although when taken very young, brought up in the house, and accustomed to kindness and attention, no sooner is he arrived at a certain age, than he generally seizes the first opportunity of recovering his liberty, and flying to the fields.

Whilst Dr. Townson was at Gottingen, he had a young hare brought to him, which he took so much pains with, as to render it more familiar than these ani-

mals commonly are. In the evenings it soon became so frolicksome, as to run and jump about his sofa and bed; sometimes in its play it would leap upon, and pat him with its fore-feet, or, whilst he was reading, even knock the book out of his hand. But whenever a stranger entered the room, the little animal always exhibited considerable alarm.

Mr. Borlase saw a hare that was so familiar as to feed from the hand, lay under a chair in a common sitting-room, and appear, in every other respect, as easy and comfortable in its situation as a lap-dog. It now and then went out into the garden, but after regaling itself always returned to the house as its proper habitation. Its usual companions were a greyhound and a spaniel, both so fond of hare-hunting, that they often went out together, without any persons accompanying them. With these two dogs this tame hare spent its evenings: they always slept on the same hearth, and very frequently would rest itself upon them.

Hares are very subject to fleas. Linnæus tells us, that cloth made of their fur will attract these insects, and preserve the wearer from their troublesome attacks.

Dogs and foxes pursue the hare by instinct: wild cats, weasels, and birds of prey, devour it: and man, far more powerful than all its other enemies, makes use of every artifice to seize upon an animal which constitutes one of the numerous delicacies of his table. Even this poor defenceless beast is rendered an object of amusement, in its chase, to this most arrogant of all animals, who boasts his superiority over the brute creation in the possession of intellect and reason:

wretchedly, indeed, are these perverted, when exercised in so cruel, so unmanly a pursuit:—

> Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
> Yet vain her best precaution, though she sits
> Conceal'd with folded ears; unsleeping eyes,
> By nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
> And head conceal'd betwixt her hairy feet,
> In act to spring away. The scented dew
> Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep
> In scatter'd, sullen openings, far behind,
> With ev'ry breeze she hears the coming storm.
> But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
> The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
> The savage soul of game is up at once.

In India the hare is hunted for sport, not only with dogs, but with hawks, and some species of the cat genus. The flesh, though in esteem amonst the Romans, was forbidden by the Druids, and by the Britons of the early centuries. It is now, though very black, dry, and devoid of fat, much esteemed by the Europeans, on account of its peculiar flavor.

The female goes with young about a month: she generally produces three or four at a litter, and this about four times in the year. The eyes of the young ones are open at birth: the dam suckles them about twenty days, after which they leave her and procure their own food. They make forms at a little distance from each other, and never go far from the place where they were brought forth. The hare lives about eight years.

The varying Hare.

This species has a very soft fur, which in summer is grey, with a slight mixture of tawny; the tail is always white. The ears are shorter, and the legs more slender than those of the common hare; and the feet more closely and warmly furred. In size this animal is somewhat smaller.

Besides other cold parts of Europe, the varying hare is found on the tops of the highest Scots hills, never descending to the plains. It never mixes with the last species, though common in the same neighbourhood. It does not run fast, and when alarmed takes shelter in clefts of the rocks.

In September it begins to change its grey coat, and resume its white winter's dress, in which only the tips and edges of the ears, and the soles of the feet are black. In the month of April it again becomes grey. It is somewhat singular, that although this animal be brought into a house, and even kept in stoved apartments, yet it still changes its colour at the same periods that it does among its native mountains.

In some parts of Siberia the varying hares collect together in such multitudes, that sometimes flocks of five or six hundred of them may be seen migrating in spring, and returning in the autumn. Want of sustenance compels them to this: in winter, therefore, they are under the necessity of quitting the lofty hills, the southern boundaries of Siberia, and seeking the plains and northern wooded parts, where vegetables abound: and towards spring they again return to their

mountainous quarters. In their white state their flesh is extremely insipid.

ANECDOTE OF THE DEER,

BY COLONEL THORNTON.

Every circumstance relative to the sports of the field, that contain the least interest, is highly valued by those who make this healthful diversion an object of pursuit:—the following observations on the deer, are from the pen of the most accomplished sportsman of the present day, which cannot but prove acceptable to the reader.

"Deer (says the colonel) cast their horns about the month of May. Nature seems to have intended this for the purposes of supplying those which have broke their horns by fighting, with new ones the succeeding year; as no animal fights more desperately, or viciously than the deer. Their fencing and parrying, to those who have witnessed it, is beyond every thing, and, it may be said, scientific. During the time of the velvet they remain concealed as much as possible, conscious of their inability to attack or defend themselves; as the most trifling touch upon the velvet, in this state, gives them exquisite torture. The velvet, when fried, is considered by epicurean sportsmen, the most delicate part of the deer. The growth of the horns only occupies about six weeks between the casting to the bringing them to perfection, when they have been known to weigh twenty pounds. It is a mistaken notion, that the antlers impede the deer in cover, as they enable him, on the contrary, to dash through

thickets and save his eyes, as also to aid him when reared on their hind legs (which they do to an extraordinary height) to draw down the young branches for sustenance.

TREGONVILLE FRAMPTON, ESQ.

THIS extraordinary character was born in the reign of King Charles the First, when the sports of racing commenced at Newmarket, and he was Keeper of the Running Horses to their Majesties William the Third, Queen Anne, George the First, and George the Second, died 12th of March, 1727, aged 86 years. The most remarkable event in the lives of this gentleman and his horse Dragon, is most pathetically depicted by Dr. John Hawkesworth, (in No. 37 of the Adventurer) in the following words, supposed to be spoken by the horse in the Elysium of beasts and birds. "It is true, (replied the steed) I was a favourite; but what avail it to be the favourite of caprice, avarice, and barbarity: my tyrant was a man who had gained a considerable fortune by play, particularly by racing. I had won him many large sums, but being at length excepted out of every match, as having no equal, he regarded even my excellence with malignity, when it was no longer subservient to his interest. Yet still I lived in ease and plenty; and as he was able to sell even my pleasures, though my labour was become useless, I had a seraglio in which there was a perpetual succession of new beauties. At last, however, another competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph by anticipation; I rushed into the field, panting for

the conquest; and the first heat I put my master in possession of the stakes, which amounted to one thousand guineas. Mr. ——, the proprietor of the mare that I had distanced, notwithstanding this disgrace, declared with great zeal, that she should run the next day against any gelding in the world for double the sum: my master immediately accepted the challenge, and told him that he would, the next day, produce a gelding that should beat her; but what was my astonishment and indignation, when I discovered that he most cruelly and fraudulently intended to qualify me for this match upon the spot; and to sacrifice my life at the very moment in which every nerve should be strained in his service. As I knew it would be in vain to resist, I suffered myself to be bound: the operation was performed, and I was instantly mounted, and spurred on to the goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was still superior to the desire of revenge. I determined to die as I had lived, without an equal; and having again won the race, I sunk down at the post in an agony, which soon after put an end to my life."

" 'When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion and blushed that I was a man.'"

SUFFERINGS OF THE POST-HORSE.

(From Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy.")

Could the poor Post-Horse tell thee all his woes—
Shew thee his bleeding shoulders, and unfold
The dreadful anguish he endures for gold!
Hir'd at each call of business, lust, or rage,
That prompt the trav'ller from stage to stage,
Still on his strength depends their boasted speed,
For them his limbs grow weak, his bare ribs bleed
And though he, groaning, quickens at command,
Their extra shilling in the rider's hand
Becomes his bitter scourge—'tis he must feel
The double efforts of the lash and steel,
Till when, up hill, the destin'd inn he gains,
And trembling under complicated pains,
Prone from his nostrils, darting on the ground,
His breath emitted floats in clouds around;
Drops chase each other down his chest and sides,
And spatter'd mud his native colour hides;
Thro' his swoln veins the boiling torrent flows,
And every nerve a separate torture knows.
His harness loos'd, he welcomes, eager-eyed,
The pail's full draught that quivers by his side;
And joys to see the well-known stable-door,
As the starv'd mariner the friendly shore.

Ah! well for him, if here his suff'rings ceas'd,
And ample hours of rest his pains appeas'd!
But rous'd again, and sternly bade to rise,
And shake refreshing slumbers from his eyes,
Ere his exhausted spirits can return,
Or through his frame reviving ardour burn,
Come forth he must, tho' limping, maim'd, and sore;
He hears the whip—the chaise is at the door;
The collar tightens, and again he feels
His half heal'd wounds enflam'd; again the wheels,
With tiresome sameness, in his ears resound,
O'er blinding dust, or miles of flinty ground.

FALCONRY AMONG THE ANCIENTS.

An early writer on this subject gives us the following anecdote:—"I once had (says he) an excellent opportunity of seeing this sport near Nazareth, in Galilee. An Arab, mounting a swift courser, held the falcon on his hand, as huntsmen commonly do. When we espied the animal on the top of a mountain, he let loose the falcon, which flew in a direct line, like an arrow, and attacked the antelope, fixing the talons of one of his feet into its cheeks, and those of the other into its throat, extending his wings obliquely over the animal; spreading one towards one of his ears, and the other to the opposite hip. The creature, thus attacked, made a leap twice the height of a man, and freed himself from the falcon; but, being wounded, and losing both its strength and speed, it was again attacked by the bird, which fixed the talons of both his feet into its throat, and held it fast, till the huntsman coming up, took it alive, and cut its throat. The falcon was allowed to drink the blood, as a reward for his labour; and a young falcon, which was learning, was likewise put to the throat. By this means the young birds are taught to fix their talons in the throat of the animal, as the properest part; for, should the falcon fix upon the creature's hip, or some other part of the body, the huntsman would not only lose his game, but his falcon too; for the beast, roused by the wound, which could not prove mortal, would run to the deserts and the tops of the mountains, whither its enemy, keeping its hold, would be obliged to follow,

and being separated from its master, must of course perish.

THE OLD HORSE ON HIS TRAVELS.

RELATED BY HIS MASTER.

THE whole life of this poor slave, till within the two last years, has been a continued trial of strength, labour, and patience. He was broken to the bit by a Yorkshire jockey, to be rode the moment he was fit for service by an Oxonian scholar, who, whatever might have been his learning in abstruser sciences, was little conversant in the rudiments of humanity, though they are level with the lowest understanding, and founded on the tender code of that great lawgiver, who has told us, "a just man is merciful to his beast." During the very first vacation, this sprightly youth so completely outrode the strength of his steed, that he sold him on the same day that he regained his college, at the recommencement of the term, for two guineas, to one of those persons who keep livery-stables, and at the same time have horses to let. It was not easily possible for a poor wretch, so badly situated before, to change so much for the worse: and, of all the fates that attend a hackney horse, that which belongs to the drudge of a public university is the most severe; it is even harder than that of the servitors of the college. He remained in this servitude, however, sixteen years, during which he was a thousand times not only priest-ridden, but parish ridden, and yet was rarely known to stumble, and never to fall. Is it not questionable whether half the parishioners, or even the priests (with reverence be it spoken), could say as much for

their *own* travels in the rugged journey of life? His master, rather from policy than compassion, thought it most for his future interest to allow his four-footed servant a short respite, and he was accordingly favoured with a month's run in what is called a salt-marsh; but, before his furlow was expired, he was *borrowed* by some smugglers, who then infested the coast, and who made him the receiver of contraband commodities, as well as aider and abettor in practices, which, like many other underhand actions, are best carried on in the night-time. We say *borrowed*, because, after a winter's hard work in the company of these land pirates, the horse was thrown up by his temporary employers in the very marsh out of which he had been pressed into their service, and a leather label, on which was marked this facetious intelligence, fastened to his fetlock—*Owner, I have been smuggled.* By these means he unexpectedly came again into his quondam master's possession, out of which, however, he departed the summer after, in the society of an old fellow-commoner, who, after many years close confinement in the cloisters, was disposed to relinquish them in favour of a piece of church-preferment in Norfolk, which happened to be in the gift of a lady about his own standing in life, and who, in the days of her youth, avowed so strong a partiality for this gentleman, that her father, disapproving her alliance with a person who had only the hopes of a curacy before his eyes, thought fit to clog her inheritance, over which he had complete authority, with a formidable condition of forfeiting the whole estates, should she marry a son of the church; shutting out, hereby, the whole body of divinity, to exclude the aforesaid individual mem-

ber. Faithful, however, to the merits of the man who had won her heart, she was glad to find that parental tyranny, which had tied her hand, had left free her fortune; she, therefore, took the first opportunity to present the object of her early choice with the only piece of service in her power—a presentation to the living of which she was become the patroness; thinking this a better evidence of her still existing partiality, than if she had set fortune at defiance, and sacrificed not only her own advantages, but her lover's, in gratifying a passion which would have impoverished both. An example of tenderness, this, well worthy the imitation of more romantic minds. It was to be inducted to this living our learned clerk now journeyed on the ancient steed whose memoirs I am now writing; and, as he did not intend to revisit the banks of the Isis, and had often been securely carried to a neighbouring chapel, where he officiated, on the back of this identical horse, he purchased him, to the intent that he should get into a good living also. But the turbulent part of this poor brute's adventures were not yet performed. His patron died, without himself deriving what might have been expected from his benefice; and, soon after the decease of the master, the servant fell into the hands of a man in the same parish, who, to a variety of other endeavours to subsist a large and needy family, added that of letting out occasionally a horse. Our hero, still unbroken in either knees or constitution, was deemed fit for this purpose, and, being thought of little value, was obtained at an easy price. His new master removed soon after to Lowestoft, which you know is a considerable sea-bathing town by the sea-side, in the county of Suffolk, where the toils

imposed by his Oxford tyrant were more than accumulated; for, besides dragging a cart all the morning with loads of bread (a baker being among the business of his master), he was, on account of his gentle disposition, the horse fixed upon to take a couple of gouty invalids in the bathing-machine, after the more vigorous divers and dippers had finished their ablutions. In the afternoon he was harnessed to the London post-coach, which daily past from Lowestoft to Yarmouth. The next morning, by day-break, he came with the return of the said coach, and was then ready for the diurnal rotation at home, unless a more profitable offer happened to take him another way. Four years of his life were passed in this miserable round of labours, and it was at this period of his history he and I became acquainted.

My affections were engaged, and I pre-determined to make a present to them of this horse, for a sight of which I immediately sent my servant; but, when he was led to the door of my friend's house, and though my resolution to mark him for my own grew firmer, as I gazed upon his pity-moving carcase, I totally gave up all ideas of his utility. The owner himself confessed he was almost done up; at which thought a long sigh ensued, and a confession that he had been the chief support of the family; observing, while he patted his neck, that the poor fellow might be said not only to carry his childrens' bread to be sold, but to make it.—"But its all over with you now, my old boy, (continued the baker) you may get me through the autumn, mayhap, and then—" ——"What then?" said I.—"He must hobble away to the kennel?"—"To the kennel!"—"Even so, master: what must be, must be:

I can't afford to let him die by inches; and, if I could, I don't see the humanity of that; better give him to the dogs while they can make a meal of him, and pay me a small matter for their entertainment.—He will, however, carry your honour this month to come creditably."

Pre-determined, as I said, to spare the remains of this poor wretch, I bought him on the spot, convinced that it would be difficult to find any other person who would receive him on any terms. His appearance was such as would have justified Rosinante in refusing his acquaintance on the etiquette of comparative poverty. The association would have disgraced that celebrated spectre; nor did Quixotte himself exhibit so woeful a countenance. If ever, therefore, I could boast of an action purely disinterested, and which had unalloyed compassion for its basis, it was the giving five times more than he was worth, that is to say, five guineas, for this old horse; intending only, at the time, that he should pass the residue of his days in peaceful indolence, broke in upon by the infirmities of life, and die a natural death. To this end I obtained him the run of a friend's park, where I considered him as a respectable veteran retired on a pension. In this verdant hospital he remained, unsought, unseen, a whole year; at the end of which, being invited to pass the Christmas with the noble and generous owner of the park aforesaid, I paid a visit also to my pensioner, who had grown so much beyond himself on their unmeasured bounty, that he seemed to be renovated. Do not wonder that I scarce knew him in his improvements, for he appeared not to know himself. The poor fellow's very character was inverted; the alteration reached from head to heel: he neighed, snorted, kick-

erl, and frolicked about the pasture, on my first attempt to stop him, with the airs of a silly foal. I reminded him that he ought to deport humbly, considering the melancholy situation from which he was but recently delivered; yet, so far from paying any attention, he turned from my morality with another snort of disdain, tossed up his saucy head, and threw up his heels, wholly forgetting, like other ingrates, his former condition. Like them too, he appeared to consider the world now made for him; and, therefore, betwixt jest and earnest, I was resolved once more to shew he was made for the world.

The next day I caused him to be taken from his green recess, and performed the tour of the environs on his back. More airily, more pleasantly, I could not have been carried, nor, towards the end of the ride, more soberly. The spirit which he shewed in the pasture was but as the levities of a hearty and happy old age, in the plenitude of uncurbed leisure; like the gaiety of a veteran, who, finding himself in health, might take it into his head to finish in a country-dance; but these are sallies for a moment! Ah! my friend, how many poor starving wretches, worn down by their cruel task-masters, goaded like this horse by the "whips and spurs of the time," and driven out of one hard service to another, might, like him, be rescued, in the extremity, at small expence, and by the hand of bounty be protected from farther rigours! even till they were renewed for a serviceable, instead of a diseased old age! How many half-famished, hard-ridden creatures of the human race, I say, might, in like manner, be replenished. Reject not this long story, this episode, this heroi-comi-epic if you please;

but I cannot allow you to call it a digression. You will admit it to be in point when you are given to understand, that on this very horse, thus restored by a little indulgence, I have measured a thousand miles, and find myself in sufficient heart to measure a thousand more. In the four and twentieth year of his age we sallied forth; and if the master had, in the course of his travels, made as few trips, as few false steps, as the servant, he might be a match for the safest goer on the road of life.

CAPE BUFFALO.

The savage disposition of this animal renders it well known about the Cape of Good Hope, and in the several other parts of Africa, where it is found. It is very large, and enormously strong. The body is of a black, or dusky ash-colour; the front parts covered with long, coarse, black hair. The horns are very thick and rugged at the base, sometimes measuring three feet in length, and laying so flat as to cover almost all the top of the head. The body and limbs are very thick and muscular; and the animal is above twelve feet long and six in height. The head hangs down, and bears a most fierce and malevolent aspect.

In the plains of Caffraria, the buffaloes are so common, that it is by no means unusual to see a hundred and fifty, or two hundred, of them in a herd. They generally retire to the thickets and woods in the day time, and at night go out into the plains to graze.

Treacherous in the extreme, they frequently conceal themselves among the trees, and there stand lurking till some unfortunate passenger comes by, when the

animal at once rushes out into the road, and attacks the traveller, who has no chance to escape but by climbing up a tree, if he is fortunate enough to be near one. Flight is of no avail, he is speedily overtaken by the furious beast, who, not content with throwing him down and killing him, stands over him for a long time afterwards, trampling him with his hoofs, and crushing him with his knees; and not only mangles and tears the body to pieces with his horns and teeth, but likewise strips off the skin, by licking it with his tongue. Nor does he perform all this at once, but often retires to some distance from the body, and returns with savage ferocity to gratify afresh his cruel inclination.

As Professor Thunberg was travelling in Caffraria, he and his companions had just entered a wood, when they discovered a large old male buffalo, lying quite alone, in a spot that, for the space of a few square yards, was free from bushes. The animal no sooner observed the guide, who went first, than, with a horrible roar, he rushed upon him. The fellow turned his horse short round behind a large tree, and the buffalo rushed straight forwards to the next man, and gored his horse so dreadfully in the belly, that it died soon after. These two climbed into trees, and the furious animal made his way towards the rest, of whom the professor was one, who were approaching, but at some distance. A horse without a rider was in the front; as soon as the buffalo saw him, he became more outrageous than before, and attacked him with such fury that he not only drove his horns into the horse's breast, but even again through the very saddle. This horse was thrown to the ground with such excessive violence, that he instantly died, and many of his bones

were broken. Just at this moment the professor happened to come up, but, from the narrowness of the path, having no room to turn round, he was glad to abandon his horse, and take refuge in a tolerably high tree. The buffalo, however, had finished for, after the destruction of the second horse, he turned suddenly round, and galloped away.

Some time after this, the professor and his party espied an extremely large herd of buffalos grazing on a plain. Being now sufficiently apprized of the disposition of these animals, and knowing that they would not attack any person in the open plains, they approached within forty paces, and fired amongst them. The whole troop, notwithstanding the individual intrepidity of the animals, surprized by the sudden flash and report, turned about, and made off towards the woods. The wounded buffalos separated from the rest of the herd, from inability to keep pace with them. Amongst these was an old bull buffalo, which ran with fury towards the party. They knew that, from the situation of the eyes of these animals, they could see in scarcely any other direction than straight forward; and that in an open plain, if a man that was pursued darted out of the course, and threw himself flat on the ground, they would gallop forward to a considerable distance before they missed him. These circumstances prevented their suffering any material alarm. The animal, from this circumstance, passed close by them, and fell before he appeared to have discovered his error. Such, however, was his strength, that, notwithstanding the ball had entered his chest, and penetrated through the greatest part of his body, he ran at full speed several hundred paces before he fell.

The Cape buffalo is frequently hunted by Europeans and by the natives of South Africa. In Caffraria he is generally killed by means of javelins, which the inhabitants use with considerable dexterity. When a Caffre has discovered the place where several buffalos are collected together, he blows a pipe, made of the thigh-bone of a sheep, which is heard at a great distance. The moment his comrades hear this notice, they run up to the spot, and surrounding the animals, which they take care to approach by degrees, lest they should alarm them, throw their javelins at them. This is generally done with so sure an aim, that out of eight or twelve, it is very rarely that a single one escapes. It sometimes, however, happens that, while the buffalos are running off, some one of the hunters who stands in the way is tossed and killed: but this is a circumstance not much regarded by the Caffrarians. When the chase is ended, each one cuts and takes away his share of the game.

Some Europeans at the Cape once chased a buffalo, and having driven him into a narrow place, he turned round, and instantly pushed at one of his pursuers, who had on a red waistcoat. The man, to save his life, ran to the water, plunged in, and swam off, the animal followed him so closely, that the poor fellow had no alternative but that of diving. He dipped overhead, and the buffalo, losing sight of him, swam on towards the opposite shore, three miles distant, and, as was supposed, would have reached it, had he not been shot by a gun from a ship lying at a little distance. The skin was presented to the governor of the Cape, who had it stuffed, and placed it among his collection of curiosities.

Like the hog, this animal is fond of wallowing in the mire. His flesh is lean, but juicy, and of a high flavour. The hide is so thick and tough, that targets, musket proof, are formed of it; and even while the animal is alive, it is said to be in many places impenetrable to a leaden musket-ball; balls, hardened with a mixture of tin, are, therefore, always used, and even these are often flattened by the resistance. Of the skin the strongest and best thongs for harness are made.

The Hottentots, who never put themselves to any great trouble in dressing their victuals, cut the buffalo's flesh into slices, and then smoke, and at the same time half broil it, over a few coals. They also frequently eat it in a state of putrefaction. They dress the hides by stretching them on the ground with stakes, afterwards strewing them over with warm ashes, and then with a knife scraping off the hair.

BROMLEY, THE COCK-FEEDER.

THIS celebrated character was a shoe-maker, previous to his entrance into the sporting-world, at Watlington, a village near Benson, in Oxfordshire; and for his punctuality in performing his promises enjoyed no small degree of rustic reputation. Being married early in life, he was in a few years surrounded by an epitome of King Priam's family; but his wife dying, he commenced his career as a cock-feeder, with as much modest sensibility as could be expected in any man in a similar situation. His person was good, his manner open, and his countenance without disguise: but, like every other adventurer who depends upon

such a fickle jilt as Fortune, he at first experienced a variety of hits and gammons, replete with various vicissitudes. Being alternately elated by the smiles of to day, and the rebuffs of to-morrow, he continued to fluctuate between hope and despair, till his prudence and equanimity were put to the test by a rapid rise to the zenith of success and professional popularity. But the vibrations of enthusiastic, flattering, fleeting popularity, and unsullied prosperity, we are told the brain of poor Bromley was not sufficiently fortified to bear—for having vainly suffered his ambition to rise to the utmost pitch of gratification, by an uninterrupted chain of success, he met a reverse of fortune with such a burthen of mental misery, as was ever after plainly depicted in his countenance and manner; and those who are most accustomed to scrutinize nature in her nicest moods, plainly saw into the inmost recesses of his heart.

The successes of years in a great variety of mains, not only raised him to a degree of professional celebrity (hardly inferior to any competitor in the kingdom) but gave him such a consciousness of superiority, and disgusting consequence, that soon hurled him from the summit of that eminence he had so rapidly attained, almost to the abyss of his original insignificance in the scale of society. Even during the time a main was depending, when in the cock-pens with the masters of the match, he considered it a degradation to hear their opinions, or receive their instructions; and although they were the ostensible and pecuniary principals of the match, their ideas and admonitions were almost invariably held in the utmost contempt. This (invincible) caprice, had it only happened in an in-

stance or two, might have passed over without much injury to his interest, but it became, by his constant encouragement, so completely habitual, that his best friends could no longer brook the inconsistency, and visibly began to decline; his increasing pride, ill-humour, and ostentation, became at length not only unbounded, but unbearable; his greatest patrons saw it of course with concern, and withdrew their favours in proportion.

Captain Bertie (brother of the Earl of Abingdon, lately deceased) was his first and best friend, Mr. Durand his last, for whom he was permitted to feed a main at the Cockpit Royal, upon which unusual sums of money were depending. To sum up his character, he was a man of correct professional judgment, but, unfortunately for him, that judgment was frequently subservient to the prevalence of unqualified passion and unrestrained impetuosity; failings which placed him in a situation much better conceived than described; in consequence of the overbearing rudeness and personal peevishness that latterly rendered him so truly obnoxious to his superiors, particularly those who had his interest most at heart, as well as his unfortunate subordinates, who looked upon him with the complicated and jaundiced eyes of commiseration, envy, and discontent. At one view, however, taking him for "all in all," we presume that no one man has passed through the "fiery ordeal" of a cock-pit, surrounded with its concomitant villanies, with a greater degree of unsullied purity; many there are in the long list of "gay bold-faced villains, who have largely attacked his pecuniary sensations, without effect; and from our own knowledge of his professional practice and pleasurable

pursuits, we are justified in our opinion and report, that he lived and died a man whose honesty never sustained a shock, and whose integrity was never suspected.

PECULIAR WINTER DIVERSIONS OF THE RUSSIANS.

Described by a late Traveller in that Country.

Some of their amusements are peculiar to the climate. One of the chief is, that of riding in a light open sledge for pleasure, which is very common, because very agreeable, when the weather is not too severe. Skating may be mentioned as another; but the weather is often too severe for that, and therefore it is by no means so general in Russia, as in milder climates, such as Holland, Germany, &c. But of all the winter diversions of the Russians, the most favourite and which is peculiar to them, seems to be that of sliding down a hill. They make a track on the side of a steep hill, mending any little inequalities with snow, or ice; then at the verge of the hill, sitting on a little seat not bigger than, and much resembling a butcher's tray, they descend with astonishing velocity. The sensation is, indeed, very odd, but, to myself, for I often had the curiosity to try, I cannot say it was agreeable; the motion is so rapid, it takes away one's breath: nor can I give you an idea of it, except desiring you to fancy you were to fall from the top of a house without hurting yourself, in which you would probably have some mixture of fear and surprise. The Russians are so fond of this diversion, that at Petersburgh, having no hills, they raise artificial mounts on the ice

on the river Neva, for the purpose of sliding down them; particularly on holidays and festival seasons, when all the people, young and old, rich and poor, partake of the sport; paying a trifle to the person who constructed the mount, each time they descend.

I call this peculiar to Russia, as a diversion: for though it is practised at the place known by the name of the Ramasse, the descent of Mount Cenis to Lanebourg, which, in some seasons of the year, is in a state that admits of travellers sliding down it in the same method, as is described in most books that treat of the Alps, yet this may be considered rather as necessity, or convenience, than merely amusement.

The late Empress Elizabeth was so fond of this diversion, that, at her palace of Zarsko Zello, she had artificial mounts, of a very singular construction, made for this purpose. These have been called by some Englishmen who have visited that country, "the Flying Mountains;" and I do not know a phrase which approaches nearer to the Russian name. You will observe, that there are five mounts of unequal heights; the first and highest is full thirty feet perpendicular altitude; the momentum with which they descend to this carries them over the second, which is about five or six feet lower, just sufficient to allow for the friction and resistance; and so on to the last, from which they are conveyed by a gentle descent, with nearly the same velocity, over a piece of water into a little island. These slides, which are about a furlong and a half in length, are made of wood, that they may be used in summer as well as in winter. The process is, two or four persons sit in a little carriage, and one stands behind, for the more there are in it, the greater the swift-

ness with which it goes; it runs on castors and in grooves to keep it in its right direction, and it descends with wonderful rapidity. Under the hill is a machine worked by horses, for drawing the carriages back again, with the company in them. Such a work as this would have been enormous in most countries, for the labour and expence it cost, as well as the vast quantity of wood used in it. At the same place there is another artificial mount; which goes in a spiral line, and, in my opinion, (for I have often tried it also) is very disagreeable; as it seems always leaning on one side, and the person feels in danger of falling out of his seat.

They are able also to go out a hunting; and as the country abounds with game, it furnishes a large part of their provisions during the seasons when they are permitted to eat it; for the fasts of the Greek church, taken together, interdict animal food full half the year. The method the common people use in hunting is with snow shoes, which are nothing more than a piece of wood, half an inch thick, five or six feet long, and about four inches broad, turned up at the end, which they fasten at the bottom of their feet, and by means of them they run, or rather skate, over the snow, with a pole in their hands, faster than the hare, or any game they pursue, which are apt to sink in.

They enjoy also the profitable diversion of fishing, notwithstanding the water's being covered with ice; and one manner of it, with a drag-net, is very particular, though I doubt if I shall be able to describe it, so as to give you an idea of it. There is a hole, about four feet by two, cut in the ice, to let down a common drag-net; opposite to this, at the distance they mean

to pull up the net, is another hole, about four feet square: they then cut a number of small round holes at about four yards distant from each other, in a circular form, from the hole where the net is let down, to that where it is taken up. At the ends of the two strings, that is, the upper and lower strings which drag the net, long poles are tied: these poles will reach from one round hole to another, where they are directed and pushed under the ice, as they swim at the top of the water, till they come to the biggest square hole, at which they draw them out, and by this means the net, inclosing the fish it has surrounded; for the upper part of the net is floated at the top of the water under the ice, and the lower part of it sunk by leads, in the same manner as when the river is open: the ingenuity of the operation consists in the contrivance of dragging under the ice.

SINGULAR HARE-HUNTING.

Some time since, as Mr. Clarke, of Horndean, was going a few miles on foot, in the forest of Bere, to visit a friend, he observed a hare come into the green road before him, which seemed to be listening, and looking back for something which pursued her. He stood still, and hearing no dog, was curious to discover the cause of her alarm; when, to his great surprise, he discovered the object of it to be a small yellow-red and white stoat, which hunted her footsteps with the utmost precision. He, wishing to know if so diminutive an animal could have a chance of coping with the great speed of the hare, retreated to a holm-bush hard by, where he was an attentive observer of this silent hunt

for near two hours, during which, he is certain to have seen both hare and stoat at least forty times. They were frequently four or five or ten minutes; but the hare, still manœuvring to leave the place where she was found, came round again, and her little pursuer sometimes close at her heels. Towards the end of this remarkable chase, which became uncommonly interesting, the hare took advantage of the thickest covert the place afforded, and made use of all her cunning and strength to escape, but without effect; till at length, wearied out by the perseverance of the stoat Mr. C. heard her cry for some time. At last, the cries coming from one point, he concluded she was become the victim of the chase; on which he went to the spot, where he found the hare quite dead, and the stoat so intently fastened on her neck, as not to perceive his approach. The stoat, in its turn, now fell a victim to Mr. C.'s stick; after which he proceeded, with both hare and stoat, to the house of his friend.

MR. FOSTER POWELL.

This extraordinary man was born in the year 1736, at Horsforth, near Leeds, in Yorkshire, and, being bred to the law, was clerk to an attorney, in the New Inn, London. While in that employ, he had occasion to go to York for some leases, to which place he went and returned on foot, in little more than six days. He afterwards performed several expeditions with great swiftness, particularly from London to Maidenhead-bridge and back, (twenty-seven miles) in seven hours.

In 1773, he made a deposit of twenty pounds, for

a wager of one hundred guineas, the conditions of which were, that he should begin, some Monday in November, a journey to York on foot, and back again in six days.

He accordingly set out on Monday, November the 29th, 1773. The particulars of this journey, as authenticated by Mr. Powell, are as follow:—

"I set out from Hicks's-hall, London, on the 29th of November, 1773, about twenty minutes past twelve o'clock in the morning, for a wager of one hundred guineas, which I was to perform in six days, by going to York, and returning to the above place.

	MILES.
"I got to Stamford about nine o'clock in the evening of that day	88
"Nov. 30. Set out from Stamford about five in the morning, and got to Doncaster about twelve at night	72
"Dec. 1. Set out from Doncaster about five in the morning, and got to York at half-past two in the afternoon	37
"Departed from York about six the same afternoon, and got to Ferrybridge about ten that night	32
"Dec. 2. Set out from Ferrybridge about five in the morning, and got to Grantham about twelve at night	65
"Dec. 3. Set out from Grantham at six in the morning, and got to the Cock at Eaton about eleven at night	54
"Dec. 4. Set out from Eaton, the sixth and last day, about four in the morning, and ar-	

rived at Hicks's-hall about half past six in the evening - - - - - - - - - - - - - 56

Total 394

"FOSTER POWELL."

What rendered this exploit more extraordinary was, that he set out in a very indifferent state of health, being compelled, from a pain in his side, to wear a strengthening plaister all the way; his appetite, moreover, was very indifferent, for his most frequent beverage was either water or small beer; and the refreshment he most admired was tea, and toast and butter.

In his next two performances he was more unfortunate. The first was in the summer of 1776, he run a match of a mile on Barham Downs, near Canterbury, against Andrew Smith, a famous runner of that time, who beat him.

The second was in November, 1778, when he undertook to run two miles in ten minutes, on the Leabridge road, which he lost by only half a minute.

In September, 1787, he offered a wager of twenty-five guineas, that he walked from the Falstaff Inn, at Canterbury, to London bridge, and back again, which is one hundred and twelve miles, in twenty-four hours: which being accepted, he set out on the 27th of that month, at four o'clock in the afternoon, reached London bridge at half-past two the next morning, and was again at Canterbury at ten minutes before four in the afternoon.

June the 8th, 1788, he set out from Hicks's hall, on his second journey to York and back again; which he

performed in five days and nineteen hours and a quarter.

On the 15th of July following, he undertook, for one hundred guineas, to walk one hundred miles in twenty-two hours, which he accomplished with ease, and had several minutes to spare. He went from Hyde-Park Corner to the fifty mile-stone at Wolverton-Hill, on the Bath road, and back to Hyde-Park Corner.

In 1790, he took a bet of twenty guineas to thirteen, that he would walk to York and return in five days and eighteen hours. He set off on Sunday, the 22d of August, at twelve at night, and reached Stamford on Monday night; arrived at Doncaster on Tuesday night; returned from York as far as Ferrybridge, on Wednesday; on Thursday he slept at Grantham; on Friday on this side Biggleswade, and arrived at St. Paul's cathedral on Saturday, at ten minutes past four, which was one hour and fifty minutes less than the time allowed him.

He was so little fatigued with this journey, that he offered to walk one hundred miles the next day, if any person would make it worth his trouble, by a considerable wager.

Soon after this he exhibited himself in a new light to the public, by being theatrically crowned at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the same manner as Voltaire was at the *Comedie Francois*, in Paris, some years before.

On November 22d following, he was beat by West a publican, of Windsor, in walking (for forty guineas) forty miles on the western road: and, soon after, failed in attempting to walk from Canterbury to London in twenty-four hours, owing to the extreme darkness of the night. On his return over Blackheath he

fell several times, and could not recover the right road.

On Sunday night, July the 1st, he started, at twelve o'clock, from Shoreditch church, to walk to York and back again in five days and fifteen hours, for a wager of thirteen guineas; which he won, by arriving at Shoreditch the following Saturday, at thirty-five minutes past one in the afternoon, which was an hour and twenty-five minutes within his time.

He walked, on the Brighton road, one mile in nine minutes, for a wager of fifteen guineas; and run it back again in five minutes and fifty-two seconds, which was eight seconds within the time allowed him.

FACETIOUS INSTRUCTIONS.

ENDEAVOUR to inculcate an idea, wherever you go, that riding *hard* and riding *bets* are the only things on earth to excite attention; that they are the leading qualifications by which to acquire pre-eminence, and, in fact, that there is no pleasure *but the chase*, that a *sensible* man can engage in with consistency. Hold it forth to your servants, as a matter of the utmost magnitude, and confirm this by the orders of the preceding evening, that the whole house may be in *early* confusion, and strict preparation in the morning. If you possess a horse not worth *twenty pounds*, or the least entitled to the appellation of a hunter, (affect a dignity, if you have it not,) let him be ordered in waiting at the place of *throwing off;* to which, after leaving the hand of your *hair-dresser*, and a comfortable breakfast-table, you come dashing upon a *ten pound hack;* here it is necessary for you to ride up with the

most *unbounded effrontery*, and survey every part of the company with the most *ineffable contempt*; exchange your horse, adjust your apparatus, and ask your servant (although he may be only so for the day) a thousand questions, of no other import than to render yourself conspicuous. When the hounds are thrown into covert, and every experienced sportsman is in *silent* agitation for the first challenge, it will be *your* particular care to become the only subject of *vociferation*, by unnecessary remarks, or futile observations; be sure to gallop from one extremity of the covert to the other, when the hounds have *good drag*, and are likely to find: so soon as they *unkennel*, fix yourself at the most likely spot for the *fox* to *break*, because you will not only have the pleasure of *heading* him, but probably the happiness of *a view*, and this you may do with the strictest attention to your *love of the sport*, because the longer he remains in the covert where he is found, the longer you will insure the satisfaction of *hearing the hounds*. If he luckily should avoid being *mobbed to death* by you, and your fraternity, and is so fortunate as to *break away*, it becomes your duty to lay as well as you can with the hounds; but when, as it may frequently happen, you find the horses of *others* have more speed, or are better leapers than *your own*, vociferate "Hold hard! hold hard!" with the most violent and stentorian voice. This will give a decided proof of your consequence (particularly if you are a *subscriber* to the *pack*), and will intimidate the *pusillanimous* to let you get before them; by which stroke of policy you in part carry your point, and become a *leading* sportsman of the first description, at least in your *own opinion*.

Take a great number of unnecessary leaps in the course of the day, not only to prove your courage, but your *humanity* also, by such a display of *attentive tenderness* to your *favourite* horse. However you may have been *accidentally* behind, make a point of coming up in the midst of a dirty country, or watery lane, for by almost smothering those you pass with dirt or water, you become an object of general attraction, though whether by exciting smiles of approbation, or frowns of contempt, experience will best convince. Whenever you may happen to be at *the death*, take care to give the huntsman, or whipper-in, a *previous* hint that you have particular occasion *for the brush* (or at any rate *a pad*), for which they shall receive the customary gratuity.

After the chase, *bore* all your friends, for some days, with its incredible length and innumerable difficulties; "what hair-breadth escapes in the imminent deadly breach," and how very much you had rendered yourself an object of admiration.

Carefully implant in your memory these leading traits of instruction, as they will often be serviceable to you upon those occasions, which it will be needless to enumerate.

A LION HUNT.

DESCRIBED BY M. VAILLANT.

After a journey of two short days, we arrived in a pleasant valley, shaded by a prodigious number of mimosas in full bloom, where we found a herd of cattle, whose presence told us, a horde could not be very distant. Klaas, and the Namagnais, went before to

announce my arrival. The beauty of the pasturage, which every where covered the foot of the mountains, made me determine to spend a few days near the horde. When my tent was fixed, the chief came to pay me a visit, and gave me very satisfactory news respecting my camp at Orange River, which he had seen; they lived with another horde, who were gone to exchange cattle for tobacco. He himself would have sent some of his own people on the same object, had it not been for a circumstance that kept him in continual alarm, and hindered him from weakening his troop, by detaching his men. For some time past, a lion and lioness had taken up their abode in a thick coppice, which he shewed me; the horde had in vain endeavoured to dislodge the ferocious beasts, they having evaded all their attacks. They came, he said, every night, and attacked not only the beasts, but the men themselves; and, the very night before, they had taken away an ox. Full of confidence and hope in the success of my fire-arms, the horde was happy at my arrival, and entreated me to rid them of so dangerous an enemy; not in the least doubting my success, if I would attempt it.

Of the two favours these people wished me to oblige them in, one was entirely out of my power, which was letting them have tobacco; for, for a month past, my own people lived on half their allowance. It was easier, however, for me to serve them in regard to the lions; but this required great circumspection and prudence. The lions being so resolved to remain, in spite of all the efforts of the horde to drive them off, made me suspect they had cubs, and this circumstance would render the attack extremely dangerous; for

these animals, formidable at all times, are, under these circumstances, so furious, that nothing can resist them. Nevertheless, I engaged to attack them on the following day, and promised either to destroy them, or force them away; but considering the thickness of the coppice, and difficulty of approach, I required, independent of my own people, the assistance of all the horde. During the night we surrounded ourselves with a great many fires, and every now and then discharged our pieces. These precautions were, however, useless, for having to devour the remains of the ox, they did not appear, though we heard them frequently during the night. At day-break all the men of the horde were armed, ready for the attack, even the women and children wished to be of the party; not indeed to join in the attack, but to have the pleasure of enjoying our victory. We heard the lions frequently roar, but the appearance of day quieted them, and the profound silence that remained on the appearance of the lion, was to us the signal of departure. The coppice was about two hundred feet long, and sixty-one broad, and was more sunk than any of the surrounding ground, so that to get at it we were forced to descend. It was chiefly composed of low bushes and underwood, except towards the middle, where there were a few mimosas. If I could have gained these trees, seated on their summit, I should have been in a favourable place to attack them; and might, at my leisure, have shot them both. To attempt this, as I did not know exactly the den of the lions, was, however, too dangerous; the only plan then that remained, was to attempt to drive them out of their hiding place. For it was difficult, and almost impos-

sible, to arrive at the place where they were, on account of the bushes, which were so high and thick, that my marksmen would not have been able to use their long fusils. I determined to place them at different distances on the heights which surrounded the wood, in such a manner that the lions could not reach the plain without being perceived. As none of the savages would enter the place, we were obliged to attempt driving the oxen of the horde into it: this was a difficult matter; but, by dint of blows and noise, we at last forced them to enter; at the same time my dogs were let loose, and, to frighten our enemy still more, I discharged my pistol several times. The oxen smelling the animals, soon began to recoil; but being repulsed by our noise, and the barking of the dogs, they entered furiously, lowing in a dreadful manner. The lions roused by their danger, expressed their rage by roaring horribly. The shock of two armies was not more tremendous than their terrible roaring, confounded with the animated cries of the men and dogs, and bellowing of oxen. This frightful concert continued for some time, and I began to despair of success in our enterprize, when, on the side opposite to where I was, I heard piercing cries, instantly followed by the report of a gun; to this report, immediately succeeded shouts of joy, which passing from one to the other, soon reached me, and announced a victory. I ran to the place from whence the noise came, and found the lioness expiring.

It had at last quitted its fort, and was rushing with fury towards my troop, when Klaas, who occupied that post, seeing her, had fired at and killed her. Its teats, although without milk, were swelled and hang-

ing, which made me suppose her cubs were as yet young; and, in this conjecture, I was not deceived. The idea struck me of employing her body to draw them from the coppice. For this purpose I had her drawn to a certain distance, not doubting they would appear as soon as they found her track, and that the male himself might follow, either to revenge or defend them. I ordered therefore several of my men, who were to the right and left, to approach, and remain about twenty yards from the carcase, ready to fire if the animals approached. This scheme, however, failed, and we passed many hours fruitlessly expecting them to appear. Indeed the cubs, uneasy at not seeing their mother, ran to all quarters of the wood growling. The male separated from her, redoubled his roaring and his rage. He at one time appeared on the skirts of the thicket, his eyes flashing fire, his mane erected, and lashing his sides with his tail. But he was unfortunately out of the reach of my fusil. One of my men, who was nearer, however, fired at him, but missed him. At this bad shot he disappeared; and, whether he was afraid to attack a troop so numerous as ours, or would not abandon his young, or was slightly wounded, he appeared no more. After having uselessly waited some time, and despairing of the success of my stratagem, I resolved to have recourse to my former plan of attack, and ordered every man to his former post; but the oxen were so extremely frightened, that when we attempted to force them into the coppice, we found it impossible. As we had employed the greatest part of the day, and the sun was now setting, the attack would become perilous, I thought it expedient to retreat, and leave for the next

day our last victory. The savages carried with joy the lioness to the kraal, with the pleasing thoughts of having got rid of one of their enemies, and the feast they should make of the carcase. As for myself I only wanted the skin, and ordered it to be taken off; it was four feet four inches in height, and ten feet eight inches long.

The author then proceeds, and gives an account of the feast, after which he says—During the night I heard neither the roarings of the cubs, nor of their father. I attributed the cause to the noise the savages made, for if all the lions had assembled on purpose to roar together, they could scarcely have been heard, in the noise and jollity of the feast; but there was another reason, the male, frightened at the danger he was in, had taken advantage of the night, and retired with his family. When we arrived to continue the chace in the morning we found the wood empty. From the first entrance of my dogs I perceived we were too late, however, to be certain, I fired my pistols once or twice, in hopes, if they were there, at that noise they would make themselves heard by their roaring, or by the noise they made in moving. This precaution having had no effect, we entered with circumspection, and only found vestiges of the slaughter this family had made. When I saw this, I occupied myself by trying to find out the size of the father, and the number and size of the cubs. From what I could judge, there seemed to have been only two; but, from the print of their feet, I imagined them to be as large as my dog Yager, who reached as high as my middle, and therefore they were already dangerous, and could do a great deal of mischief. As to the father, I concluded

from the same circumstance, (for his feet, from the impression, seemed to be nearly three times the size of the female's) that he must be of an enormous size.

LEAP FROM EGREMONT BRIDGE.

A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, an inhabitant of Lancaster, riding on the road between Ravenglass and Whitehaven, on a very high-spirited blood horse, not far distant from Egremont, he was passed by a single horse chaise, which occasioned the animal to be very unruly; thinking to pacify him by passing the chaise, he cantered forwards; but the horse no longer to be restrained, struck off on a full gallop, and coming upon Egremont-bridge (the middle of the battlements of which present nearly a right angle to the entrance upon it) was going with such fury, that, unable to retrieve himself, he leaped sidelong upon the battlements, which are upwards of four feet high. The rider finding it impossible to retrieve, and seeing the improbability of saving either of their lives, had he floundered over head foremost, just as the horse was falling headlong down, had the presence of mind to strike him on both sides with the spurs, and force him to take a clear leap.—Owing to this precaution, he alighted upon his feet, and the rider firmly keeping his seat, held up the horse, till reaching the bottom, he leaped off. When we consider the height of the bridge, which has been accurately ascertained to be upwards of twenty feet and an half perpendicular height from the top of the battlements, and that there was not one foot depth of water in the bed of the river where they fell, it is really

miraculous that they were not both stricken dead upon the spot.

He travelled with his accustomed vigour from Egremont to Whitehaven, the distance of five miles. The only injury he received was a sprain in one foot, which confined him three days at his inn, the King's Arms, in Whitehaven. He remained there three days longer, waiting the recovery of his horse, who had a slight wound in the stifle joint. Both perfectly recovered. The horse's feet had struck one of the parapet stones of the bridge with such violence, as to throw it four inches out of its situation.

MR. PHILLIDOR,

THE CELEBRATED CHESS-PLAYER.

THIS very singular character must certainly excite the astonishment of every one who ever heard of his wonderful performance at the chess-board. The following anecdotes were related by himself to a very distinguished sporting gentleman, the authenticity of which is not to be doubted.

Andre Danican Philidor was born at Dreux, near Paris, in 1726. His grandfather was a hautboy-player at the court of Louis XIII. An Italian musician, named Philidor, was admired at that court for his performance on the same instrument; and, after his departure, the king gave Mr. Danican the *sobriquet*, or nick-name of Philidor, which has still remained in the family. His father, and several of his brothers, belonged to the band of Louis XIV. and XV.

At six years of age he was admitted among the children of the Chapel-Royal, at Versailles, where, being obliged to attend daily, he had an opportunity of learning chess from the musicians in waiting, of whom there were about eighty. Cards not being allowed so near the chapel, they had a long table, with six chess-boards inlaid.

At the age of eleven, a motet, or psalm, with choruses, of his composition, was performed, which pleased Louis XV. so much, that he gave the compositor five louis; this encouraged the lad to compose four more. When he had attained his fourteenth year he left the chapel, and was then reputed the most skilful chess-player in the band. This was in 1740, when several motets of his composition were performed at Paris, at the Concert Spirituel, which were favourably received by the public, as the production of a child, who was already a master and teacher of music.

At this time chess was played at in almost every coffee-house in Paris, and he applied so closely to the game, that he neglected his scholars, and they consequently took another master. This induced him rather to pursue the study of chess than of music. Mr. de Kermui, Sire da Legalle, who is still living, and was then near forty years of age, was esteemed the best chess-player in France, and young Philidor sought every opportunity of receiving his instructions, by which he improved so essentially, that, three years after, Mr. de Legalle, though still his master, was not able to allow him any advantage.

Mr. de Legalle once asked him whether he had ever tried to play by memory, without seeing the board?

Phillidor replied, that as he had calculated moves, and even whole games at night in bed, he thought he could do it, and immediately played a game with the Abbe Chenard, which he won without seeing the board, and without hesitating upon any of the moves! This was a circumstance much spoken of in Paris, and, in consequence, he often repeated this method of playing.

Phillidor then finding he could readily play a single game, offered to play two games at the same time, which he did at a coffee-house; and of this party the following account is given in the French Encyclopedia:—

"We had at Paris a young man of eighteen, who played at the same time two games of chess, without seeing the boards, beating two antagonists, to either of whom he, though a first-rate player, could only give the advantage of a knight when seeing the board. We shall add to this account a circumstance of which we were eye-witnesses. In the middle of one of his games, a false move was designedly made, which, after a great number of moves, he discovered, and placed the piece where it ought to have been at first. This young man is named Phillidor, the son of a musician of repute; he himself is a musician, and, perhaps, the best player of Polish draughts there ever was or ever will be. This is among the most extraordinary examples of strength of memory and of imagination."

Forty years after this, he played two different times in London, three games at once. Of one of these exertions, the following account appeared in the London newspapers in May, 1783:—

"Yesterday, at the chess-club in St. James's-street, Mr. Phillidor performed one of those wonderful exhibitions for which he is so much celebrated. He played at the same time three different games, without seeing either of the tables. His opponents were Count Bruhl, Mr. Bowdler, (the two best players in London) and Mr. Maseres. He defeated Count Bruhl in an hour and twenty minutes, and Mr. Maseres in two hours. Mr. Bowdler reduced his game to a drawn battle in an hour and three quarters. To those who understand chess, this exertion of Mr. Phillidor's abilities must appear one of the greatest of which the human memory is susceptible. He goes through it with astonishing accuracy, and often corrects mistakes in those who have the board before them. Mr. Phillidor sets with his back to the tables, and some gentleman present who takes his part, informs him of the move of his antagonist, and then by his direction, plays his pieces as he dictates."

The other match was with Count Bruhl, Mr. Jennings, and Mr. Erskine, to the last of whom he gave a pawn and the move; the count made a drawn game, and both the other gentlemen lost their games.

In 1747, he visited England, where Sir Abraham Jansen introduced him to all the celebrated players of the time. Sir Abraham was not only the best chess-player in England, but likewise the best player he ever met with, after his master, Mr. de Legalle; as the baronet was able to win one game in four of him *even*; and Mr. de Legalle, with whom Sir Abraham afterwards played in Paris, was of the same opinion with regard to his skill.

In 1748, Mr. Phillidor returned to Holland, where he composed his Treatise on Chess. At Aix-la-Chapelle he was advised by Lord Sandwich to go to Eyndhoven, a village between Bois le-Duc and Maestricht, where the English army was encamped. He had there the honour of playing with the late Duke of Cumberland, who subscribed liberally himself, and procured a great number of other subscribers to his work on Chess, which was published in London in 1749.

In 1750, he frequented the house of the French ambassador, the Duke of Mirepoix, who gave a weekly dinner to the lovers of chess, at which game he was himself very expert.

Phillidor remained another year in London, and learning that the King of Prussia was fond of chess, he set off for Berlin, 1751. The king saw him play several times at Postdam, but did not play with him himself; there was a Marquis de Verennes, and a Jew, who played *even* with the king, and to each of these Phillidor gave a knight, and beat them.

The year following he left Berlin, staid eight months at the Prince of Waldeck's, at Arolsen, and three weeks at the court of the Landgrave of Hesse-Cassel, and then returned to England, where he remained till 1775, when he returned to France. In that capital he composed operas, and other pieces; and, in the year 1794, we find him again in London, at Mr. Parsloe's, in St. James's street, where, on the 23d of February, he played two games blindfold at the same time, against Count Bruhl and Mr. Wilson. Mr. Phillidor giving the advantage of the first move to both parties.

Mr. Bowdler moved the pieces, agreeable to the direction of Mr. Phillidor, against Count Bruhl, and Mr. Rameau moved for him against Mr. Wilson.

This match was strongly contested, and lasted an hour and thirty-five minutes. Mr. Phillidor, though he never manifested a clearer head, nor a more tenacious memory, was obliged to yield to his adversaries, whom he had so often defeated before. The fact is, the odds were immense; and though the celebrated foreigner is the best player in the world, the other gentlemen having made a wonderful progress in their improvement, occasioned of course their success.

There was a most numerous and fashionable company present, among whom was the Turkish ambassador and his suite. His excellency paid great attention to the match, and followed all the moves of Count Bruhl.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE LATE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND.

He was one of the first sportsmen, and greatest characters, that this or any other country has produced. He was the uncle of his present Majesty, and as a *commander*, a *sportsman*, and a *man*,

> "Take him for all in all,
> We ne'er shall look upon his like again;"

For he was formed in "nature's nicest mould," that the world might be taught to estimate *perfection*. Under the *influence* of his *counsel*, under the weight of his *personal exertions*, that monster *rebellion* was subdued,

beyond the power of *renovation*, and the *British nation* relieved from a state of anxiety, to which, by the restless ambition of its neighbours, it had been so long compulsively subjected. Rewarded by his *sovereign*, by the *representatives* of the *people*, and by the *citizens of London*, he retired from the field of war and the faction of politics, to enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of domestic comfort, at the lodge in Windsor Great Park, of which he had some years before been appointed ranger. Here he engaged in all the attracting pleasures of rural life; established his stud and breeding stock, and, with a portion of liberality equal (or superior) to the grateful munificence of a generous people, retained and employed in useful labour, a greater number of industrious poor than, perhaps, *ever was*, or *may be*, seen again within the park, or forest of Windsor. To his indefatigable exertions the present generation stands indebted for the various judicious crosses that have brought the breed of *blood-horses* to such a state of unprecedented perfection; and the origin of all the most valuable stallions now in the kingdom, center in the happy combination of his own efforts to produce priority. *Crab*, *Marsh*, *Herod*, and *Eclipse*, were amongst the most celebrated of his own breed; to which were annexed a very long list of progeny, that by his death and the "fascinating flourish of the hammer," were "scattered to all the winds of heaven." *Marsh* fell to the possession of *Lord Abingdon*, where he continued till his death—*Eclipse* first to *Wildman*, then, *partis equalis* with *O'Kelly*, and, lastly, to *O'Kelly solus*—as did the little famous horse *Milksop*, the then first *give and take* horse in the kingdom; he was thus named by his Royal Highness, in consequence of his

dam's taking fright at him as soon as he was foaled, and never could be brought to *any association;* so that he was literally brought up *by hand*. *Eclipse* also derived his appellation from the circumstance of being brought forth during the great eclipse, or real "darkness visible."

His Royal Highness, in his first efforts for superiority, felt the mortification that every liberal mind must be subject to when surrounded by the most voracious *sharks* of every description. The family of the *Greeks* were *then*, as *now* exceedingly numerous, and to its various branches his Royal Highness was for a considerable time, most implicitly subservient; but as soon as it was possible for him to shake off the effects of the embarkation, and *time had* enabled him to produce stock of his *own breed*, and that breed formed upon his well-improved judgment, he took the lead, and, in a very few years, totally defeated every *idea* of *competition*. He had, at the unexpected hour of his death, not only the most *pure*, *perfect*, and *correct*, but the most *valuable* stud of horses in his possession of any subject of the king's dominions; and his loss was considered as a still greater check to the sporting world, as it happened just at the moment when the *turf* and its enjoyments had acquired the *meridian of popularity:* it was the influenza of the day, to whose infection fresh objects were eternally becoming subject, and to which fashionable fascination the *death* of so *great* and so *good* a promoter, gave an instantaneous obstruction. Amongst the numerous improvements incessantly carrying on in and near his delightful residence, the *race course* at *Ascot* seemed to be the most favourite and predominant object of pursuit: laying

claim to every care and attention that could possibly constitute a scene of the greatest and most unsullied brilliancy. Thus the hand of Providence (as the first object of his heart) spared him long enough to see complete; but just in the moment of exultation, when loaded with the grateful caresses of an idolizing multitude, and when absolutely arranging the business of a *spring* and *autumn meeting* at *Ascot*, to vie in some degree with the sport of *Newmarket*, and when the whole county resounded with unprecedented plaudits, the allwise and dispensing *power*, to whose dictates we must *piously submit*, dropped the curtain of *death* upon such a *life*, such an accumulation of *goodwill* and *charitable practice* to all mankind, that it is but little *imitated*, *never can be exceeded*! In the happy retrospection of which one admonition naturally presents itself for the ruminations of every contemplatist of human excellence—

"Go thou and do likewise."

LORD C—— AND THE WEIRD SISTERS.

THIS nobleman, with many amiable virtues, and many brilliant accomplishments, had a great propensity to gaming: in one night he lost three and thirty thousand pounds to the late General Scott. Mortified at his ill fortune, he paid the money, and wished to keep the circumstance secret; it was however, whispered in the public circles, and his lordship, to divert his chagrin, a few nights after, slipped on a domino, and went to a masquerade at Carlisle House. He found all the company running after three Irish ladies of the name of G——e, in the character of the

three weird sisters. These ladies were so well acquainted with every thing that was going on in the great world, that they kept the room in a continued roar by the brilliancy of their bon mots, and the terseness of their applications to some people of rank who were present. They knew Lord C—, and they knew of his loss, though he did not know them. He walked up to them, and, in a solemn tone of voice, addressed them as follows :—

Ye black and midnight hags what do you do?
Live ye, or are ye aught that man may question?
Quickly unclasp to me the book of fate,
And tell if good or ill my steps await.

FIRST WITCH.

All hail C——! all hail to thee,
Once annual lord of thousands thirty-three.

SECOND WITCH.

All hail C——! All hail to thee,
All hail; though poor thou soon shalt be!

HECATE.

C——, all hail! thy evil star
Sheds her baneful influence—Oh, beware!
Beware that Thane! beware that Scott!
Or poverty shall be thy lot.
He'll drain thy youth as dry as hay—
Hither, sisters, haste away!

At the concluding word, whirling a watchman's rattle which she held in her hand, the dome echoed with the sound; the astonished peer shrunk in to himself with terror, retired, and vowed never to lose more

than a hundred pounds at a sitting: which resolution he ever after abided by.

EPITAPH.

On the Death of the late
John Pratt, Esq.
Of Askrigg, in Wensleydale,
Who died at Newmarket, May 8, 1785.
A character so eccentric—so variable—so valuable,
Astonish'd the age he liv'd in.
Tho' small his patrimony,
Yet, assisted by that and his own genius,
He, for upwards of thirty years,
Supported all the hospitality
Of an ancient Baron.
The excellent qualities of his heart
Were eminently evinced
By his bounty to the poor;
His sympathetic feelings for distress,
And his charity for all mankind.
Various and wonderful were the means
Which enabled him, with unsullied reputation,
To support his course of life:
In which he saw, and experienced
Many trials, and many vicissitudes
of fortune;
And tho' often hard press'd, whipt, and spurr'd,
By that Jockey Necessity,
He never swerv'd out of the course
of honour.
Once, when his finances were impair'd,
He receiv'd a seasonable supply,
By the performance of a Miracle!*

* A famous horse of his, got by Changeling.

At different periods he exhibited
(Which were the just emblems of his own life)
A CONUNDRUM, an ENIGMA, and a RIDDLE;
And strange to tell! even these
Enrich'd his pocket.
Without incurring censure.
He trained up an Infidel*,
Which turned out to his advantage.
He had no singular partiality
For flowers, shrubs, roots, or birds.
Yet for several years he maintain'd a FLORIST,†
And his RED ROSE, more than once,
Obtain'd the premium.
He had a HONEYSUCKLE and a PUMPKIN,
Which brought hundreds into his purse:
And a PHŒNIX, a NIGHTINGALE, a GOLDFINCH‡, and a
CHAFFINCH,
Which produc'd him thousands.
In the last war,
He was owner of a PRIVATEER,
Which brought him several valuable prizes.
Tho' never fam'd for gallantry,
Yet he had in keeping, at different periods,
A VIRGIN, a MAIDEN§, an ORANGE GIRL, and a
BALLAD-SINGER:
Besides several Misses||,
To all whom his attachment was notorious.

---

* Got by Turk, dam (Goldfinch and Miss Nightingale's dam by Crab).

† Got by Match'em.

‡ Got by Match'em out of Infidel's dam.

§ Got by Match'em, out of his famous Squirt Mare, the dam of Conundrum, Pumpkin, Ranthos, Ænigma, &c. and grandam of Miracle, Virgin, Dido, &c.

|| The dam of Rockingham, got by Match'em, out of his Squirt mare.

And (what is still more a paradox)
Tho' he had no issue by his lawful wife,
Yet the numerous progeny, and quick abilities,
Of these very females,
Prov'd to him a source of supply.
With all his seeming peculiarities and foibles,
He retain'd his PURITY*
Till a few days before his death:
When the great CAMDEN
Spread the fame thereof so extensively,
As to attract the notice of his Prince,
Who thought it no diminution of royalty
To obtain so valuable an acquisition by purchase.
Altho' he parted with his PURITY
At a great price,
Yet his honour and good name
Remain'd untarnish'd to the end of his life.
At his death, indeed SLANDER,
(In the semblance of PITY)
Talk'd much of his insolvency,
And much of the ruin of individuals;
But the proof of his substance,
And of a surplus not much inferior
To his original patrimony,
Soon answered—refuted—and wip'd away the calumny.
To sum up the abstract of his character,
It may truly be said of him,
That his frailties were few;
His virtues many.
That he liv'd,
Almost universally belov'd;
That he died,
Almost universally lamented.

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* Afterwards Rockingham.

BADGER-HUNTING.

The badger is not known to exist in hot countries: it is an original native of the temperate climates of Europe, and is found, without any variety in Spain, France, Italy, Germany, Britain, Poland, and Sweden. It breeds only twice in a year, and brings forth four or five at a time.

The usual length of the badger is somewhat above two feet, exclusive of the tail, which is about six inches long; its eyes are small, and are placed in a black stripe, which begins behind the ears, and runs tapering towards the nose: the throat and legs are black; the back, sides, and tail are of a dirty grey, mixed with black; the legs are very short, strong, and thick: each foot consists of five toes; those on the fore-feet are armed with strong claws, well adapted for digging its subterraneous habitation.

The badger retires to the most secret recesses, where it digs its hole, and forms its habitation under ground. Its food consists chiefly of roots, fruits, grass, insects, and frogs. It is accused of destroying lambs and rabbits; but there seems to be no other reason for considering it as a beast of prey, than the analogy between its teeth, and those of carnivorous animals.

Few creatures defend themselves better, or bite with greater keenness than the badger: on that account it is frequently baited with dogs trained for that purpose, and defends itself from their attacks with astonishing agility and success. Its motions are so quick, that a dog is often desperately wounded in the moment of assault, and obliged to fly. The thickness of the bad-

ger's skin, and the length and coarseness of its hair, are an excellent defence against the bites of the dogs: its skin is so loose as to resist the impression of their teeth, and gives the animal an opportunity of turning itself round, and wounding its adversaries in their tenderest parts. In this manner this singular creature is able to resist repeated attacks both of men and dogs, from all quarters; till, being overpowered with numbers, and enfeebled by many desperate wounds, it is at last obliged to yield.

In hunting the badger, you must seek the earths and burrows where he lies; and, in a clear moonshine-night, go and stop all the burrows except one or two, and therein place some sacks, fastened with drawing strings, which may shut him in as soon as he strains the bag. Some only place a hoop in the mouth of the sack, and so put it into the hole; and as soon as the badger is in the sack, and strains it, the sack slips from the hoop, and secures him in it, where he lies trembling till he is taken from his prison.

The sacks, or bags, being thus set, cast off the hounds, beating about all the woods, hedges, and tufts round about for the compass of a mile or two; and what badgers are abroad, being alarmed by the hounds, will soon betake themselves to their burrows. Observe, that the person who is placed to watch the sacks, must stand close, and upon a clear wind; otherwise the badger will discover him, and immediately fly some other way into his burrow.

But if the dogs can encounter him before he can take his sanctuary, he will then stand at a bay like a boar, and make good sport, vigorously biting and clawing the dogs. In general, when they fight, they

lay on their backs, using both teeth and nails; and, by blowing up their skins, defend themselves against the bites of the dogs, and the blows given by the men. When the badger finds that the terriers yearn* him in his burrow, he will stop the hole betwixt him and the terriers; and, if they still continue baying, he will remove his couch into another chamber or part of the burrow, and so from one to another, barricading the way before them, as he retreats, till he can go no farther.

If you intend to dig the badger out of his burrow, you must be provided with such tools as are used for digging out a fox: you should also have a pail of water ready to refresh the terriers when they come out of the earth to take breath and cool themselves.

It is no unusual thing to put some small bells about the necks of the terriers, which making a noise, will cause the badger to bolt out.

In digging, the situation of the ground must be observed and considered; or, instead of advancing the work, you probably may hinder it.

In this order you may besiege them in their holds, or castles, and break their platforms, parapets and casemates; and work to them with mines and countermines, till you have overcome them.

We must do this animal the justice to observe, that, though nature has furnished it with formidable weapons of offence, and has besides given it strength sufficient to use them with great effect, it is, notwithstanding, very harmless and inoffensive, and, unless attacked, employs them only for its support.

The badger is an indolent animal, and sleeps much:

* To yearn, is to bark as beagles do at their prey.

it confines itself to its hole during the whole day, and feeds only in the night. It is so cleanly as never to defile its habitation with its excrement. Immediately below the tail, between that and the anus, there is a narrow transverse orifice, from whence a white substance, of a very fœtid smell, constantly exudes. The skin, when dressed with the hair on, is used for pistol furniture. Its flesh is eaten: the hind quarters are sometimes made into hams, which, when cured, are not inferior in goodness to the best bacon. The hairs are made into brushes, which are used by painters to soften and harmonize their shades.

In walking, the badger treads on its whole heel, like the bear, which brings its belly very near the ground.

THE SPORTSMAN'S CHOICE.

Much fam'd is the Arabian breed, but best
The horse whom sportsmen prize above the rest;
Such he, whose shape with these perfections crown'd,
Lightly he shifts his limbs, with speed he scours the ground.
Something above his head his neck should rise,
With looks erect, full fifteen hands in size;
His chop should to his neck below incline,
And his full front with sprightly vigour shine;
Let waving locks adown his foretop fly,
And brills embrown'd should edge his broad bright eye:
Wide nostrils, ample mouth, and little ears;
Arch'd be his neck, and fledg'd with floating hairs,
Like a plum'd helmet, when it nods its crest,
Broad and capacious be his stately chest;
Let his strong back be furrow'd with his chine,
His tail branch out in a long bushy line;
Clean be his thighs, and sin'wy, but below
Strait, long, and spare, his well-turn'd shanks should shew;

Lean be his legs, and nimble as the stag's,
With whom in speed, the fleeting tempest flags;
Firm let him tread, and just, and move along
Upon a well-grown hoof, compact and strong;
Proud of the sport, with too much fire to yield;—
Such be the horse to bear me to the field!

RICHARD FAIRBROTHER.

This veteran sportsman was born of humble, yet well-disposed parents, in Essex, in the year 1734. At an early period he shewed a very great attachment to dogs and horses, and, as he advanced in life, his inclinations were bent towards hunting, which, as it received no material check from his parents, grew upon him to such a degree that he resolved to leave every other mode of obtaining a livelihood, and give himself up totally to dogs and horses; and accordingly, about the age of eighteen, entered into service in the capacity of groom, where he gained some knowledge of horses; but he had not yet obtained the object of his desires; he was much fonder of dogs than horses, and his greatest delight was in the study of the different species of the canine race, the best manner of breeding them, the various distempers they were subject to, and the best and most effectual means of restoring them to health; such, in youth, were his favourite pursuits.

It is not necessary to enumerate the several persons' names with whom Richard Fairbrother lived, before he arrived at an age sufficiently mature to take upon himself the management of a pack of hounds, which were not numerous. His good behaviour was such, that it was no easy matter to be displeased with him; and if at any time he did offend, he always endeavoured to

the utmost of his power, to make up for it by his future attention and obedience.

His relations being in indigent circumstances, it was not possible, or even to be expected, that he should receive any extraordinary education; but, notwithstanding such disadvantages, there was a something in his behaviour far above the lower order of people, and which was much improved after he became a huntsman, on account of his frequently conversing with gentlemen who took that diversion.

After having gone through, with a cheerful mind, the different stages, which were only preparatory to his greatest ambition, and having with much application gained a sufficient knowledge of dogs and horses to qualify him for the employ he so much wished, he at length entered into the service of a gentleman, in the quality of huntsman, where his talents in that line soon became conspicuous, and confirmed in his choice of the situation, which his inclination led him to prefer. We must here again beg leave to pass over the names of those with whom he first lived in that capacity, that we may make mention of that more celebrated part of his life, which he spent in the service of —— Russel, Esq. in Essex, the fame of whose fox-hounds every sportsman must recollect, and which the subject of this article hunted in such a manner, as rendered his name famous throughout that part of the country, and gained him the esteem of his master, which he enjoyed many years. Leaving that place, he then went into the service of Harding Newman, Esq. of Navestock, in Essex, whose foxhounds were likewise looked upon as equal to any in the kingdom. In this gentleman's service he rode a horse, at that time well known to the

sportsmen by the name of *Jolly Roger*, which carried him through several of the severest chases ever known in this kingdom; and by his extraordinary feats in the chase, united to superior talents, he gained the admiration of every one. Here should be noticed a very long chase which happened during the time he was in Mr. Newman's service. On the 2d of December, 1793, they found a fox at Bromfield Hall Wood, near Chelmsford, and after a chase of more than twenty-six miles, without the least check, ran into him, as he was attempting to get into Lord Maynard's garden, at Dunmow; and it is worth remarking, that the hounds pursued the fox through several herds of deer, and an amazing quantity of hares, with a steadiness not to be surpassed by any of the crack packs which hunt that country. It is to be regretted that other instances similar to this cannot be given (which are sufficiently numerous), for want of an accurate description of places. Richard lived in this place several years; at length finding himself advancing in age, and in a manner surrounded by a large family, which looked up to him for its chief support, he began to entertain thoughts of quitting the fox-hounds entirely, and entering into some other station of life, which did not require so much exertion, and which would be attended with less danger; not through a fear of death, but in consideration of the injury his family might sustain by his loss.

He might have had employment as a gamekeeper, but an opportunity offering, he preferred hunting a pack of harriers, to that of shooting; and accordingly engaged himself with a gentleman, about three miles from Romford, in Essex, where he spent the remainder of his life, in a manner much to his own comfort and

satisfaction. In this place he enjoyed himself not quite four years, during which period he lived in a cottage, at a little distance from his master's house, with his wife and children, leading in his old age a peaceable life, like one retired from, and wearied with, the various scenes and vicissitudes of human affairs.

He constantly, during the season, hunted the hounds of the gentleman alluded to, three times a week, and was never known, during that period, to conduct himself with the least impropriety; on the contrary, it was observed by most people, that he behaved much better than the generality of those in his station did. We will not pretend to say, that he was entirely free from faults, but they were so trifling, that his other good qualities totally counterbalanced them. His tender regard for his family, and the care he took of it, are very much to be commended, which, though large, he contrived at all times to keep decent, and from want; and, much to his credit, he never suffered his children to use such conversation, or mix with such companions, as might tend to corrupt their morals. As soon as they were able to obtain any thing towards their own maintenance, he found means to get them employed.

The care also he took of both dogs and horses, is very much to his credit, and merit the warmest commendation.

He was a tall man, but by no means lusty. He complained of being unwell during the summer, and after a few days of very severe illness, he expired on Saturday morning, the 8th of September, 1798, in the sixty-fourth year of his age; and was buried on the Thursday following at Chigwell, very much regretted.

not only by the gentlemen of the chase, but by every one who knew him

THE OLD ENGLISH FOX-HUNTER.

In a very elegant edition of Somerville's Chase, recently published, with notes by Major Topham, we have the following interesting specimen of fox-hunting in former days:—

It is curious (says the major) because it contains the portraiture of a man who was the Nimrod of his day, and was really a fox-hunter; for he dedicated the whole of a long life to it. The character is that of Old Draper, of Yorkshire, and the account is taken from anecdotes delivered down to us by his relatives.

In the old, but now ruinous mansion of Berwick-Hall, in the East Riding of Yorkshire, lived once the well-known William Draper, Esq. who bred, fed, and hunted the stanchest pack of fox-hounds in Europe. On an income of seven hundred pounds a year, and no more, he brought up frugally and creditably, eleven sons and daughters: kept a stable of right good English hunters, a kennel of true-bred fox-hounds, besides a carriage with horses suitable, to carry out my lady and the daughters to church, and other places of goodly resort. He lived in the old honest style of his county, killing every month a good ox, of his own feeding, and priding himself on maintaining a goodly substantial table: but with no foreign kickshaws. His general apparel was a long dark drab hunting-coat, a belt round his waist, and a strong velvet cap on his head. In his humour he was very joking and facetious, having always some pleasant story, both in the field

and in the hall; so that his company was much sought after by persons of good condition; which was of great use to him in afterwards advancing his own children. His stables and kennels were kept in such excellent order, that sportsmen regarded them as schools for huntsmen and grooms, who were glad to come there without wages, merely to learn their business. When they had got good instruction, he then recommended them to other gentlemen, who wished for no better character than that they were recommended by Esquire Draper. He was always up, during the hunting season, at four in the morning, and mounted on one of his goodly nags at five o'clock, himself bringing forth his hounds, who knew every note of their old master's voice. In the field he rode with good judgment, avoiding what was unnecessary, and helping his hounds when they were at fault. His daughter Di, who was equally famous at riding, was wont to assist him, cheering the hounds with her voice. She died at York in a good old age; and, what was wonderful to many sportsmen, who dared not to follow her, she died with whole bones in her bed.

After the fatigues of the day, whence he generally brought away a couple of brushes, he entertained those who would return with him, which was sometimes thirty miles distance, with old English hospitality. Good old October, home-brewed, was the liquor drank; and his first fox-hunting toast,—"All the Brushes in Christendom!" At the age of eighty years this famous squire died as he lived: for he died on horseback. As he was going to give some instructions to a gentleman who was rearing up a pack of fox-hounds, he was seized with a fit, and dropping from

his old favourite poney, he expired! There was no man, rich or poor, in his neighbourhood, but what lamented his death; and the [illegible] were the only things that had occassion to be glad that *Squire Draper was no more!"*

A FOX CHASE.

While thus the knight's long smother'd fire broke forth,
The rousing musicke of the horn he hears,
Shrill echoing through the wold, and by the north,
Where bends the hill the sounding chase appears;
The hounds with glorious peal salute his ears,
And woode and dale rebound the swelling lay;
The youths on coursers, fleet as fallow deers,
Pour through the downs, while, foremost of the fray,
Away! the jolly huntsman cries; and echoe sounds, Away!

Now had the beagles scour'd the bushy ground,
Till where a brooke strays hollow through the bent,
When all confus'd, and snuffing wyldlie round,
In vain their fretful haste explor'd the scent:
But Reynard's cunning all in vain was spent,
The huntsman from his stand his arts had spy'd,
Had markt his doublings, and his shrewd intent,
How both the bancks he traced, then backward ply'd;
His track some twentie roods, he bounding sprong aside.

Eke had he markt where to the broome he crept,
Where, hearkening every sound, an hare was laid;
Then from the thickest bush he slylie lept,
And wary scuds along the hawthorne shade,
Till by the hill's slant foot he earths his head
Amid a briarie thicket: emblem meet
Of wylie statesman of his foes adred;
He oft misguides the people's rage, I weet,
On others, whilst himselfe winds off with slie deceit.

The cunning huntsman now cheers on his pack,
The lurking hare is in an instant slain:
Then opening loud, the beagles scent the track,
Right to the hill, while thund'ring through the plain,
With blyth huzzas advaunce the jovial train,
And now the groomes and squires, cowherds, and pages,
Beat round and round the brake; but all in vain
Their poles they ply, and vain their oathes and noises,
Till plonging in his den the terrier fiercely joyes.

Expell'd his hole, upstarts to open sky
The villain bold, and wildly glares around.
Now here, now there, he bends his knees to fly:
As oft recoils to guard from backward wound;
His frothie jaws he grinds—with horrid sound
The pack attonce* rush on him: foaming ire,
Fierce at his throte and sides hangs many a hound;
His burning eyes flash wylde red sparkling fire,
While sweltring on the sward his breath and strength expire.

MAJOR BAGGS.

THE death of this gentleman was occasioned by a cold caught at the Round-House of St. James's, when he and many others were carried there, by Justice Hyde, from the gaming-table.

In the first company he obtained, George Robert Fitzgerald was his lieutenant. As soon as he got the rank of major, he retired upon half-pay, and devoting himself to deep play ever after, he pursued it with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. When he was so ill that he could not get out of his chair, he has been brought to the hazard-table, when the rattling of the dice seemed suddenly to revive him. He once won 17,000l.

* At once, together.

at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned home over land. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. A companion of his was seized, and sent prisoner to Constantinople, where he was at length released by the interference of Sir Robert Anstie, the English ambassador. He won 6000l. of Mr. O——, some years ago, at Spa, and immediately came to England to get the money from Lord ——, the father of the young man. Terms of accommodation were proposed by his lordship, in the presence of Mr. D——, the banker, whose respectability and consequence are well known. Lord O—— offered him a thousand guineas, and a note of hand for the remainder, at a distant period. Baggs wanted the whole to be paid down. Some altercation ensued. Mr. D—— then observed, that he thought his lordship had offered very handsome terms. "Sirrah, (said Baggs, in a passion) hold your tongue; the laws of commerce you may be acquainted with, but the laws of honour you know nothing about." When he fought Fitzgerald he was wounded in the leg, and fell, but when down returned the fire, which struck the knee of his antagonist, and made him lame ever after. He never could hear of Fitzgerald's unhappy fate without visible delight, and "grinning horribly a ghastly smile." He is supposed to have utterly ruined by play forty persons. In the course of life he was worth more than 70,000l. He had fought eleven duels; and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and

considerable literature: and, when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. He was very generous to people whom he liked; and a certain naval lord, highly respected, when in rather a distressed situation at Paris, some years ago, found a never-failing resource in the purse of the major. He lived at Paris several years, in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentleman-like. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the king's private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1500l.

REMARKABLE ABSTINENCE OF A DOG.

In 1789, when preparations were making at St. Paul's for the reception of his Majesty, a favourite bitch followed its master up the dark stairs of the dome, here, all at once, it was missing, and calling and whistling was to no purpose. Nine weeks after this, all but two days, some glaziers were at work in the cathedral, and heard amongst the timbers which support the dome a faint noise; thinking it might be some unfortunate being, they tied a rope round a boy, and let him down near to the place whence the sound came. At the bottom he found a dog lying on its side, the skeleton of another dog, and an old shoe half eaten. The humanity of the boy led him to rescue the animal from its miserable situation, and it was accordingly drawn up. Much emaciated, and scarce able to stand, the workmen placed it in the porch of the church.

to die, or live, as might happen. This was about ten o'clock in the morning; some time after, the dog was seen endeavouring to cross the street at the top of Ludgate-hill, but its weakness was so great, that, unsupported by a wall, he could not accomplish it. The appearance of the dog again excited the compassion of a boy, who carried it over. By the aid of the houses he was enabled to get to Fleet-market, and over two or three narrow crossings in its way to Holborn-bridge, and about eight o'clock in the evening it reached its master's house in Red Lion-street, Holborn, and laid itself down on the steps, having been ten hours in its journey from St. Paul's to that place. The dog was so much altered, the eyes being sunk in the head as to be scarce discernible, that the master would not encourage his old faithful companion, who, when lost, was supposed to weigh twenty pounds, and now only weighed three pounds fourteen ounces; the first indication it gave of knowing its master, was by wagging its tail when he mentioned the name Phillis; for a long time it was unable to eat or drink, and it was kept alive by the sustenance it received from its mistress, who used to feed it with a tea-spoon; at length it recovered. Should it be asked, how did this animal live near nine weeks without food? This was not the case. She was in whelp when lost, and doubtless eat her offspring; the remains of another dog, killed by a similar fall, was likewise found, that most probably was converted by the survivor to the most urgent of all natural purposes; and when this treat was done, the shoe succeeded, which was almost half devoured. What famine and a thousand accidents could not do, was effected a short time after by the wheels of a coach,

which unfortunately went over her, and ended the mortal days of poor Phillis.

WILD DOGS.

Of dogs that have supported themselves in a wild state, to the great loss and annoyance of the farmer, there are two instances worthy of notice, from the cunning with which both these dogs frustrated, for a length of time, every secret and open attack. In December 1784, a dog was left by a smuggling vessel near Boomer, on the coast of Northumberland. Finding himself deserted, he began to worry sheep, and did so much damage, that he was the terror of the country, within the circuit of above twenty miles. It is asserted, that when he caught a sheep, he bit a hole in its right side, and after eating the fat about the kidneys, left it. Several of them, thus lacerated, were found alive by the shepherds; and being properly taken care of, some of them recovered, and afterward had lambs. From this delicacy of his feeding, the destruction may, in some measure be conceived, as the fat of one sheep in a day would scarcely satisfy his hunger. Various were the means used to destroy him: frequently was he pursued with hounds, greyhounds, &c. but when the dogs came up with him, he laid down on his back, as if supplicating for mercy, and in that position they never hurt him; he therefore laid quietly, taking his rest, 'till the hunters approached, when he made off without being followed by the hounds, 'till they were again excited to the pursuit, which always terminated unsuccessfully. He was one day pursued from Howick to upwards of thirty miles

distance, but returned thither and killed sheep the same evening. His constant residence was upon a rock, on the Heugh Hill, near Howick, where he had a view of four roads that approached it, and there, in March 1785, after many fruitless attempts, he was at last shot.

Another wild dog, which had committed similar devastation among the sheep, near Wooler, in the same county (Northumberland), was, on the 6th of June, 1799, advertised to be hunted on the Wednesday following, by three packs of hounds, which were to meet at different places; the aid of men and fire-arms was also requested, with a reward promised of twenty guineas to the person killing him. This dog was described by those who had seen him at a distance, as a large greyhound, with some white in his face, neck and one fore-leg white, rather grey on the back, and the rest of a jet black:—an immense concourse of people assembled at the time appointed, but the chase was unprosperous; for he eluded his pursuers among the Cheviot Hills, and, what is singular, returned that same night to the place from whence he had been hunted in the morning, and worried an ewe and her lamb. During the whole summer he continued to destroy the sheep, but changed his quarters, for he infested the Fells sixteen miles south of Carlisle, where upwards of sixty sheep fell victims to his ferocity. In September, hounds and fire-arms were again employed against him, and after a run from Carrock Fell, which was computed to be thirty miles, he was shot whilst the hounds were in pursuit, by Mr. Sewel, of Wedlock, who laid in ambush at Moss Dale. During the chase, which occupied six hours, he frequently turned

upon the headmost hounds, and wounded several so badly as to disable them. Upon examination, he appeared to be of the Newfoundland breed, of a common size, wire-haired, and extremely lean. This description does not tally with the dog so injurious to the farmers in Northumberland, although from circumstances, there is little doubt but it was the same animal.

SINGULAR AND ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

Mr. Archer, a gentleman of about ten thousand pounds per annum, chiefly landed property in Berkshire, and partly in Essex, died a few years ago, and left a very large fortune, great part of which he gave to his wife, but the bulk went to his daughters by a former marriage. Besides his house in Berkshire, he had a fine mansion on his beautiful estate of Coopersale, near Epping, in Essex. But this house had been deserted for twenty years or more, no one being allowed to reside in it. On the death of Mr. Archer, it fell to the lot of one of his daughters, who sent a surveyor to examine the house. His report was curious. Neither the gates of the court-yard, nor the doors of the mansion-house, had been opened for the period of eighteen years. The latter, by order, were covered with plates of iron. The court-yard was crowded with thistles, docks, and weeds; and the inner hall with cobwebs. The rooks and jackdaws had built their nests in the chimnies, and the solemn bird of night had taken possession of the principal drawing-room. Several of the rooms had not been opened for thirty years. The

pigeons, had, for the space of twenty-five years, built their nests in the library (which contained some thousand books), having made a lodgment through the means of an aperture in one of the casements. Here they had, it is supposed, remained undisturbed for the space above-mentioned of several loads of dung were found in the apartment. A celebrated naturalist, who was present at the opening of the house, declared he never saw cobwebs so beautiful before, or of such an amazing size. They extended the whole length of one room, from the ceiling to the ground. The wines, ale, and rum, of each of which there were large quantities, had not been touched for twenty years; they were found in fine order, particularly the port wine. The bailiff, the gardener, and his men, were expressly ordered by their late master not to remove even a weed from the garden or grounds. The fish-ponds were untouched for many years. A gentleman having permission to fish, caught several jacks, weighing fourteen and fifteen pounds each. All the neighbouring gentry visited the house and grounds, the ruinous condition of which formed a topic of general conversation.

The style in which Mr. Archer travelled once a year, when he visited his estates, resembled more the pompous pageantry of the ancient nobles of Spain, when they went to take possession of a vice-royalty, than that of a plain country gentleman. The following was the order of the cavalcade:—1st. The coach and six, with two postillions and coachman. Three out-riders. Post-chaise and four post-horses. Phaëton and four, followed by two grooms. A chaise-marine with four horses, carrying the numerous services

of plate. This last was escorted by the under-butler, who had under his command three stout fellows; they formed a part of the household; all were armed with blunderbusses. Next followed the hunters with their clothes on, of scarlet, trimmed with silver, attended by the stud-grooms and huntsman. Each horse had a fox's brush tied to the front of the bridle. The rear was brought up by the pack of hounds, the whipper-in, the hack horses, and the inferior stablemen. In the coach went the upper servants. In the chariot Mrs. Archer; or, if she preferred a less confined view of the country, she accompanied Mr. Archer in the phaeton, who travelled in all weathers in that vehicle, wrapped up in a swansdown coat.

EXTRAORDINARY SLAUGHTER.

Those huntsmen who are so fond of unnecessarily getting blood and wasting foxes, would doubtless have been much gratified at the hunting match given by the Prince Esterhazy, Regent of Hungary, upon the signing of a treaty of peace with France, a day's sport, that bids fair to vie in point of blood (if the King of Naples' slaughter be excepted) with any of those recorded in modern history, as there were killed, 160 deer, 100 wild boars, 300 hares, and 80 foxes. The king had a larger extent, and a longer period for the exercise of his talents, and it was proved that during his journey to Vienna, in Austria, Bohemia, and Moravia, he killed 5 bears, 1820 boars, 1960 deer, 1145 does, 1625 roe-bucks, 1121 rabbits, 13 wolves, 17 badgers, 16,354 hares, and 354 foxes; the monarch had likewise the pleasure of doing a little in the bird

way, by killing, upon the same expedition, 15,350 pheasants, and 12,335 partridges!

WOLF-HUNTING.

In point of Numbers, the exportation of fox-hounds from this country to France, was at one period very considerable. The compiler requested a friend, who had his regular establishment of fox-hounds in France, to inform him how far the chase of the wolf was successful, or likely to be so, when prosecuted by the vigour and speed of the English fox-hound, and his reply was to the following purport:—"You wish me to communicate my observations on wolf-hunting, which I shall most readily do, but must first apprise you, that neither with my own hounds, which I took with me to France in 1774, nor with the hounds of the Count de Serrent, which were under my direction some years before, did I hunt the wolf by choice. The Count de Serrent's pack consisted of about thirty couple of French hounds, larger than the English stag-hound, fifteen couple of them were kept for stag-hunting only, and with the remainder they hunted the wild boar and the wolf. The first time I ever met Serrent's hounds was at a wolf-hunt, where a bitch wolf had littered in some woods of the count's not far distant from the forest; the woods were nearly surrounded by the officers of the carabiniers, each person with a double-barrelled gun, some with small bayonets fixed, and all were loaded with ball. As soon as each sportsman had taken his station, the huntsman and hounds entered the wood, they found immediately, the hounds divided, and I (who was unarmed) tally'd the old bitch wolf, who went off for the

forest in the most gallant style. My English halloo amused some of the French, but enraged others, who declared that if the huntsman had not fortunately stopt the hounds, they would have gone on with the old wolf, and this indeed was my intention. The stopped hounds were clapped back to those running the cubs in the cover, and which were said to be about three or four months old; they were taller than a fox, and shewed, by the looseness of their make, and the vast size of their bone, in their then infant state, what they would be when arrived at their full growth; that, however, was forbid, for all but one were shot that day, and the remaining one was killed the day following by one of the count's keepers. These cubs, whilst hunted, never quitted the covers, nor was it supposed they had ever been out of them; for the forest, towards which the old wolf pointed, was between four or five leagues distance from the woods where she littered. I often hunted the wolf afterwards, and the result was, that the wolf was either shot when quitting the cover in which he was found, or by some keeper or person who accidentally saw him in his route, or he escaped by going off at one steady pace, until he left hounds, horses, and men, totally beat, and who were generally relieved by the hospitality of some curé, and enabled to return home the next day. It is asserted, that the wolf, whose pace seems for the most part to be regulated by that of his pursuers, will stop when no longer pursued, and the hounds may attack him again the next morning; perhaps so, but will not the wolf be equally refreshed by his night's repose as the hounds? Admitting that the wolf does stop, he gives his enemies a fresh chance, because formerly there was scarce a po-

rish in France that had not one or more gamekeepers. The huntsman who hunted the wolf, related where he gave him up, how much he appeared fatigued, and which way he pointed to the keepers when his chase ended; they possibly guessed where the wolf rested that night, and by properly placing all the assistants they could collect, got a shot at him when he broke cover, in the same manner as he had been fired at the preceding day. Upon remarking this risk of being shot, which the wolf had to escape, to a French gentleman, he assured me that a friend of his, who kept hounds for the wolf only, never fired on the wolf until (unable to run any further) he turned upon the dogs, and this generally took place about the fourth or fifth day. This sounds strange hunting to us English fox-hunters, but I declare to you that I am not prepared to deny the fact."

THE OTTER.

The description of this animal, and the mode of destroying it, are mentioned on account of its being so inveterate a foe to the fisherman's amusement; for the otter is as destructive in a pond, as a polecat in a hen-house; this animal seems to link the chain of gradation, between terrestial and aquatic creatures, resembling the former in its shape, and the latter, in being able to remain for a considerable space of time under water, and in being furnished with membranes like *fins* between the toes, which enable it to swim with such rapidity, as to overtake fish in their own element; the otter, however, properly speaking, is not amphibious, he is not formed for continuing in the water, since, like

other terrestrial creatures, he requires the aid of respiration; for if, in pursuit of his prey, he accidentally gets entangled in a net, and has not time to cut with his teeth the sufficient number of meshes to effectuate his escape, *he is drowned*. The usual length of the otter, from the tip of the nose to the base of the tail, is twenty-three inches; of the tail itself (which is broad at the insertion and tapers to a point) sixteen; the weight of the male from eighteen to twenty-six, of the female from thirteen to twenty-two pounds; one in October 1794, was snared in the river Lea, between Ware and Hertford, which weighed upwards of *forty* pounds. The head and nose are broad and flat, the eyes are brilliant, although small, are nearer the nose than is usual in quadrupeds, and placed in such a manner, as to discern every object that is *above*, which gives the otter a singular aspect, not unlike the eel; but this property of seeing what is above, gives it a particular advantage when lurking at the bottom for its prey, as the fish cannot discern any object *under* them, and the otter seizing them from beneath, by the belly, readily takes any number with little exertion; the ears are extremely short, and their orifice narrow; the opening of the mouth is small, the lips are capable of being brought very close together, somewhat resembling the mouth of a fish, are very muscular, and designed to close the mouth firmly, while in the action of diving, and the nose and corners of the mouth are furnished with very long whiskers; it has thirty-six teeth, six cutting and two canine above and below, of the former, the middlemost are the least, it has besides five grinders on each side in both jaws. The legs are very short, but remarkably broad and muscular, the

joints articulated so loosely, that the otter can turn them quite back, and bring them on a line with its body, and use them as fins; each foot has five toes, connected by strong webs like those of a water-fowl; thus nature, in every particular, has attended to the way of life allotted to an animal, whose food is fish, and whose haunts must necessarily be about waters. The otter has no heel, but a round ball under the sole of the foot, by which its track in the mud is easily distinguished, and is termed the *Seal*. The general shape of the otter is somewhat similar to that of an overgrown weasel, being long and slender; its colour is entirely a deep brown, except two small spots of white on each side the nose, and one under the chin; the skin is valuable, if killed in the winter, and makes gloves more durable, and which at the same time will retain their pliancy and softness, after being repeatedly wetted, beyond any other leather.

The otter shews great sagacity in forming its abode burrowing under ground on the banks of some river or lake; and always making the entrance of its hole under water, working upwards to the surface of the earth, and forming several holts, or lodges, that, in case of high floods, it may have a retreat (for no animal is more careful to repose in a dry place), and there making a minute orifice for the admission of air; and even this aperture, for greater concealment, is frequently made in the middle of some thick bush. The otter is very cleanly, depositing its excrements, or *spraints*, in only one place; upon the least alarm it flies to the water, where by its rapidity in swimming, it frequently escapes from its pursuers.

The otter destroys large quantities of fish, for he will

eat none, unless it be perfectly fresh, and what he refuses himself; by his mode of eating them, he causes a still greater consumption. So soon as the otter catches a fish, he drags it on shore, devours it to the *vent*, but, unless pressed by extreme hunger, always leaves the remainder, and takes to the water in quest of more. In rivers it is always observed to swim against the stream, to meet its prey; it has been asserted, that two otters will hunt in concert, that active fish the salmon; one stations itself above, the other below where the fish lies, and being thus chased incessantly, the wearied salmon becomes their victim. To suppose the otter never uses the sea, is a mistake, for they often have been seen in it, both swimming and seeking for their booty in it, and which, in the Orknies, has been observed to be cod and conger.

In very hard weather, when its natural sort of food fails, the otter will kill lambs, sucking pigs, and poultry, and one was caught in a warren, where he had come to prey on the rabbits. In the year 1793, as two gentlemen were shooting at Pilton, in Devonshire, the pointer stood at some brakes, from whence burst a large otter, the dog seized, but being severely bitten, was soon obliged to quit his hold; after driving him about for some time in a turnip field, they killed him by blows upon the head, and this otter was at a distance of at least five miles from any river or pond, that could supply him with fish, and it is to be presumed, he meant to prey upon some land animal, as he had prowled so far from the place where his natural food could be procured.

The otter's flesh is extremely rank and fishy; the Romish church allows its use on *maigre* days. In the

kitchen of the Carthusian convent, near Dijon, Mr. Pennant reports that he saw one preparing for the dinner of the *religieuse*, of that rigid order, who, by their rules, are prohibited, during their whole lives, the eating of flesh.

The otter brings four or five young at a time, about the month of June; as it frequents ponds near gentlemen's houses, litters have been found in cellars, sinks, and other drains. The cubs have been known to have been suckled and brought up by a bitch; near South Molton, in Devonshire, this happened, and the young otter follows his master with the dogs, but seemed to have no inclination for the water. The young of animals are generally beautiful, but the young otter is not so handsome as the old.

There are many instances of otters being tamed when taken young, and becoming so domesticated as to follow their master, answer to a name, and employ their talent in fishing for him: in this state, when fish cannot be had, milk, and pudding made of oatmeal, have been substituted for their food.

William Collis, of Kemmerston, near Wooler, in Northumberland, had a tame otter, which always attended him, would fish in the river, and when satiated return to him. In Collis's absence, his son took the otter out to fish, but it refused to come at the accustomed call, and was lost; the father, after several days search, being near the place where it was lost, and calling it by its name, it came creeping to his feet, and shewed many genuine marks of firm attachment. Its food (exclusive of fish) consisted chiefly of milk and hasty pudding.

James Campbell, near Inverness, had likewise a

tame otter, which was frequently employed in fishing, and would take eight or ten salmon in a day. If not prevented, it always attempted to break the salmon behind the fin next the tail; when one was taken from it, it dived for more; and when tired, and satisfied with eating the share of the prize alloted it, it curled itself round and fell asleep, in which state it was generally carried home. This otter fished as well in the sea as in a river, and took great numbers of codlings and other fish. The food besides fish was milk.

Mr. Edwards, likewise, of Little Waltham Hall, Essex, had an otter which always attended him like a dog, and every afternoon, when the old gentleman slept, the otter regularly stationed itself in his lap; it used to get fish from the ponds in the gardens and grounds near the house: it had milk also given it, and was at last accidentally killed, by a maid-servant striking it with a broom handle upon the *nose*, where a small blow is fatal.

But the most curious instance of the otter's being tamed, is that where a person suffered it to follow him with his dogs with which he used to hunt other otters, and it was remarkable, that so far were the dogs from molesting it, that they would not even hunt an otter while it remained with them; upon this account, although the otter was useful in fishing, and in driving the trouts, and other fish, towards the nets, the owner was obliged to dispose of it. The late Mr. Selby had a fox, that used to go with his fox hounds, but it had not the effect of preventing the dogs from doing their business in the field, for his hounds were eminently famous.

The manner of rearing otters to become domestic,

as quoted by Goldsmith, was "to procure them as young as possible, and to carefully feed them at first with small fish and water; as they gained strength, they had milk mixed with their food, the quantity of their fish provision was lessened, and that of vegetables and bread increased, until at length they were fed wholly upon bread, which perfectly agrees with their constitution. The mode of training them to hunt for fish, required not only assiduity, but patience. They were first taught to fetch, as dogs are instructed; but not possessing the same docility, it required more art and experience to teach them. It was usually performed by accustoming them to take a truss, made of leather, and stuffed with wool in the shape of a fish, into their mouth, and to drop it when commanded; to run after it when thrown forward, and to bring it to their master. From this they proceeded to real fish, which were thrown dead into the water, and which they were taught to fetch to shore. From the dead they proceeded to the living, and at last the animal is perfectly instructed in the art of fishing, and readily obeys his master. Tedious as the process is, the labour is amply repaid, as few creatures are more beneficial; an otter, thus taught, will catch fish enough to sustain not only itself, but a whole family."

In Scotland the vulgar have an opinion, that the otter has its king, or leader; they describe it as being of a larger size, and varied with white; they believe it is never killed, without the sudden death of a man, or some other animal, at the same instant; that its skin is endowed with great virtues: is an antidote against all infection; a preservative to the warrior

from wounds, and ensures the mariner from all disasters upon the seas.

The hunting of the otter was formerly considered as excellent sport, and hounds were kept solely for that purpose; the sportsmen went on each side the river, beating the banks and sedges with the dogs; if there was otter in that quarter, his *seal* was soon traced upon the mud, as the water, wherever it would admit of it, (according to the mode now pursued) was lowered as much as possible, to expose the hollow banks, reed beds, and stubs, that might otherwise shelter him; each hunter had a spear to attack the otter when he *vented*, or came to the surface of the water to breathe. If an otter was not soon found by the river side, it was imagined that he had gone to *couch* more inland, and was sought for accordingly; (for sometimes they will feed a considerable way from their place of rest, choosing rather to go up than down the stream). If the hounds found an otter, the sportsmen viewed his track in the mud, to find which way he had taken. The spears were used in aid of the dogs. When an otter is wounded he makes directly to land, where he maintains an obstinate defence; he bites severely, and does not readily quit his hold; when he seizes the dogs in the water, he always dives with, and carries them far below the surface: an old otter will never give up whilst he has life, and it is observable, that the male otter never makes any complaint when seized by the dogs, or even transfixed with a spear; but the pregnant female emit a very shrill squeak. The chase of the otter has still, however, its staunch admirers, who are apparently as zealous in this pursuit as in any other we read of. In 1796, near Bridgnorth, on the

river Worse, four otters were killed: one stood three, another four hours, before the dogs, and was scarcely a minute out of sight. The hearts, &c. were eaten by many respectable people who attended the hunt, and allowed to be very delicious; the carcasses were also eaten by the men employed, and found to be excellent; what is a little extraordinary, the account does not state, that the partakers of this hard-earned fare were Carthusians.

THE WEAZEL.

THE hare has no enemy more fatal than the *weazel*, which will follow and terrify it into a state of absolute imbecility, when it gives itself up without resistance, at the same time making piteous outcries. The weasel seizes its prey near the head, the bite is mortal, although the wound is so small, that the entrance of the teeth is scarcely perceptible; a hare, or rabbit, bit in this manner, is never known to recover, but lingers for some time, and dies.

The common weasel is the least animal of this species, the disproportionate length and height of the little animals which compose this class, are their chief characteristic, and are alone sufficient to distinguish them from all other carniverous quadrupeds; the length of the wolf in proportion to its height, is as one and a half to one; that of the weazel is nearly as four to one; the weasel never exceeds seven inches in length, from the nose to the tail, which is only two inches a half long, it ends in a point, and adds considerably to the apparent length of the body; the height of the weasel is not above two inches and a half, so that it is almost four times as long as it is high; the most prevailing colour is a pale tawny brown, resem-

bling cinnamon, on the back, sides, and legs; the throat and belly white; beneath the corners of the mouth, on each jaw, is a spot of brown; the eyes are small, round, and black; the ears broad and large, and from a fold at the lower part, have the appearance of being double; it has likewise whiskers like a cat, but has two more teeth than any of the cat kind, having thirty-two in number, and these well adapted for tearing and chewing its food. The motion of the weasel consists of unequal bounds, or leaps, and in climbing a tree it gains a height of some feet from the ground, by a single spring; in the same precipitate manner it jumps upon its prey, and possessing great flexibility of body, easily evades the attempts of much stronger animals to seize it. We are told, that an eagle having pounced upon a weasel, mounted into the air with it, and was soon after observed to be in great distress: the little animal had extricated itself so much from the eagle's hold, as to be able to fasten upon the throat, which presently brought the eagle to the ground, and gave the weasel an opportunity of escaping. Its activity is remarkable, and it will run up the sides of a wall with such facility, that no place is secure from it. The weasel also preys in silence, and never utters any cry, except when it is struck, when it expresses resentment, or pain, by a rough kind of squeaking. It is useful to the farmer in winter, by clearing his barns and granaries of rats and mice; more slender and nimble than the cat, it presents a more deadly foe, as it can pursue them into their holes, where it kills them after a very short, if any, resistance. Into the pigeon-house it is sometimes a most unwelcome intruder, as it spares neither eggs nor young ones. In summer it

ventures at a distance from its usual haunts; is frequently found by the side of water, near corn mills, and is almost sure to follow wherever a swarm of rats occupy any place.

The female brings forth in the spring, and takes great pains for the comfort of her young, by preparing a bed for them of straw, hay, leaves, and moss. They have from three to five in a litter, which are born blind, but they soon acquire both sight and strength to follow their dam in her excursions.

The weasel sleeps in its hole during the greater part of the day, and evening is the chief time when it begins its depredations; it then may be seen stealing from its retreat, and creeping about in search of prey, which extends to all the eggs it can meet with, and it not unfrequently destroys the bird that tries to defend them. If it enters the hen-roost, the chickens are sure to fall victims; it does not there often attack the cocks, or old hens, nor does it devour what it kills on the spot, but drags it off, to eat at leisure. The weasel's appetite for animal food is insatiable, and he never forsakes it; all the produce of the plunder it conveys to its hiding-place, and will not touch it till it begins to putrefy. The odour of the weasel is very strong, and is the most offensive in summer time, or when irritated or pursued. The following incident, related by Buffon, shews that the weasel has a natural attachment to what is corrupt, and even delights in the midst of putrid effluvia:—"In my neighbourhood, a weasel and three young ones were taken from the putrid carcass of a wolf, which was hung up by the hind legs as a terror to others; and in the throat of

this animal had the weasel made a nest of leaves and herbage, for the accommodation of her offspring."

THE STOAT.

THIS animal, which is equally agile and mischievous with the weasel in the pursuit and destruction of the hare, and all other sorts of game, poultry, and eggs, has, from its habits and the small difference in shape from the weasel, been often described under the same denomination. Its height is about two inches; the tail five and a half, very hairy, and at the points tipped with black; the edges of the ears and ends of the toes are of a yellowish white; in other respects it perfectly resembles the weasel in colour and form. In the most northern parts of Europe, the stoat regularly changes its colour in winter, and becomes perfectly white, except the end of the tail, which remains invariably black. It is then called the *ermine;* the fur is valuable, and is sold in the country where caught, from two to three pounds sterling per hundred. The animal is either taken in traps, made of two flat stones, or shot with blunt arrows.

The stoat is sometimes found white during the winter season in Great Britain, and is then commonly called the *white weasel*. Its fur, however, having neither the thickness, the closeness, or the whiteness, of those which come from Siberia, is, with us, of little value.

In the Natural History of Norway, by Pontoppidan, are these remarks upon the stoat, or ermine.

"In Norway the ermine lives upon the rocks, his

skin is white, except the tail, which is tipped with black. The furs of Norway and Lapland preserve their whiteness better than those of Russia, which soon acquire a yellowish cast; and upon this account the former are in greater request even at Petersburgh. The ermine catches mice, like the cat, and when practicable, carries off his prey. He is peculiarly fond of eggs, and when the sea is calm he swims over to the islands which lie near the coast of Norway, where there are vast quantities of sea fowls. It is alledged, that when the female brings forth on an island, she conducts her young to the continent upon a piece of wood, piloting it with her snout. This animal, although small, kills those of a much larger size, as the rein deer and bear. He jumps into one of their ears when asleep, and adheres so fast by his teeth, that the creatures cannot disengage him. He likewise surprises eagles and heath-cocks, by fixing on them, and never quitting them, even when they mount in the air, until the loss of blood makes them fall down."

To destroy these worst of all four-footed vermin to game in its infant state, the following mode is recommended:—Provide small square-made steel traps, with a small chain and iron peg to fix them down; get two drachms of musk, shoot some small birds, and dip the tail of these birds in the musk; tie one on the plate of each trap, and set in the hedges, or where it is suspected they frequent; this will soon reduce the number, should it be ever so considerable; if it so happen, that no musk is immediately to be got, the trap must be baited with a piece of rabbit; and it should be remembered, that this bait cannot be too stale.

THE LATE —— WINYARD, ESQ.

This gentleman, who was one of the first sportsmen in Gloucestershire, attending the funeral of his wife, arrayed in all the pomp of woe, and seemingly torpid with sorrow, was suddenly roused from his grief by the starting of a hare; on which, as if forgetting the melancholy business he was about, he immediately threw down his cloak and other incumbrances, and towing on two greyhounds, the constant attendant of all his steps, pursued the game. The hare being killed, he rejoined the procession, which had halted on the occasion, and the bearers had set down the corpse.—"Come, gentlemen," said he, resuming his melancholy tone, with his sable vestments, "in the name of God, let us proceed with the remains of my dearest wife, and finish the sorrowful ceremony for which we are met." This story was related to the late Francis Grose, Esq. by Mr and Mrs. Bathurst, of Lidney-Park, Gloucestershire, who affirmed it to be literally true.

THE GREYHOUND.

This animal, in ancient times, was considered as a very valuable present, and especially by the ladies, with whom it appears to have been a peculiar favourite: in a very old metrical romance, called *Sir Eglamore*, a princess tells the knight that if he was inclined to hunt, she would, as an especial mark of her favour, give him an excellent greyhound, so swift, that no deer could escape from his pursuit.

> Syr yf you be on huntynge founde,
> I shall you gyve a good greyhounde,

That is dunne as a doo:
For as I am trewe gentylwoman,
There was never deer that he at ran,
That might yscape him fro.

In our own country, during the reign of king John, greyhounds were frequently received by him as payment in lieu of money, for the renewal of grants, fines, and forfeitures, belonging to the crown; the following extracts prove this monarch to have been exceedingly partial to this kind of dogs. A fine paid A.D. 1203, mentions five hundred marks, ten horses, and ten leashes of *greyhounds;* another, in 1210, one swift running horse, and six *greyhounds.*

In ancient times three several animals were coursed with greyhounds, the deer, the fox, and the hare. The two former are not practised at present, but the coursing of deer formerly was a recreation in high esteem, and was divided into two sorts; the paddock, the forest, or purlieu. For the paddock coursing, besides the greyhounds, which never exceeded two, and for the most part consisted of one brace, there was the teazel, or *mongrel* greyhound, whose business it was to drive the deer forward before the real greyhounds were slipt. The paddock was a piece of ground generally taken out of a park, and fenced with pales, or a wall; it was a mile in length, and about a quarter of a mile in breadth, but the further end was always broader than that which the dogs started from, the better to accommodate the company in seeing which dog won the match. At the hither end was the dog-house (to enclose the dogs that were to run the course), which was attended by two men, one of whom stood at the door to slip the dogs, the other was a little without the door,

to let loose the teazer to drive away the deer. The pens for the deer intended to be coursed, were on one side, with a keeper or two to turn them out; on the other side, at some distance, stood the spectators. Along the course were placed posts. The first, which was next the dog-house and pens, was the law-post, and was distant from them one hundred and sixty yards. The second was the quarter of a mile, the third the half mile, the fourth the pinching-post, and the fifth marked distance, in lieu of a post, was the ditch, which was a place made so as to receive the deer, and keep them from being further pursued by the dogs. Near to this place were seats for the judges, who were chosen to decide the wager.

So soon as the greyhounds that were to run the match were led into the dog-house, they were delivered to the keepers, who by the articles of coursing were to see them fairly slipt; for which purpose, there was round each dog's neck a falling-collar, which slipt through rings. The owners of the dogs drew lots which should have the wall, that there should be no advantage; the dog-house door was then shut, and the keeper turned out the deer; after the deer had gone about twenty yards, the person that held the teazer loosed him, to force the deer forward, and when the deer was got to the law-post, the dogs were led out from the dog-house, and slipt. If the deer swerved before he got to the pinching-post, so that his head was judged to be nearer the dog-house than the ditch, it was deemed no match, and was to be run again three days after; but if there was no such swerve, and the dog ran straight until he went beyond the pinching-post, then that dog which was nearest the deer (should

he swerve) gained the contest; if no swerve happened, then that dog which leaped the ditch first was the victor; if any disputes arose, they were referred to the articles of the course, and determined by the judges.

In coursing deer in the forest, or purlieu, two ways were used; the one coursing from wood to wood, and the other upon the lawns by the keepers' lodges. In the first, some hounds were thrown into the cover to drive out the deer, whilst the greyhounds were held ready to be slipt where the deer was expected to break; if the deer was not of a proper age and size, the dogs were not let loose; and if, on the other hand, he broke at too great a distance, or was otherwise deemed an overmatch for one brace, it was allowable to waylay him with another brace of fresh greyhounds.

For the coursing upon the lawn, the keeper had notice given him, and he took care to lodge a deer fit for the purpose, and by sinking the wind of him, there was no danger of getting near enough to slip the greyhounds, and having a fair course.

In coursing the fox, no other art was necessary but to get the wind, and stand close on the outside of the wood, where he was expected to come out, and to give him law enough, or he instantly returned back to the cover; the slowest greyhounds were speedy enough to overtake him; and all the hazard was, the fox spoiling the dog, which frequently happened; for the most part, the greyhounds used for this course were hard-bitten dogs, that would seize any thing.

THE HORSE.

WILD horses are taken notice of by several of the ancients. Herodotus mentions white wild horses on the banks of the Hypanis, in Scythia. He likewise tells us, that in the northern part of Thrace, beyond the Danube, there were wild horses covered all over with hair, five inches in length. The wild horses in America are the offspring of domestic horses, originally transported thither from Europe, by the Spaniards. The author of the History of the Buccaneers, informs us, that troops of horses, sometimes consisting of five hundred, are frequently met with in the island of St. Domingo: that, when they see a man, they all stop, and that one of their number approaches to a certain distance, blows through his nostrils, takes flight, and is instantly followed by the whole troop. He describes them as having gross heads and limbs, and long necks and ears. The inhabitants tame them with ease, and then train them to labour. In order to take them, gins of ropes are laid in the places where they are known to frequent. When caught by the neck, they soon strangle themselves, unless some person arrives in time to disentangle them. They are tied to trees by the body and limbs, and are left in that situation two days, without victuals or drink. This treatment is generally sufficient to render them more tractable, and they soon become as gentle as if they had never been wild. Even when any of these horses, by accident, regain their liberty, they never resume their savage state, but know their masters, and allow themselves to be approached and retaken.

From these, and similar facts, it may be concluded, that the dispositions of horses are gentle; and that they are naturally disposed to associate with man. After they are tamed, they never forsake the abodes of men. On the contrary, they are anxious to return to the stable. The sweets of habit seem to supply all that they have lost by slavery. When fatigued, the mansion of repose is full of comfort, they smell it at a considerable distance; can distinguish it in the midst of populous cities, and seem uniformly to prefer bondage to liberty. By some attention and address, colts are, at first, rendered tractable. When that point is gained, by different modes of management, the docility of the animal is improved, and they soon learn to perform, with alacrity, the labours assigned to them. The domestication of the horse is, perhaps the noblest acquisition from the animal world, which has ever been made by the genius, the art, and the industry of man. He is taught to partake of the dangers and fatigues of war, and seems to enjoy the glory of victory. He even seems to participate of human pleasures and amusements. He delights in the chase and the tournament, and his eyes sparkle with emulation in the course. Though bold and intrepid, however, he does not allow himself to be hurried on by a furious ardour. On proper occasions he represses his movements, and knows how to check the natural fire of his temper. He not only yields to the hand, but seems to consult the inclination of his rider; always obedient to the impressions he receives, he flies, or stops, and regulates his motions solely by the will of his master.

Mr. Ray informs us, that he had seen a horse who danced to music; who, at the command of his master,

affected to be lame; who simulated death; lay motionless, with his limbs extended, and allowed himself to be dragged about till some words were pronounced, when he instantly sprung on his feet. Facts of this kind would scarcely receive credit, if so many persons were not now acquainted with the wonderful docility of the horses educated by Astley, and others. In exhibitions of this kind, the docility, and prompt obedience of the animals, deserves more admiration than the dexterous feats of the men.

Next to the horse, the dog seems to be the most docile quadruped. More tractable in his nature than most other animals, the dog not only receives instruction with rapidity, but accommodates his behaviour and deportment to the manners and habits of those who command him. He assumes the very tone of the family in which he resides; eager at all times to please his master, or his friends, he furiously repels beggars, because he probably, from their dress, conceives them to be either thieves, or competitors for food.

Though every dog is naturally a hunter, his dexterity is highly improved by experience and instruction. The varieties of dogs, by frequent intermixtures with those of other climates, and perhaps with foxes and wolves, are so great, and their instincts so much diversified, that, even though they produce with each other, we should be apt to regard them as different species. What a difference between the natural dispositions of the shepherd's dog, the spaniel, and the greyhound! The shepherd's dog, independently of all instruction, seems to be endowed by nature with an innate attachment to the preservation of sheep and cattle. His docility is likewise so great, that he not only learns to

understand the language and commands of the shepherd, and obeys them with faithfulness and alacrity, but, when at distances beyond the reach of his master's voice, he often stops, looks back, and recognises the approbation, or disapprobation, of the shepherd, by the mere waving of his hand. He reigns at the head of a flock, and is better heard than the voice of his master. His vigilance and activity produce order, discipline, and safety. Sheep and cattle are peculiarly subjected to his management, whom he prudently conducts, and generally protects. But when the flock committed to his charge is attacked by the fox, the wolf, or other rapacious animals, he makes a full display of his courage and sagacity. In situations of this kind, both his natural and acquired talents are exerted. Three shepherds' dogs aresaid to be a match for a bear, and four for a lion.

Every person knows the docility and sagacity of dogs employed in conducting blind mendicants.—Johannes Faber, as quoted by Mr. Ray, informs us, that he knew a blind beggar that was led through the streets of Rome by a middle-sized dog. This dog, besides leading his master in such a manner as to protect him from all danger, learned to distinguish not only the streets, but the houses where his master was accustomed to receive alms twice or thrice a week. Whenever the animal came to any of these streets, with which he was well acquainted, he would not leave it till a call had been made at every house where his master was usually successful in his petitions. When the beggar began to ask alms, the dog, being wearied, laid down to rest; but the master was no sooner served, or refused, than the dog rose spontaneously,

and, without order, or sign, proceeded to the other houses where the beggar generally received some gratuity. I observed, says he, not without pleasure and surprise, that when a piece of money was thrown from a window, such was the sagacity and attention of this dog, that he went about in quest of it, lifted it from the ground with his mouth, and dropped it into his master's hat. Even when bread was thrown down, the animal would not taste it unless he received a portion of it from the hand of his master. Without any other instruction than imitation, a mastiff, when accidentally shut out from a house which his master frequented, uniformly rung the bell for admittance. Dogs can be taught to go to market with money, repair to a known butcher, and to carry home the meat in safety. They can be taught to dance to music, and to search for, and find any thing that is lost.

Among these remarkable instances of animal sagacity, may be placed Banks's famous horse, whose renown is alluded to by Shakespeare, in "Love's Labour Lost," Act I. Scene III. and by Dekker, in his "Untrussing of the Humourous Poet." It is related of this horse, that he would restore a glove to its owner, after his master had whispered the man's name in his ear; that he would tell the number of pence in any silver coin; and even perform the grosser offices of nature, whenever his master bade him. He danced likewise to the sound of a pipe, and told money with his feet. Sir Walter Raleigh says, "that had Banks lived in older times, he would have shamed all the enchanters in the world, by the wonderful instructions which he had given to his horse."

Of the sagacity of a horse, Dr. Swift has given a

strange instance. This horse, which was a native of Bristol, would stand upon his hind legs, bow to the company, and beat several marches on a drum. Sir Kenelm Digby speaks of a baboon that played on the guitar. And we are informed of an ape that played at chess, in the presence of the King of Portugal. Various are the scientific performances of elephants. Bishop Burnet says, he saw one at Milan, that played at ball.

THE LATE CAPTAIN O'KELLY.

DELICACY, to survivors, and a desire to avoid the introduction of a line that can give offence, renders unnecessary the task of biographical minutiæ, and enables us to pass over (as unconnected with the purport) his origin, and the days of juvenility, to accompany him to those scenes where he was the subject of popularity, and the very life and spirit of good company.

To analyze the means by which he was immerged from those dreary walls in the more dreary environs of Fleet-market, to a scene of princely splendour (by alucky "hazard of the die," with the last *desponding hundred*, then reluctantly consigned by his *fair frail* friend C—— H——'s) is not the intent of the present page to recite; or to moralize with admiration upon the vicissitudes that alternately raise us to the summit of prosperity, and then penetrate the bosom of sensibility with the barbed arrow of adversity. Let it suffice, that his *bitter* draughts were few, and of short duration: what little disquietude he experienced in the infancy of his adventures, was amply compensated

by the affluence of his latter years, in which he enjoyed the gratification of his only ambition, that of being before he died, the most opulent and most successful adventurer upon the turf.—A circumstance not calculated to create surprize, when it is recollected, that his own penetration, his indefatigable industry, his nocturnal watching, his personal superintendence, and eternal attention, had reduced to a system of certainty with him, what was neither more nor less than a matter of chance with his competitors.

He had, by the qualifications just recited, possessed himself of every requisite to practise (if necessary) consequently to counteract, the various astonishing and almost incredible deceptions in the sporting world, that have reduced so very many to the dark abyss of extreme poverty, and exalted very few to the exhilirating scenes of domestic comfort. Under such accumulated acquisitions, resulting from long experience and attentive observation, it cannot be thought extraordinary that he should become greatly superior to his numerous competitors, where the successful termination of the event was dependant upon such judgment in making a match, or the interposition of art in deciding it.

It is a matter, not universally known (even in the sporting world), how very much he felt himself wounded, in a repeated rejection of his application to be admitted into some of the clubs instituted and supported by those of the *higher order*, as well at Newmarket as in the metropolis. These were indignities he never lost sight of, and which he embraced every opportunity to acknowledge and compensate, by the equitable law of retaliation. Of this fact numerous corrobo-

rative proofs might be introduced; one, however, of magnitude and notoriety, will be sufficient to produce conviction.

The better to expedite his own superiority, and to carry his well-planned schemes into successful execution, and in order to render himself less dependant upon the incredible herd of *necessitous sharks*, and determined *desperate harpies*, that surround every newly initiated adventurer, and are unavoidably employed in all the subordinate offices of the turf and training stables, he had (upon making some important discoveries in family secrets) determined to retain, exclusive of sudden and occasional changes, when circumstances required it, one rider (or jockey), at a certain annual stipend, to ride for him, whenever ordered so to do, for any plate, match, or sweepstakes, but with the privilege of riding for any other person, provided he had no horse entered to run for the same prize. Having adjusted such arrangement in his own mind, and fixed upon the intended object of his trust, he communicated his design, and entered upon negociation; when the mooted terms being proposed, he not only instantly acquiesced, but voluntarily offered to *doubled them*, provided he would enter into an engagement, and bind himself under a penalty, *never to ride* for any of the *black-legged* fraternity. The consenting jockey saying "he was at a loss, to a certainty, who the captain meant by the *black-legged fraternity*." —He instantly replied, with his usual energy, "O, by Jasus, my dear, and I'll soon make you understand who I mean by the *black-legged fraternity!* There's the D. of G. the Duke of D. Lord A. Lord D. Lord G. Lord C. Lord F. the Right Hon. A. B. C. D. and

and C. J. F. and all the set of the *thaues* that belong to their *humbug* societies and *ub aboo* clubs, where they can meet and *rob one another without detection.*

This curious definition of the *black-legged fraternity*, is a proof sufficiently demonstrative, how severely he felt himself affected by the rejection, in consequence of which he embraced every opportunity of saying any thing to excite their irascibility, as well as to encounter every difficulty and expence to obtain that pre-eminence upon Jockey he afterwards became possessed of. Dining at the stewards' ordinary at Burford races, in the year 1775, (Lord Robert Spencer in the chair) when these races continued four days (now reduced to two), Lord Abingdon and many other noblemen being present, matches and sweepstakes, as usual after dinner, were proposed, and entered into for the following year. Amongst the rest, one between Lord A. and Mr. Baily, of Rambridge, in Hampshire, for 300 guineas h. ft. when the captain being once or twice appealed to by Mr. B. in adjusting the terms, Lord A. happened to exclaim, "that he, and the gentlemen on his side the table," run for *honour;* the captain and his friends for *profit.*—The match being at length agreed upon in terms not conformable to the captain's opinion, and he applied to by B. to *stand half*, the captain vociferously replied, "No: but if the match had been made *cross* and *jostle*, as I proposed, I would have not only stood *all the money*, but have brought a *spalpeen* from Newmarket, no higher than a *two-penny loaf*, that should (by Jasus!) have driven his lordship's horse and jockey into the furzes, and have kept him there for three weeks."

It was his usual custom to carry a great number of

bank-notes in his waistcoat pocket, wisped up together with the greatest indifference. When in his attendance upon a hazard table at Windsor, during the races, being a *standing better* (and every chair full), a person's hand was observed, by those on the opposite side of the table, just in the act of drawing two notes out of his pocket; when the alarm was given, the hand (from the person behind) was instantaneously withdrawn, and the notes left more than half out of the pocket. The company became clamorous for the offender's being taken before a magistrate, and many attempting to secure him for that purpose, the captain very *philosophically* seizing him by the collar, kicked him down stairs, and exultingly exclaimed, " 'twas a sufficient punishment, to be deprived of the pleasure of keeping company with *gentlemen*."

The great and constant object of his pursuit was to collect and retain the best bred stud in the kingdom. This great acquisition he had nearly completed at the time of his death; having crossed and accumulated the different degrees of blood from their collateral branches, so as nearly to concentrate the various excellencies of different highly estimated pedigrees (by a portion of each) in a single subject. And here it cannot be inapplicable to introduce a few remarks on the celebrity and superior qualifications of that famous horse *Eclipse*, whose excellence in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be, perhaps, transmitted to the end of time.

This wonderful horse was bred by the former Duke of Cumberland, and, being foaled during the *great eclipse*, was so named by the duke in consequence. His royal highness, however, did not survive to witness

the very great performances he himself had predicted, for, when a yearling only, he was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud: and, even in this very sale, a singularity attended him; for, upon Mr. Wildman's arrival, the sale had begun, and some few lots were knocked down. A dispute here arose, upon Mr. Wildman's producing his watch, and insisting upon it the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated; little Wildman was not to be satisfied, and insisted upon it the lots so sold should be put up again. This circumstance causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was totally at his service.

Eclipse was the only lot he had originally fixed upon, and that was transferred to him at seventy, or seventy-five guineas. At four, or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased half of him for two hundred and fifty guineas, and, in a short time after, gave seven hundred and fifty for the remainder. His great powers and performances are too well imprinted in the memory of the sporting world to be already obliterated.

The purchase of the captain's estate near Epsom, with the great convenience of his training-stables and paddocks, so contiguous to the course, and different ground for exercise, gave him every opportunity of information that his great avidity could excite him to obtain. Indefatigable in his pursuits, he became every day the less liable to disappointment; and, that he might insure this to a greater certainty, his affability and friendly affection to his domestics and dependants, had taught them to look up to him more as *a friend*

than *a master*; and to this natural effusion of philanthropic liberality may be attributed no small portion of the success that so constantly attended him at almost every country course in various parts of the kingdom—at least in all those parts that were centrical; for, exceedingly fond of being present when his horses run, he never sent them to remote spots where he could not attend them. He was remarkable for his attachment to horses of bottom, that could stand a long day; and made a point, if possible, of always winning at three or four heats, in preference to two. This rendered the race a matter of more profitable speculation; for, by protracting the superiority of his own horses, with the termination of the race, he became the winner of greater odds, which were constantly encreasing every heat, as the horse seemed still less likely to win.

Give-and-take plates, as they are called (carrying weight for inches), were then very much in use, but now almost obliterated; and, amongst the competitors at Epsom, Ascot, Reading, Maidenhead, &c. &c. we were sure to find, for many years in succession, Brutus, Badger (alias Ploughboy), Young Gimcrack, Atom, Tiney, and, with the rest, Captain O'Kelly's Milksop, amongst which group was always seen as desperate running as can be conceived, each becoming alternately victor, as the course proved most applicable to his style of running (or the state of condition), as it is well known some horses run well over a flat course, that are deficient in climbing or descending a hill.—Upon this little horse alone he won very considerable sums, as he was at the height of his reputation, as well as his owner in the very zenith of prosperity, when

the turf was in a different degree of estimation; and it may be fairly concluded, that a thousand was then betted for every fifty that is now paid and received.—Excluded in some measure (by a rejection from the clubs) running for the great stakes at Newmarket, he made a point of sweeping the major part of the plates at every country course within the extent of his circle. His horses never run better, or won oftener, than when the long odds were against them. This, however, was more the effect of policy than of chance. To enumerate a list of his stud, or a delineation of their individual excellencies, or successful performances, would be to exceed the bounds of our work; it must, therefore, suffice to say, that, by an indefatigable and unremitting application to the cause he had embarked in, he accumulated not only a splendid fortune, but left to his successor such a train of stallions, in high estimation, that alone brought him in a princely competence.

Report, after his decease, circulated an opinion that he had, by will, under certain restrictions, (in imitation of the late Lord Chesterfield) enjoined his successor to avoid every connexion with the turf; not even to run or enter a horse in his own name. If such was the fact, (which, by the bye, we have no reason to doubt) such restriction is, by a *supposed composition*, entirely done away, as we now not only see the present Mr. O'Kelly running horses in his own name, but riding his own matches. Of the late D. O'Kelly, Esq. it may be very justly acknowledged, we shall never see a more zealous, or a more generous promoter of the turf, a fairer sportsman in the field, or at the gaming-table. If he absolutely possessed private advantages

over the less experienced, they were too judiciously managed ever to transpire to his public prejudice. In his domestic transactions he was indulgently liberal, without being ridiculously profuse; and, as he was the last man living to offer an intentional insult unprovoked, so he was never known to receive one with impunity. In short, without offence to the distinguished equestrian leaders of the present day, we may aver, he was not in the fashion now extant; his tradesmen, his riders, his grooms, his helpers and subordinates, comparing the plenty of the past with the poverty of the present, may, with great justice and sincerity, exclaim—

"Take him for all in all,
We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

THE LATE SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

Was from his youth fond of field sports, and retained his attachment to them until prevented by the infirmities of age from their further enjoyment. He was accustomed to hunt in Richmond Park with a pack of beagles. Upon receiving a packet of letters, he usually opened that from his gamekeeper first; and in the pictures taken of him, he preferred being drawn in his sporting dress.

AMUSEMENTS OF THE PALAIS-ROYAL.

IN A LETTER TO A FRIEND.

You know the history of this far-famed palace, its original structure and destination, by Cardinal Richelieu, its descent through two successive monarchs to

the last proprietor, the Duke of Orleans, whose conversion of it to its present destination afforded, at once the means of indulging his incredible extravagance, and gratifying his inordinate avarice. I think I have heard you say, that you have read that most animated, and most excellent description of the Palais-Royal, which is inserted in one of the volumes of the Varieties of Literature: it often recurred to my memory, when I witnessed the busy bustling scene which is there depicted with such fidelity and colouring. Let a man walk under these arcades, at any hour of the day, and he will never want food, either for meditation, or amusement; but the Palais-Royal exhibits a scene of peculiar interest in the evening. B. whom, to my great surprise and pleasure, I met the other morning on the Pont-neuf, and who gave us his company to dinner at our hotel, persuaded us to leave our fire-side, and take a lounge in the Palais-Royal: the shape of the building, you know, is that of a parallelogram, which incloses a large garden, whose well-gravelled walks afford a fine view of the edifice. It was about half after seven when we entered by the *Rue de Lycée;* at this end of the Palais is a double piazza, with two rows of shops reaching from one extremity to the other; so crowded were these promenades with *ladies*, and loungers of every description, that, by common consent, the 'law of the road' was as strictly preserved, as it is in the streets of London by the hackney-coachmen! To have disturbed this easy, well-regulated flow, would have been extremely rude; and I almost question whether the tide would not have carried any little bark away which had attempted to resist it.

Though the other colonnades were also crowded,

ambulation was not so difficult as here; and we had abundant opportunity to admire, as well the peculiar elegance with which the rival shop-keepers had lighted up their little cabinets of *bijouterie*, as the splendour and magnificence produced by the general illumination of the whole. After we had gratified our curiosity, and scattered as many looks as it was lawful for us married men, on the full unshaded beauties of the deep-bosomed damsels who tread this fairy ground, our friend B——, whose long residence here has made him perfectly familiar with the manners and amusements of the people, proposed to shew us the gaming-houses and subterranean gaieties of the Palais-Royal. He had scarcely spoken, when the sounds of ill-tuned instruments, and shrill piercing voices, assailed our ears; a sort of *Sirocoggleam*, composed of innumerable breathings, rising upon us at the same time, sufficiently indicated that there was "High Life below Stairs." We descended into a large room, whose ceiling, walls, and decorations, counterfeit Arcadian scenery; the pillars which supported the roof represent the knotty trunks of venerable trees, whose tortuous branches, intertwisted with each other, "o'ercanopy the glade." Tityrus, or more probably some Grecian shepherd, is seen lying at his length under the shade of a wide-spreading beech-tree in the wall, cooled by a stationary stream, and watching, with untired eye, the never-ending antics of the kids and lambkins that surround him. The company is not unappropriate to the scenery; Pan is here with his pipe, and many a satyr peeps through the mimic foliage at the careless unveiled nymphs who trip, with fantastic toe, across the "velvet green." These shepherds and shepherdesses, I as-

sure you, live not upon the unsubstantial food of love alone: they have very good appetites, believe me; many of them did I see amusing themselves with a dish of *petits-pâtés*, a bason of soup, and a fine plump *poulet*; glasses of Bourdeaux and Burgundy were filled with a generous hand, and to my great surprise, did I often inhale the odour of hot rum punch!

The gaming-tables are in a different quarter of the Palais-Royal; we ascended a stair-case, and opened the door of an anti-chamber, where several hundred hats, sticks, and great coats, carefully ticketed, were arranged, under the charge of two or three old men, who receive either one or two *sous*, I forget which, from every owner, for the safe delivery of his precious deposit. No dogs are admitted into these sacred apartments, nor any thing which is likely to disturb the deep attention and holy quiet which pervade them! From this anti-chamber we opened a folding-door, which introduced to a large well-lighted room, in the centre of which was a table, surrounded, at a moderate estimate, by two hundred and fifty, or three hundred persons, anxiously inspecting a game, which it was not likely that any of our party should know the name of. We proceeded to another room; another succeeded that; and yet another; a fourth, a fifth, a sixth. We omitted to reckon the number of the rooms, and, therefore, to avoid exaggeration, we will stop here; but I am inclined to believe there are more than six; all of which communicated with each other, and were equally well attended with the first. Different games were pursuing, all strange to us unfashionable folks: a few females mixed with this wretched crowd, were seated at the table, and engaged in the game.

These tables are licensed by government—pay a considerable sum of money—and are, I understand, under its immediate inspection: they are excellently regulated: ready cash passes from the loser to the winner, and differences appear to be decided by appointed references, who sit at the table, invested with what we conjecture to be the *insignia* of office; namely, short wooden instruments, shaped like a garden hoe, and which seem to collect the twelve-livre pieces which are scattered over the table.

There is one very curious condition imposed upon the holders of these gaming-tables; they are obliged to furnish every body who enters any of the rooms, with as much table-beer as they chuse to call for. Waiters are, therefore, perpetually running backwards and forwards with overflowing tumblers of this refreshing beverage, six or seven crowded on a tray; and he is not merely a polite man, but a fortunate one who adheres strictly to the good old-fashioned rule—"Drink what you please, but *pocket* none." Beer, to an Englishman in Paris, to me at least, is nectar: I had tasted none since we left Dover; and, although the glasses had received the homage of a hundred lips, it was impossible to resist the temptation: taking all possible care, therefore, to avoid all extraneous matter, I ventured to indulge my inclination, and am now ready to certify, before any magistrate that the water of the Seine makes as good beer as the water of the Thames.

From these licensed tables we visited many scenes of unsanctioned dissipation, in divers subterranean chambers, where the game of billiards was dexterously played; two or three tables appear to be well attend-

ed in every room; it really makes one's heart bleed to see so many beardless youths as there are here, and lovely females, hastening on the road to ruin! But at the Palais-Royal one sees all the world in yellow, blue, and green, to use poor Yorick's words—"running at the ring of pleasure. The old, with broken lances, and in helmets, which have lost their vizors—the young, in armour bright, which shines like gold, bepluined with each gay feather of the east—all, all tilting at it, like fascinated knights in tournaments of yore for fame and love."

THE LATE CHARLES HUGHES.

THE CELEBRATED EQUESTRIAN.

A PROLIX detail of the origin of an equestrian performer, would be only troubling our readers with what their own understandings had probably pre-suggested, namely, that his birth was obscure, and his erudition slender. Suffice it then, in brevity, to say, that Hughes was the son of a village ale-house keeper in Gloucestershire; that, as soon as of age sufficient for the different changes, he was a post-chaise driver, a groom in a gentleman's stable, and, in the year 1760, or thereabout, a competitor with Price, Sampson, and others, in feats of horsemanship, in a place fitted up for the purpose, near Blackfriars-bridge, where he acquired considerable reputation in his profession; and in a very short time emigrated to the continents, Europe, and North America, where we will leave him till the building of the Royal Circus, in 1782, with which we will continue his history.

At about this period it was that the ingenious Mr.

Dibdin proposed to some of his friends to build a theatre for dramatic and equestrian exhibitions. Colonel West, late of Rathbone-place, (of respected memory) and four others, were shortly induced to raise a subscription for the purpose; and, being mostly men of fortune and spirit, daily enlarged and improved the scheme; and, in a few months, laid out to the tune of fifteen thousand pounds in building and preparing the Royal Circus, appointing Mr. Dibdin manager of the stage and Hughes, who had just arrived from abroad, where he had both got and spent an immensity of money) of the ring, or horsemanship. So that the assertion, in some of the diurnal prints, that he was the first projector, and some years proprietor of that theatre, is void of truth, since he was neither the one nor the other, having a life interest only; which, indeed, gave him a power he did not fail to make use of—of ruining that theatre and himself.

The Royal Circus was opened in November 1782, Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes conducting their different departments of stage and horsemanship exhibitions, under the controul and direction of the proprietors, or subscribers before-mentioned. But being not yet licensed, and the winter season coming on, it soon closed, till the spring following.

The entertainments (those of the stage particularly) were tasty and pleasing, and in the summer season of 1783, netted a clear profit of three thousands four hundred pounds. One moiety of which the proprietors generously divided between Messrs. Dibdin and Hughes, and expended the other in further decorations and improvements.

But the profits of the entertainments were but a se-

condary consideration to Hughes. The ring, now all the *ton*, was allowed to Hughes to make the best advantage of he could, as a riding-school; and it soon became the favourite resort of persons of the first distinction, to learn, or practice, equestrian exercises. Nay, the generosity of the proprietors towards Hughes did not stop here, for other stables, in addition to those actually belonging to the Circus, were rented by them for his use, which he occupied with horses, either to break, or for sale; and it is a well-known fact, that the clear profits of the ring, for the first year, yielded Hughes upwards of one thousand pounds; an advantage that was likely to improve, rather than diminish, but for causes that will presently speak for themselves.

Poor Hughes was, perhaps, the most extraordinary eccentric character upon earth. Litigation was his darling passion, for the gratification of which, he would cheerfully forego any the most pecuniary advantages. That tide in his affairs which was thus rapidly running on to fortune, he as assiduously stemmed, as a man would a breach that was likely to drown him. Irascible, turbulent, and indecorous, his whole industry was daily employed in searching out objects of contention with his brother manager, of whose superior talents he was jealous to a great degree; and the subscribers (or his co-proprietors, as he was fond of calling them) because they opposed and reproved his impetuous temper; and having cultivated an acquaintance with some of the most abandoned characters in the rules of the King's Bench, among whom were several petti-fogging lawyers, (Colonel West, under whom his genius was rebuked, dying about this time) actions at law, and bills in chancery, engrossed his mind, and

his very soul was wrapped up in brief sheets, and slips of parchment; and at the end of the second season, counselled and assisted with the myrmidons just mentioned, and heading a hired banditti, composed of jail-runners, seized upon and dispossessed the proprietors of their theatre, which they, for a while, with a most unexampled meanness submitted to; and very soon after, his co-manager, Dibdin, through his violent usage, and being unprotected, abandoned the theatre, leaving him in full possession of the whole property.

For two seasons, during which a bill in chancery was pending between him and the proprietors, did Hughes alone conduct the entertainments of the Circus. But, alas! what a falling off was here.

This charming theatre, which, under the eye of Dibdin, had been fitted up with so much taste and elegance, became a shocking spectacle of devastation. The boxes, the transient resort of beauty and fashion, were occupied, by virtue of written orders from our equestrian chief, by butchers just transmigrated from their slaughter-houses, bum-bailiffs, jail-runners, and thief-takers, who, (literally to follow Sir John Falstaff's idea) might be "following their vocation," perhaps; and the place was metamorphosed into a mere bear-garden.

"Alas! to what base uses may we turn."

But a decree in chancery being obtained against Hughes, about the latter end of the year 1787, this concern was restored to its real, if not original owners. For several transfers of shares, and parts of shares, had been made, and the firm was now composed of a baronet, an Irish earl, a chevalier, a pharo-banker, and three *honest* attornies—a goodly group!

But now the case was materially altered with respect to Hughes, whose imprudence and dissipation had long deprived him of the resource arising from his riding-school; and articles being entered into between him and the proprietors, by order of the court, by which one thousand three hundred and five pounds per annum was to be allowed to the latter, for interest and rent, before any division of profits took place, which sum alone was not very likely to be gained, till the house had retrieved some portion at least of its lost reputation; a liberal weekly pay, for his horses and riders, was Hughes's only dependance.

On the other hand, the proprietors, who were vested with fuller power than ever over Hughes and the whole concern, either through fear, diffidence, pusillanimity, or for other good causes and considerations, perhaps, tamely gave way to his ungovernable temper, and appointing Delpini *vice* Dibdin, stage-manager, opened the theatre in 1788, and at the end of the season found themselves losers of about three thousand pounds. But seeing, too late, that their loss was to be attributed to unnecessary and exorbitant expences, rather than want of encouragement from the public, they, in the following season, delegated their power to an agent; who making a reform in the expences, and some alterations and improvements in the house and entertainments, in spite of the intractable behaviour of Hughes, who refused to supply the horsemanship on any reasonable terms, opened the house with stage exhibitions only. But Hughes soon coming to terms (though not without causing a riot in the house for two successive evenings), the theatre, before the end of that season, was raised to the highest pitch

of reputation imaginable; insomuch, that the following season brought down the jealousy and vengeance of the proprietors of the Theatres Royal; who (to their great dishonour it must be recorded) hired a trading justice of the peace, and other emissaries, to accomplish its ruin.

Their resentment, however, in about two or three years, having subsided, they suffered Hughes, (for the proprietors abandoned it as a lost estate to them) to open it; but the representatives of Colonel West (who was the ground landlord, and lessor of the premises), soon ejected him, and then let the theatre.

Thus did poor, paradoxical Hughes, spurn the good fortune that chance (not merit) had thrown in his way, and, instead of leaving a plentiful provision for his family, died, it is to be feared, in circumstances far from affluent.

A TAME PIG MISTAKEN FOR A WILD BOAR.

General H——r, who now holds a situation of high military trust, was formerly a captain in a regiment of dragoons, and, like most young officers, had more gallantry than cash. An intrigue with a married lady involved him in the consequences of an action for *crim. con.* and a verdict against him, with 5000l. damages, when he had not as many shillings, compelled him to quit his country, and take refuge in France. He repaired to Calais, at that time the resort of all the English who found it convenient to reside on the Continent. Lord C. H——n, and several other well-known sporting characters, had their head-quarters at the principal hotel. No sooner was the arrival of

Captain H——r announced, than a deputation was sent to invite him. The invitation was immediately accepted, and Lord H. who was well acquainted with the Captain, and knew how passionately fond he was of hunting, promised the company a good joke at his expence. It happened about this time that a report was current of a couple of wolves having made their appearance in the Forest of Guines, and carried off a score of sheep and a shepherd or two. Upon this theme Lord C. H. set to work. He told the Captain that his arrival was fortunate, as he would have an opportunity of enjoying his favourite diversion in perfection. He added that the neighbouring country was almost desolated by a wild boar of most portentous size and appearance, and he proposed a hunting match to take place the next morning. The proposal was received with rapture, and Captain H. prepared himself for the chase. He got his hunter and rifle gun ready, and as he was told the boar might attempt to run at him, he fortified his limbs with a pair of high boots which reached to his middle. Thus equipped, he was prepared at all points for the dreadful rencounter. In the mean time Lord H. considered, that as the chance of finding a wild boar in the forest of Guines was precarious, it was necessary at least to make sure of a tame one. Accordingly he repaired to a *Marchand des Cochons* in Calais, and purchased one of the largest and best fed boar pigs he could find. Early in the morning he directed his servant to proceed with the boar in a string to the forest of Guines, and stop near the pillar erected to commemorate the fall of Pilatre de Rozier. He instructed him, as soon as he heard the sound of hunting horns, to slip the string, let the pig loose, and

conceal himself by climbing a tree, perfectly assured the animal would not wander far. The lad stationed himself as was ordered, and about ten o'clock, the gallant Captain, at the head of a numerous cavalcade, advanced to destroy the formidable boar. When the troop neared the designated spot, the horns certified their approach. The hog was slipped, and, happy in regaining his liberty, contented himself with taking his breakfast precisely where he was set free. The Captain rode boldly on with his rifle ready cocked, and the noise of the party disturbing the harmless repast of the boar, he began grunting and snorting in the customary manner of the swinish race.

The Captain soon perceived him; his imagination magnified the animal into "a rugged Hyrcanian boar, the tyrant of the woods;" and he conceited himself about to rival one of the labours of Hercules. He let fly and missed—the pig made off *a grand pas*. The Captain followed, loaded, fired, and missed again. The third time he was more fortunate. He hit the poor pig in the neck, and down he dropped.—The company galloping up, the Captain dismounted, and with his sabre, dexterously cut off the animal's head. It was insisted, that as he had achieved the principal honour of the chase, he should carry the boar's head in triumph through the streets of Calais. A large stake was provided, and the head was fixed on the top. The Captain, exulting in his victory, remounted, seized the standard, and resting one end on his foot, displayed the terrific symbol of his prowess. He entered Calais with as much pride as Sir Guy of Warwick, when he carried the head of a dragon to Athelstan at Lincoln.

The good people of the town were amazed at such a procession, and the *Marchand des Cochons*, who recognised the head of his old acquaintance, could not refrain from laughter. The sons of Nimrod arrived at their hotel, and sat down to a sumptuous dinner, where the Captain was drank to as the valiant Englishman, who had not been forty-eight hours in Calais, before he had slain the most tremendous boar that ever ravaged any country. The Captain received their praises with becoming modesty, but still he thought within himself he merited ten times greater. After dinner, when the glass had circulated freely, the whole story was developed, and the circumstances of the adventure made manifest. The Captain was at first highly mortified and irritated, but at length he was fain to purchase the secrecy of the company, and avoid being made the talk of the town, by coming down a handsome treat, and entertaining, at his own cost, the whole of the hunting party.

MEMOIRS OF A CIDEVANT GAMESTER.

Jack Lurchall started upon the town with a fortune of near two thousand a-year. He was soon introduced into what is called good company; that is, gentlemen gamblers. He thought it a great honour to sit down with a star, or a ribbon, and believed it impossible for a nobleman to be a cheat. His trees were felled by wholesale, the timber converted into cash, and the cash conveyed to the gaming-table, never to return. Still he kept the best company in England; and though he was unlucky, was certain to lose his money to gentle-

men. The timber demolished, the dirty acres went next; mortgage succeeded mortgage; and at length foreclosures, the whole.

How is all this?" said Jack, to an old school-fellow, who had been some time in the secret. "Why, you blockhead, you knew nothing of the long-shuffle, the slip, the bridge, or the palm. Can you cog a die, and throw a main when you please? Did you ever plumb the bones?" "Heyday," said Jack, "what language are you talking; it is all gibberish to me."

"That is the very thing," replied his friend; "and until you are a perfect master of the language, both in theory and practice, you will never win as long as you live." "Is this possible?" resumed Jack; what, then I have been playing with sharpers all this while, when I thought I was in company with noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank. Curse upon my vanity; for the sake of riding in a chariot with a titled scoundrel, and being taken by the arm by him in the drawing-room, have I been losing my estate to noble gamblers, and reducing myself to beggary."

"Well, never mind it;" said his friend, "you know, as the French author justly observes, *L'on commence par être dupe, et l'on finie par être fripons*—'We commence dupes and end knaves.' Call at my chambers to-morrow in the forenoon, and I will give you a lesson or two that will enable you to cope with the best of them."

Jack took his friend's advice, and soon became such a proficient in the noble art of cheating, that he could cog a die with Lord ——, or slip a card with Blackleg H—ge.

But the greatest misfortune was, his cash was all

exhausted, and he had not a proper variety of clothes to make his appearance at the chocolate-house. He was, therefore, obliged to put up at the Pine Apple or the Cocoa, in hopes of a favourable stroke that might enable him once more to figure in that brilliant circle, where he had shone a meteor, but was now totally eclipsed.

Revenge, as well as ambition urged him to the pursuit; but months rolled away whilst he could just keep life and soul together, by his honest industry at the hazard-table In the meanwhile he had created many debts, and was obliged to play at hide and seek, to avoid the impertinence of those very intrusive gentry called catchpoles.

At length, however an auspicious moment arrived. The lottery began drawing; and this appeared to him as his last resource. Jack, who had for a considerable time made calculation his chief study, and knew practically the odds at every game that is played, once more became a dupe to the dealers in insurance, and played now at least 50 per cent. against himself, without mentioning the odds against being paid, if even successful, though at the same time he would not touch a card, or throw a die, unless he had an equal pull in his favour—So very inconsistent a being is Jack Lurchall

Two of the office agents had decamped, where he should have touched handsomely; a third, in which he was pretty deep, was sent to the house of correction, before Jack could receive the ready; and a fourth, where he next insured, was in a precarious state, when, alas! a most fatal accident befel poor

Jack. The bums had dogged him to the office, and at the very critical moment he thought he was upon the point of retrieving his fortune, and being completely revenged of the noble – no, *ignoble*—sharps who had so completely fleeced him, he was nabbed, and conveyed to a spunging-house, where, having exhausted all the little cash he was possessed of in a few days, he was carefully and attentively escorted to the other side of the water, and met with a welcome reception from the turn key of the King's Bench prison, where he remains, under the consolation, that he is well assured by his fellow inmates, that an act of insolvency will pass this session of parliament.

THE HUNTING TIGER.

THERE are now in the Tower of London three curious animals called chetas, or hunting tigers, which in the year 1800 were presented by the Court of Directors of the East India Company to his Majesty, with a hunting-cart, two trained bullocks, and every article necessary for the chase. These animals were caught in the woods of Bydroog, they were about three years old, and had been trained for hunting for the amusement of Tippoo Sultaun, in Serringapatam.——They were accompanied by six native huntsmen, three of whom had actually been in the service of the above prince.

The cheta is the animal mentioned by Tavernier, Bernice, and other eastern travellers, under the name of the hunting-leopard; it differs, however, from the leopard properly so called, in the following particulars: It bears a greater resemblance to the greyhound

in the length and slenderness of its body and limbs; its head is proportionally smaller than that of the leopard, the iris of the eye is of a deeper yellow, and the face is distinguished by a dark line, descending from the corner of each eye to the mouth. The spots of this animal are each distinct, and not arranged in circles. The body and limbs—excepting the throat, breast, and belly, where a long whitish hair extends—are thickly covered with those spots, beautifully varied in size, of a round, or oval shape, of a fine dark colour, on a ground of a light tawny brown.—The ears, which are short and round, are each marked behind with a broad dark bar; and the tail, which is long, slender, and somewhat bushy at the extremity, is marked with four such bars from the tip upwards.

The cheta differs much in disposition from the leopard, being easily broken in and trained for the chase; though, like other animals of the same species, it at times evinces the jealousy and malignity of its nature. Its keeper approaches to caress it with diffidence and caution, and it is led to the chase chained and hoodwinked.

The size of the full-grown cheta is, from the nose to the extremity of the tail, about three feet eight inches, and its height, from the ground to the top of the shoulder, two feet four inches.

When Tippoo Sultaun took the amusement of hunting with these chetas, he was generally in the field at sun-rise accompanied by his two sons, and a few courtiers and favourites. The chase was conducted under the superintendance of a chief huntsman, called Meer Shikar, and several attendants. Very little state was observed on the occasion, and none were present but

those who received particular invitations. Each cheta was carried on a light cart, drawn by two bullocks trained for the purpose; the huntsman of each was seated on his respective cart, and the other attendants followed it close on foot. The carts moved in regular succession, and the chief huntsman conducted the leading cart; the cheta, as we observed before, hoodwinked. The spectators and sportsmen keep close to the carts, and preserve the most profound silence, in order to avoid alarming the game. On discovering a herd of deer, they proceed with greater caution, and take such a position as to oblige the antelope to run up hill or over broken ground. When they arrive within four or five hundred yards of the game, the men on foot turn the cheta's head towards the antelope, uncover his eyes, and then let him loose. The cheta continues to be very cautious till he is within two hundred yards of the antelope; he then gets bolder, begins to run, and follows his prey with the greatest rapidity for three or four hundred yards, when he is either successful or gives up the chase. If the cheta has been successful, after seizing the antelope, he holds it by the back with his mouth in such a manner as not to hurt it, and keeps the prey down on the ground till the keeper arrives; he is then hoodwinked, the throat of the antelope is cut, and a leg or two is given to the cheta as his reward.

A cheta will run two or three times in a day, and he always selects the largest buck of the herd.—In large herds two or three chetas are let out, and then the sport is highly diversified and interesting.

THE CARIBOU AND CARCAJOU.

The Carcajou, a species of cat, is a carnivorous animal, and inhabits the coldest parts of North America. Its weight is generally from 25 to 35 pounds. It is about two feet in length, from the end of the snout to the tail, which is about eight inches long. Its head is very short and thick in proportion to the rest of its body; the eyes very small; the jaws very strong, and furnished with 32 very sharp teeth. Notwithstanding it is small, it is very strong and furious; and though carnivorous, it is so slow and heavy, that it crawls upon the snow rather than walks upon it. One would scarce conceive from this description, that this is a rapacious beast of prey.

As it walks it can catch no other animal than the beaver, which in its motion is as slow as itself; and that must be in summer, when the beaver is out of its cabin; but in winter it can only destroy the cabin, and by that means surprise the beaver; which, though performed with great vivacity, very seldom succeeds; because the beaver, if it receives the slightest warning, has its sure retreat under the ice. However, as the beaver, even in the winter, goes into the woods, to seek for fresh provisions, which he likes better than stale, the carcajou may, and frequently does, attack him there.

In the woods, the carcajou hides itself among the branches of the trees till it finds an opportunity of leaping on the back of its prey.—The chase that is most successful to him is that of the elk and caribou.*

* Guthrie, in his Geographical Grammar, observes, "The cat

The elk chuses in winter a place where grows a quantity of the anagyris fœtida, or stinking bean trefoil, because it feeds upon it; and remains there unless it is pursued by the hunters. The carcajou having once observed the elk's road, climbs up a tree near which he must pass, and from thence leaps upon him, and seizes his throat in a moment. In vain does the poor elk lie down upon the ground, or rub himself against the trees for nothing will make the carcajou let go his hold; and the hunters have sometimes found pieces of their skin as large as a hand, that have stuck to the tree against which the elk has rubbed himself, in hopes of shaking off his devouring enemy.

The caribou, also a prey to this voracious animal, is a species of deer found chiefly about Hudson's Bay; it is something less than the moose deer, but stronger in its make --- These animals are seen in prodigious flocks during the summer months about the Danish river, and Port Nelson, and are remarkably swift. Their hoofs are flat and large, and furnished with very coarse hair between the divisions, which hinders them from sinking, into the snow, on the surface of which they run as swiftly as on firm ground.

When it inhabits the thick woods it makes its roads in winter like the elk, and is in the same manner attacked by the carcajou, who does not chase the caribou, but in places he dexterously leaps upon him from the branch of a tree, fixes himself near its neck, and immediately opens the jugular vein with his teeth, by

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cajou suspends himself by his long tail from the bough of a tree, and darts on the back of the caribou as he passes under its branches.

which the animal bleeds to death, and the carcajou feeds upon his flesh at leisure. The caribou has but one method of escaping from its enemy, and that is by jumping into the water, which the carcajou cannot bear, and immediately quits his hold.

LINES

ON THE LATE MR. DAWSON.

While Harvest Frank Dawson has giv'n up the ghost,
The good Matthew Dodsworth comes blown to the post.
Alas! what avails all our training and feeding,
When a check so uncivil is put to—good breeding.
But life is a course, and whatever our pace,
When death drops the flag, there's an end of the race
But the grave to the racer renews his life past,
For the turf had him first, and the turf has him last.
Then no more at the Irishman's toast let us wonder,
"Long life to the turf, whether over or under."

RULES FOR HUNTING A LA GAMBADO.

The choice of a horse is a very great essential towards enjoying this diversion in perfection; and of proper animals for this purpose there are two kinds.---The one, the full blood horse, as light made as possible, for those that wish to lead the field, and take immense leaps; for who is so ignorant as not to know, that the lighter an animal is made, the higher it is able to leap; and by having less weight of its own to carry, to undergo fatigue the best?---The other kind of horse is the largest kind of waggon-horse; for then, if the sportsman does not wish to *fly* any leaps, the size and power of his steed will enable him to break through almost all without leaping. It is a good thing that the

horse should already have his wind broken, for then you may ride him as fast as you can flog him on, without any fear of any accident of this kind; besides that, the violence of his panting after severe exercise, keeping his body in motion, thereby prevents him from taking cold by cooling too suddenly. I should particularly recommend a blind horse; for then, being ignorant of what kind of leaps he has to take, he will never be careless, but always do his best for fear of falling short; and also is in no danger of losing time, by taking fright, and swerving from the track.

In order to ride to the greatest advantage, very long stirrups are useful, and always a very sharp curb bridle and martingal, that the horse may always be under complete command; particularly to hold him tight in over a leap, and check him severely when he puts his fore legs to the ground again. If a horse is broken-knee'd, so much the better leaper will he be; for his knees being sore, he will be afraid of hitting the sore-place against his leaps, and will clear them well. With regard to the dress of the rider—I would by no means advise a short coat, but one as long as possible, to cover the knees well if it should rain. The best colour, as being farthest seen, is undoubtedly, white; though ignorant people prefer scarlet or green. The foolish cap at present in vogue, will, no doubt, soon be suppressed by the use of the cocked hat; made in such a way, that the hind flap may let down, to keep the rain from the neck in wet weather. The old French jack-boot is a capital thing for keeping out wet, and thorns, when you *brush* through a hedge. The longer the spur the better. Perhaps, for the huntsman, a

four-in-hand whip would be very useful, to flog the foremost hounds.

Before you go out in the morning the horses should be stuffed with as much corn as they can eat, and remember to drench them well with water, that they may have a good quantity in their stomachs to last them all day. Early in the day, ride as hard as possible, to get the horse on his legs a little; and take care to keep galloping about whenever there is a check, or you are drawing for a fresh fox. The hounds cannot be too much called to—it puts them, of course, in spirits.—If your horse is fleet enough, get up to the leading hounds when running, and keep laying lustily on them with your whip to keep them going. High winds are very favourable for scent, and rainy stormy weather, as it keeps the horses so cool. If a hare is found when your pack is running a fox, let them follow and kill her, by all means, as it gives them spirits for the rest of the chase. Flogging well in the morning, before the dogs go out, is a good thing *in terrorem*, as it lets them know what to expect if they behave ill. When the chase is over, take care not to give the pack nor your horses too much meat, that they may sleep better, and recruit after their fatigue.

MATT. HORSLEY.

A SHORT time since was carried to his grave, the celebrated farming foxhunter of the East-Riding of Yorkshire, at the advanced age of nearly ninety. It would be a kind of treason against sporting, not to rescue in some sort his memory from oblivion; for if

ever a man loved hunting "with all his soul, and all his strength," and died game at the last, Matt. Horsley was that hunter. On a small farm he contrived, from time to time, to bring into the field, to show off there, and to sell afterwards at good prices as many good horses as ever perhaps belonged to one person; for in the course of nearly a century, he had hunted with three generations. But this was not all his praise. He had a natural vein of humour and facetiousness, which the quaintness of a strong Yorkshire dialect heightened still more; and some greater men, who were his neighbours, wished to trample him down—poor man! he sometimes put aside the effects of ill-humour, by good-humour of his own. But as the bards from Menander down to Oliver Goldsmith, were of opinion that a line of verse was twice as long remembered as a line of prose, we have subjoined in doggrel rhyme, a sketch of the character of

MATT. HORSLEY THE OLD FOX-HUNTER.

MATT HORSLEY is gone! a true sportsman from birth,
After all his long chases he's taken to earth;
Full of days, full of whim, and good-humour he died.
The farmer's delight and the fox-hunter's pride!
And tho' the small comforts of life's private hour
Were often encroach'd on by rank and by power,
And tho' his plain means could but poorly afford
To cope with the squire or contend with a lord—
Yet Matt the sharp arrows of malice still broke,
In his quaint Yorkshire way, by a good-humour'd joke.

Till fourscore and ten, he continued life's course:
And for seventy long years he made part of his horse,

From the days of old Draper, who rose in the dark,
Matt hunted thro' life to the days of Sir Mark*
With Hunmanby's squire† he was first in the throng,
And with hard Harry Foord‡ never thought a day long;
If the fox would but run, every bog it was dry
No leap was too large—no Wold hill was too high:
Himself still in wind, tho' his steed might want breath,
He was then, as he's now, ever "in at the death,"
A tough hearty saplin from liberty's tree,
If ever plain Yorkshireman lived—it was he.

But at last honest Matt has bid sporting adieu,
Many good things he uttered;—one good thing is true,
"That aw'd by no frowns, above meanness or pelf—
No bad thing could ever be said of himself."
As honest Matt Horsley is gone to repose—
And he and the foxes no longer are foes!
Lay one brush on his grave!—it will do his heart good:
For so vermin his nature—so true was his blood,
That but stand o'er his sod—Tally-ho! be your strain,
Matt Horsley will wake and will hollow again.

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* Sir M. Masterman Sykes—whose hounds are almost as popular as the owner of them; and for whom every man, who can, preserves a fox.

† Humphrey Osbaldeston, Esq. who in his day, and in the days of Isaac Granger, who was his huntsman, had one of the best packs of fox-hounds in England.

‡ Harry Foord, a former vicar of Fox-holes on the Wolds, esteemed one of the best gentleman riders in England—and who preserved that true character in riding, never to avoid what was necessary, or to do that which was not. He therefore rode, through ten seasons, two as good horses as ever went into a field—though riding 14 stone.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF THE CUNNING OF FOXES

IN A LETTER FROM A FRIEND.

"I HAPPENED lately to pay a visit to a friend of mine in the country, who is the Nimrod of the parish where he resides. Before dinner, as we were amusing ourselves with a walk in one of his inclosures, and viewing his excellent breed of horses, our attention was called off to a numerous flock of crows and other birds very clamorous in the air; they seemed to be in eager pursuit of some notorious enemy of the terrestrial kind: and now and then would dart down and attack with great bitterness and fury. As a sight of this kind was quite new to me, I was just asking what creature it could be, who thus provoked against itself the hostile commotion of the fowls of heaven; when my friend sprung away, hallooing to a brace of greyhounds, a pointer, and a couple of terriers, that attended us: and crying to me, while he pointed to the crows, '*Ecce signum*, A fox, by Jupiter.'

"In no period of my life, could I ever boast my swiftness in running; but at this juncture, I was particularly unfortunate with the incumbrance of a pair of boots and breeches, which for their—I had almost said antiquity—might have claimed kindred to those of the famous knight of La Mancha, otherwise yeleped the redoubted Don Quixote; so that before I could penetrate a thorn hedge; crawl over a broad miry ditch, with addition of some gilding to my clothes; and arrive within vision of the chase, at the expence

of much respiration; the sport was terminated by the capture of reynard: who, like myself, was to be sure alive, but horribly soiled, mangled, and out of breath. Then it was his feathered persecutors finished the pursuit, and dispersed to their several habitations, no doubt very well pleased, that their implacable foe had fallen into the hands of one who knew so well how to punish offenders, in two of the elements at least.

"On this occasion, the joy that shone in my friend's countenance, was such, as I dare to say, could not be surpassed by that of a British general, were the fortune of war to throw into his power the sly French fox Buonaparte; who seems, however, conscious of better policy, than to quit his den when not forced by the most urgent necessity. Be that as it may, having secured our prisoner, we set homeward; and by the way, fell discoursing upon the superior cunning of foxes to all other animals known in this country. 'In proof of this,' said my friend, 'I was witness some years ago, to a remarkable long chase with an old fox, when the hounds losing the scent, stopped short of a sudden at a solitary cottage. Every corner, cranny, and piece of furniture was narrowly ransacked, even to the smoky vent, but no where could the sly rogue be discovered. By order of the huntsman, the dogs were then led off to a considerable distance, in order to attempt discovering the foot, which having effected, they run it straight back to the hut again, where their noses were finally arrested.

"'Now convinced one and all of us, that he must for certain be about the house, and no where else, our astonishment at his concealing himself was only to be

equalled by the difficulty of finding him; and there were not wanting some among us, particularly the huntsman and whipper-in, who declared it as their opinion, that, unless an old woman, the lone inhabitant of the cottage, was set adrift, we should unkennel no fox there that day; believing Goody to be no other than a witch, whom, in the shape of a fox, we had thus hunted into her dwelling, where she found it highly necessary to resume the human figure for the security of her person. In short Sir,' continued my friend, 'we were perplexed with difficulties, that I know not what might have befallen this poor cottage, had not the huntsman roared aloud, 'Ha! now I 'smoke him. Are you there Niger? Gem'men, mark 'the sly son of a bitch upon the house-top.' There he had dug a pit, wherein, it is most probable, he had escaped undiscovered, but for a small portion of his back, which appearing above, and differing somewhat in colour from the turf on the roof of the house, was the cause of his detection and mortality.

"'Nay, (proceeded this gentleman), as a further instance of the singular instinct in these animals; the minister of the parish last year, was served a trick to the full as cunning, as that I have now mentioned, by a fox, which I suspect to be the very one now in custody. After devouring several of his poultry for two nights successively, the family determined to watch the enemy the night following—Agreeably to their wishes, he came back once more; and, though they made quick preparation to secure their prisoner, from the time the geese and hens began a gaggling and cackling, which was known to be a token of his having com-

menced the act of plundering and blood-shed; yet, upon entering the hen-roost with the utmost caution, my gentleman had actually found time to kill three of Miss John's fat gunders; and afterwards, to become himself invisible. The most minute search, with a variety of lights, was to no purpose; so that, imagining reynard had given them the slip, the minister had already opened the door, and was preparing to retire with his attendants, when, taking up the slaughtered geese, out stole from below them, the cunning object of their exploration, and bid good night to his enemies in full safety.

A variety of other stories, relating to foxes and the chase, this communicative gentleman entertained me with; and I know his veracity to be unimpeachable. But I am afraid by this time, you will think my literary pursuit sufficiently protracted; and that it is full time now, to quit the field with my fox and hounds, in order to make room for others, being no more than justice, that, "Every fox should have his shift, and every dog his day."

LORD CAMELFORD AND HIS FIGHTING DOG.

The late Lord Camelford purchased a short time before his death, Mr. Mellish's celebrated fighting dog. This animal, who was as renowned for his battles as Buonaparte, was originally the property of fighting Humphreys; he next came into the possession of fighting Johnson, by whom he was dearly beloved and admired; his next owner was fighting Ward, who sold him a few years ago to Mr. Mellish, for twenty gui-

weas. His lordship, being fascinated with the bold feats and the spirited demeanour of the animal, proposed to buy him, and Mr. Mellish consented to sell him in the carcase way. The dog was accordingly put into the scale, after a good hearty dinner of tripe, and was found to weigh forty-two pounds. The price agreed upon was two guineas per pound, so that the purchase-money amounted to eighty-four guineas. This was satisfied in the following manner:—A favourite gun, belonging to his lordship, value forty guineas, and a case of pistols value forty-four guineas. It would have been an insult to this noble animal to have paid the purchase in money, and therefore, in a manner exchanged for these warlike articles. He was known by the name of Belcher; had fought 104 battles, and had never been beat. A more warlike pedigree, or nobler blood, could not be boasted by any of the canine race in England. To his other great and good qualities, he added a singular instinct, by which he was enabled to know a brave man from a coward; and he was as much attached to the former, as he disliked the latter. His lordship was so pleased with his purchase, that he declared no money should part him and his dog.

DUKE OF QUEENSBERRY.

This celebrated sporting character, is descended from an illustrious Scottish family, several of his ancestors having been intermarried with the blood royal of the Caledonian kings. Many of this high race have held high and honourable situations in the country

which gave them birth; and since their residence in this, they have been noticed with particular attention by our sovereigns.

On the death of his father, the last earl, his lordship succeeded to the family estates, and became well known both in London and at Newmarket, during almost fifty years, by the familiar name of Lord March. Being very young when he came to his title, and entering early into the world, it so happened that he formed a decided and almost unconquerable taste for the amusements of the turf. Indeed the situation of a young nobleman, when he first starts in life, may be said to be peculiarly painful; for, being brought up to no useful or honourable profession, and seldom accustomed, until maturer years have ripened his judgment, to assume the character of a senator, occupations of a more gay and volatile nature too frequently engross his attention, and not seldom engulph his fortune.

The late Duke of Bedford, one of the most amiable and high-minded men of his age, exhibits the most satisfactory proof that genius and abilities of the first class are not exempt from failings of this kind, and that even an intercourse with grooms, and a certain degree of familiarity with the stable, does not always preclude the exercise of talents, or the practice of the most distinguished virtues.

While yet a boy, the Earl of March is reported to have acquired a certain species of distinction, by his gallantries in the capital, and his exploits at the race-ground; and he shone at once the meteor of the turf, and the drawing-room. A handsome person, of which he has been particularly careful, joined to a splendid

equipage, a title, and a fortune, all of which were heightened by manners highly polished, and conversation that seemed bewitching, ensured to him the smiles of the fair. But however he might occasionally cull from the parterre of beauty, the subject of these memoirs had neither then nor since selected a matrimonial bouquet for his own use. To one lady, indeed, who had been allured from the genial clime of Italy, by the blandishments of an operatic life, and the hopes of a splendid fortune, his lordship is said to have been long and warmly attached. This temporary connection, indeed, gave birth to many jokes, as a celebrated man of wit * of that day, was supposed to have enjoyed a species of co-partnership in the smiles of the fair warbler.

But if this nobleman has never yet led a willing partner to the temple of Hymen, it is neither the fault of the beauties of the present nor a former age, as many of our young ladies doubtless burn with the same ardour for wealth, splendour, and a ducal coronet, that their grandmothers and great granddames exhibited half a century ago. It must, therefore, be, and assuredly is, the particular fancy of this peer, himself, that has precluded a species of alliance which would have ensured legitimate heirs to his large fortune and numerous titles.

In another line, to which we have also alluded before this nobleman has been particularly fortunate. Although, like an illustrious duke, whose name has already been mentioned, he possessed a great attach-

* The late George Selwyn, Esq.

ment to the pleasures of the turf, yet he never was the prey of sharpers. Indeed both of these noblemen may be supposed to have descended on the race ground, completely armed, in the same manner that Minerva proceeded from the head of Jupiter; and of one of them in particular, it might be said, even while a boy—

> "In troth thou'rt able to instruct grey hairs,
> And teach the wily African."

But in order to prevent pillage it became necessary for Lord March to place no reliance whatever upon jockeys, to trust all to himself, and to depend solely upon his own ability and exertions. Two memorable achievements of this kind will never be forgotten by the disciples of the whip. The first occurred in 1756, when his lordship, properly accoutred, in his velvet cap, red silk jacket, buckskin breeches, and long spurs, not only backed his own horse for a considerable sum, but actually rode him.

This contest, which took place on the race-ground at Newmarket, when the earl had attained his twenty sixth year, was not, however, with an inferior, either in blood or fortune; for his antagonist, on this occasion, was no less a person than a Scotch nobleman, addicted to the same sports as himself, and whose family, like his own, had been allied to the kings of his native country. This trial of skill between the Achilles and the Hector of horsemen, of course attracted the notice of the public, and the ground was covered at an early hour with all the fashionables of that period. Lord March, thin, agile, and admirably qualified both

ly skill and make, for exertion, was the victor of the day: to him was given the meed of fame, and the reward of activity; and no conqueror of the Olympic games ever received greater plaudits.

The other contest was with an Irish gentleman, usually known by the appellation of Count O'Tafe, much celebrated about the middle of the last century for his bets and his oddities. In consequence of a conversation at a sporting meeting, relative to running against time, it was suggested by the Earl of March, that it was possible for a carriage to be drawn with a degree of celerity hitherto unexampled and almost incredible.* Being desired to name his *maximum*, he undertook, provided he had the choice of his ground, and a certain time for training, to draw a machine with four wheels not less than nineteen miles within the space of sixty minutes. As it had been already discovered, that a race horse might be urged to such a degree of speed, as to run over a mile in a minute, this, which allowed about three to a carriage, did not appear so surprising to the knowing ones for a short space of time; but the continuance of such a rapid motion during a whole hour, staggered their belief, and many of them were completely outwitted.

As much depended on the lightness of the machine, application was made to an ingenious coach-maker—Wright—in Long Acre, who exhausted all the resources of his art to diminish the weight and friction as much as possible; and silk is said to have been recurred to in the construction of the harness, instead of leather. It then became necessary, to select four blood horses of approved speed, and, what was far more difficult to procure, two honest groom boys—

Erret and another—of small weight and tried skill, to manage them. The course at Newmarket having been pitched upon for the trial, a mile was marked out there; and, although several horses are said to have been killed in training, yet it soon became evident that the project was feasible.

On the arrival of the appointed day—August 29, 1750—which was to decide bets to the amount of many thousands pounds, the noble and ignoble gamesters repaired to the spot pitched upon: the jockeys mounted; the carriage, constructed partly of wood and partly of whalebone, was put in motion, and, rushing on with a velocity almost rivalling the progress of sound, darted within the appointed time to the goal!

On the demise of George II. the Earl of March was appointed one of the lords of the bedchamber to his present Majesty, which place he held until the year 1789, when, giving his vote to the famous regency business, in support of the Prince of Wales, in opposition to the premier, after a service of nearly thirty years, he was dismissed from his employment. To one enjoying his immense wealth, a circumstance of this kind, at least in a pecuniary point of view, could not give a moment's uneasiness; and to the writer of this article, who has beheld him acting in what seemed to be a painful official situation, his dismission appears in the nature of a triumph, rather than in that of a disgrace.

But there is no accounting for the feelings of others; and an apprenticeship at court might have, perhaps, rendered the dismal red brick, and dark cloisters of St. James's dear to those accustomed to traverse the

apartments of this gloomy and monastic pile. In such a case, an arrow shot from the hand of royalty, although perhaps pointed by another, might inflict an Acteon like wound—

"——— haret lateri lethalis arundo."

The late Lord Bute, who is said to have been in no small degree partial to his countrymen, took the Earl of March under his patronage at an early period of life, and, in addition to the situation already alluded to, exerted his influence, in another point of view; for, in the beginning of the present reign, his lordship was elected one of the sixteen peers of Scotland, and continued to enjoy that honour, in about six successive parliaments, until it became unnecessary in consequence of his attainment of an English barony.

At length, on the demise of the late Duke of Queensberry, the Earl of March succeeded to that title, and at the same time, obtained a very considerable addition to a fortune already very ample, particularly a very valuable estate in Wiltshire. Other honours were also showered down upon his Grace, for he was elected a knight of the thistle. He also obtained a place of some emolument, that of Vice-admirable of Scotland, which he afterwards resigned in behalf of his old and intimate friend, as well as opposite neighbour, Lord William Gordon: and, in 1786, he became an English peer, by the style and title of Baron Douglas.

Many jokes have been levelled at his grace, and some of the diurnal writers seem to have actually lived at his expence; yet he appears to have invariably exhibited a generous forbearance, and was perhaps one

of the first to laugh at the rude puns, and coarse allusions, which have taken place relative to him.

In point of fortune the duke is affluent; for he not only possesses immense estates, but is said to keep a larger sum of ready money at his banker's, than any other nobleman or gentleman in the kingdom. He has been enabled to obtain a degree of wealth necessary for his independence, by means of a well regulated economy. He is not a churl, however, either in his table or his appearance; for no one entertains his friends with more hospitality, or exhibits a greater number of splendid carriages, well dressed servants, and rich liveries, on gala occasions.

His grace appears almost every fine morning, in front of his house in Piccadilly, sitting in a cane-chair, in the balcony, enjoying the sight of the passengers; and, if we are to credit report, not wholly insensible to female charms. He resides next door to the Earl of Yarmouth, whose lady was brought up under his immediate inspection, whom he has always cherished with a certain degree of paternal affection, and to whom, if we are to believe report, he intends to bequeath a considerable part of his fortune.

Formerly, when it was the fashion to dress in a splendid manner, his grace complied with the custom of the day; but now that good sense begins to prevail, in respect to the decoration of person, he conforms to the temper of the times, wisely preferring elegance to tawdry finery.

The duke possesses a very fine taste for music. He does not indeed, we believe, like his friend the late Lord Kelhe, who attained an unrivalled excellence on the violin, delight in instrumental, but we know that

he is an eminent judge of vocal performance, and has attained such a facility in the science, as to be able to hum the songs and accompaniments of any new opera in his way home from the Haymarket. He himself has also been known occasionally to accompany a lady on the harpsichord; and even to exhilarate the festivity of a convivial meeting, by a *solo* of his own.

The duke of Queensberry spends a great portion of the year in the metropolis; and indeed, the view of the Green Park from his house can scarcely be equalled, in point of mere scenery, by any portion of the kingdom. Having rendered his residence larger and more commodious, by a stair-case to the basement story, he may be seen every forenoon, either ascending from this, or descending, by means of a little iron stair-case, to reach his *vis-a vis*, mount his little black forester, or get into a single-horse chaise, which appears to have more of the *antico moderno* than any thing appertaining to him. About five o'clock in the summer, he generally drives in a sociable to his house at Richmond, which is built upon the margin of the Thames, and so situated as to command a beautiful prospect both by land and water. There he spends the evening in festivity, enjoying the sound of music, surrounded by friends male and female, and not unmindful of the second line of the celebrated distich of Martial—

> "Balnea, Vina, Venus consumunt corpora nostra,
> Sed vitam faciunt Balnea, Vina, Venus."

His grace was formerly accustomed to make longer excursions, and to spend several weeks at a time at his seat at Amesbury, in the immediate neighbourhood

of Stonehenge. It was once the residence of that Duchess of Queensberry who acquired no common share of celebrity by her patronage of Gay.

He is ground landlord of the town of Amesbury, and also lord of the manor. The house is a noble building, like all those built by Inigo Jones, who was the architect; and the present possessor must be allowed to have made great improvements in the grounds, having not only enlarged them, but planted an adjoining hill, at the foot of which the Avon beautifully meanders, after passing through the gardens.

Nor ought it to be omitted, that he has generously appropriated this charming seat to the victims of devotion; and thus proved, by a noble action, that if his Grace the Duke of Queensberry has not zeal sufficient to found a nunnery, he has at least munificence and generosity enough to protect a few antiquated devotees, who consider seclusion from mankind as absolutely necessary for their salvation!

MR. DANIEL LAMBERT.

This extraordinary character and eminent sportsman was born on the 13th of March, 1770, in the parish of St. Margaret, at Leicester. From the extraordinary bulk to which Mr. Lambert has attained, the reader may naturally be disposed to enquire whether his parents were persons of remarkable dimensions. This was not the case, nor was any of his family inclined to corpulence excepting an uncle and an aunt on the father's side, who were both very heavy. The former died during the infancy of Lambert, in the capacity of game-keeper, to the Earl of Stam-

ford, to whose predecessor his father had been huntsman in early life. The family of Mr. Lambert senior, consisted, besides Daniel, of another son, who died young, and two daughters who are still living, and are both women of common size.

The habits of the subject of this memoir were not in any respect different from those of other young persons till the age of fourteen. Even at that early period he was strongly attached to all the sports of the field. This, however, was only the natural effect of a very obvious cause, aided probably by an innate propensity to those diversions. We have already mentioned the profession of his father and his uncle, and have yet to observe, that his maternal grandfather was a great cock-fighter. Born and bred, as it were, among horses, dogs, cocks, and all the other appendages of sporting, in the pursuits of which he was encouraged, even in his childhood, it cannot be matter of wonder that he should be passionately fond of all those exercises and amusements which are comprehended under the denomination of field sports, as well as of racing, cocking and fishing.

Brought up under the eye of his parents till the age of fourteen, young Lambert, was then placed with Mr. Benjamin Patrick, in the manufactory of Taylor and Co. at Birmingham, to learn the business of a die-sinker and engraver. This establishment, then one of the most flourishing in that opulent town, was afterwards destroyed in the riots of 1795, by which the celebrated Dr. Priestly was so considerable a sufferer.

Owing to the fluctuations to which all those manufactures that administer to the luxuries of the commu-

nity are liable from the caprices of fashion, the wares connected with the profession, which had been chosen for young Lambert, ceased to be in request. Buckles were all at once proscribed, and a total revolution took place at the same period in the public taste with respect to buttons. The consequence was, that a numerous class of artizans were thrown out of employment, and obliged to seek a subsistence in a different occupation. Among these was Lambert, who had then served only four years of his apprenticeship.

Leaving Birmingham, he returned to Leicester to his father, who held the situation of keeper of the prison in that town. Soon afterwards, at the age of nineteen, he began to imagine that he should be a heavy man, but had not previously perceived any indications that could lead him to suppose he should ever attain the excessive corpulence for which he is now distinguished. He always possessed extraordinary muscular power, and at the time we are speaking of, could lift great weights, and carry five hundred weight with ease. Had his habits been such as to bring his strength into action, he would doubtless have been an uncommonly powerful man.

That he was not deficient either in physical strength or in courage, is demonstrated by the following adventure, in which he was about this period engaged.

Standing one day in his father's house at Leicester, his attention was attracted by a company of Savoyards, with their dancing dogs and bears, surrounded by an immense concourse of spectators. While they were exhibiting, a dog which had formerly been accustomed to travel with a similar company of these grotesque

performers, and now belonged to the county goaler, hearing the sound, flew furiously upon a very large bear, whose overbearing force, and weight soon crushed him to the ground. "Give her tooth," said the Savoyards, irritated at the interruption of their exhibition, and making preparations to take off the muzzle of the bear. Mr. Lambert being acquainted with the master of the dog, and knowing that, in this case, the animal would be exposed to certain destruction, went out, and addressed the people with the intention of pacifying them, and prevailing upon them to suffer the dog to be taken away. Deaf to all his remonstrances, one of the Savoyards, still persisted in pulling off the muzzle, the dog being all this time underneath, and in the grasp of the bear. Enraged at the fellow's obstinacy, he protested he would kill the bear if it lay in his power, and snatching from the man's hand the paddle or pole with which they manage these animals, at the moment when the muzzle was removed, he struck the bear with all his force, fully intending to dispatch her if possible. Bruin was for a moment completely stunned with the blow, and the dog seized that opportunity of disengaging himself from her clutches. Enraged at this fresh attack, she turned towards her new antagonist, who kept repeating his strokes, but without being able to hit her head, which she protected from his blows with all the dexterity of the most accomplished pugilist. During these successive attacks, the dog, faithful to the friend who had so opportunely stepped to his aid, continued to exhibit the most astonishing proofs of undaunted intrepidity, till he was at length caught up by one of the by-standers. The weather was frosty, and the pavement was slightly

glazed from the trundling of a mop. Here, while thus busily engaged in belaboring his formidable foe, Lambert fell, but rose again with the utmost agility. Bruin was now close to him; he had a full view of her tremendous teeth, and felt the heat from her breath. The danger became pressing, and as his shaggy foe was too near to admit of his using the weapon, he struck her with his left hand such a violent blow on the skull, as brought her to the ground; on which she declined the contest, and "yelling fled." During the fray, a smaller bear had been standing upright against a wall, with a cocked hat on his head: in consequence of the retreat of his companion, this ludicrous figure now appeared full in front of the victorious champion, who brandished in his hand the up-lifted pole. The beast, as if aware of his danger, and expecting to be attacked in his turn, instantly took off the hat, and, apparently in token of submission, tumbled heels over head at the feet of the conqueror. Meanwhile the populace, terrified at the approach of the *ursa Major*, began to retire in a backward direction, still keeping the unsuccessful combatant in view, till they tumbled one after another over some loads of coal that happened to lie in the way. The scene now became truly ludicrous, forty people were down at a time, and there was not one but what imagined himself already in the gripe of the irritated animal, and vociferated *murder*! with all his might. The Savoyards, who were, after all, the greatest sufferers by this tragi-comic representation, applied to the mayor, and demanded redress. The magistrate enquired where the fray happened, and was informed that it took place in Blue Boar Lane, in the parish of

St. Nicholas—the inhabitants of which have for many years been distinguished by the appellation of *Nick's Ruffs*. "Oh!" said he, "the people of that parish do just as they please; they are out of my jurisdiction;" and gravely dismissed the disappointed complainants.—It was two years before this company of itinerant performers again ventured to make their appearance in Blue Boar Lane. On this occasion one who happened to be rather before the rest, perceiving Mr. Lambert sitting at his door, gave notice to the others, who dreading a repetition of the treatment they had before experienced, instantly retreated by the way they had come.

His father having resigned the office of keeper of the prison, Mr. Lambert succeeded to the situation. It was within a year after this appointment that his bulk received the greatest and most rapid encrease. This he attributes to the confinement and sedentary life to which he was now obliged to submit, which produced an effect so much the more striking, as from his attachment to sporting, he had previously been in the habit of taking a great deal of exercise. Though he never possessed any extraordinary agility he was still able to kick to the height of seven feet standing on one leg.

About the year 1793, when Mr. Lambert weighed thirty-two stone, he had occasion to visit Woolwich in company with the keeper of the county goal of Leicester. As the tide did not serve to bring them up to London, he walked from Woolwich to the metropolis with much less apparent fatigue, than several middle-sized men who were of the party.

The inhabitants of Leicester are remarkable for their expertness in swimming, an art which they are encouraged to practise by their vicinity to the river Soar. From the age of eight years Mr. Lambert was an excellent swimmer, and such was his celebrity, that about ten years ago all the young people in his native town who were learning to swim resorted to him for instruction. His power of floating, owing to his uncommon bulk, was so great, that he could swim with two men of ordinary size upon his back. We have heard him relate, that on these occasions, when any of his young pupils manifested any timidity; he would convey them to the opposite bank of the river from that on which they had laid their clothes, and there leave them to find their way back as well as they could. By these means they soon acquired that courage which is so indispensably necessary to the attainment of excellence in the art of swimming,

Mr. Lambert's father died about five years after his son's appointment to be keeper of the prison, which office he held, till Easter 1805. In this situation he manifested a disposition fraught with humanity and benevolence. Whatever severity he might be under the necessity of exercising towards the unhappy objects committed to his care during their confinement, he never forbore to make the greatest exertions to assist them, at the time of their trials. Few left the prison without testifying their gratitude, and tears often bespoke the sincerity of the feelings they expressed. His removal from the office was in consequence of a wish on the part of the magistrates to employ the prisoners in the manufacture of the town. As a proof of the approbation which his conduct had merited, they set-

tled upon him an annuity of 50*l.* for life, without any solicitation whatever, and what was still more gratifying to his feelings, this grant was accompanied with a declaration, that it was a mark of their esteem and of the universal satisfaction which he had given in the discharge of the duties of his office.

Such were the feelings of Mr. Lambert, that no longer than a few months ago, he abhorred the very idea of exhibiting himself. Though he lived exceedingly retired at Leicester, the fame of his uncommon corpulence had spread over the adjacent country to such a degree, that he frequently found himself not a little incommoded by the curiosity of the people, which it was impossible to repress and which they were continually devising the means of gratifying, in spite of his reluctance.

A gentleman travelling through Leicester, conceived a strong desire to see this extraordinary phenomenon, but being at a loss for a pretext to introduce himself to Mr. Lambert, he first took care to enquire what were his particular propensities. Being informed that he was a great cocker, the traveller thought himself sure of success. He accordingly went to his house, knocked at the door, and enquired for Mr. Lambert. The servant answered that he was at home, but that he never saw strangers. "Let him know," replied the curious traveller, "that I called about some cocks." Lambert who chanced to be in a situation to overhear what passed, immediately rejoined: "Tell the gentleman that I am a *shy* cock."

On another occasion, a gentleman from Nottingham was extremely importunate to see him, pretending that he had a particular favour to ask. After considerable

hesitation, Mr. Lambert directed him to be admitted. On being introduced he said, he wished to enquire the pedigree of a certain mare. "Oh! if that's all," replied Mr. Lambert, perceiving, from his manner, the real nature of his errand, "she was got by Impertinence out of Curiosity."

Finding, at length, that he must either submit to be a close prisoner in his own house, or endure all the inconveniencies without receiving any of the profits of an exhibition, Mr. Lambert wisely strove to overcome his repugnance, and determined to visit the metropolis for that purpose. As it was impossible to procure a carriage large enough to admit him, he had a vehicle constructed expressly to convey him to London, where he arrived, for the twenty-second time, in the spring of 1806, and fixed his residence in Piccadilly.

His apartments there had more the air of a place of fashionable resort, than of an exhibition; and as long as the town continued full, he was visited by a great deal of the best company. The dread he felt on coming to London, lest he should be exposed to indignity and insult from the curiosity of some of his visitors, was soon removed by the politeness and attention which he universally experienced. There was not a gentleman in town from his own county, but went to see him, not merely gazing at him as a spectacle, but treating him in the most friendly and soothing manner, which, he has declared, is too deeply impressed upon his mind ever to be forgotten.

The spirit of politeness which always prevailed in the presence of Mr. Lambert, was such as, was, perhaps, never observed on a similar occasion. The very Qua-

kers by whom he was visited felt themselves *moved* to take off their hats. It is but natural to suppose that among the numbers who chose to gratify their curiosity, some few exceptions should occur. Thus one day a person perceiving, previous to entering the room, that the company were uncovered, observed to Mr. Lambert's attendant, that he would not take off his hat, even if the king were present. This rude remark being uttered in the hearing of Mr. Lambert he immediately replied, as the stranger entered:—"Then by G——, Sir, you must instantly quit this room, as I do not consider it as a mark of respect due to myself, but to the ladies and gentlemen who honour me with their company."

Many of the visitors seemed incapable of gratifying their curiosity to its full extent, and called again and again to behold to what an immense magnitude the human figure is capable of attaining; nay, one gentleman, a banker in the city, jocosely observed, that he had fairly had a pound's worth.

Mr. Lambert had the pleasure of receiving persons of all descriptions and of all nations. He was one day visited by a party of fourteen, eight ladies and six gentlemen, who expressed their joy at not being too late, as it was near the time of closing the door for the day. They assured him that they had come from Guernsey on purpose to convince themselves of the existence of such a prodigy as Mr. Lambert had been described to be by one of their neighbours, who had seen him; adding, that they had not even one single friend or acquaintance in London, so that they had no other motive whatever for their voyage.—A striking illustration of the power of curiosity over the human mind.

Great numbers of foreigners were gratified with the contemplation of a spectacle, unequalled, perhaps, in any other country. Among these a Frenchman, accompanied by a Jew, seemed extremely desirous, from motives best known to himself, of persuading Mr. Lambert to make an excursion to the continent, and insinuating that under his guidance and management he could not fail of obtaining the greatest success. "Vy you not go to France?" said he, "I am sure Buonaparte vill make your fortune." Supposing that such an inducement must prove irresistible, he added: "Den vont you go to Paris?" Lambert, who had too much good sense, to be the dupe of a designing *Monsieur*, rejoined in the emphatic style of a true son of John Bull,—"If I do, I'll be d——d."—"Vat you tink of dat now?" cried the astonished Jew to his mortified and disappointed companion.

Among the many visitors of Mr. Lambert the celebrated Polish dwarf, Count Borulawski was not the least interesting. The Count, having made a fortune by exhibiting his person, has retired to Durham to enjoy the fruit of his economy. Though now in his seventy-first year, he still possesses all the gracefulness and vivacity by which he was formerly characterized. Mr. Lambert, during his apprenticeship at Birmingham, went several times to see Borulawski, and such was the strength of the Count's memory, that he had scarcely fixed his eyes upon him in Piccadilly before he recollected his face. After reflecting a moment, he exclaimed that he had seen the face twenty years ago in Birmingham, but it was not surely the same body. This unexpected meeting of the largest and smallest man seemed to realise the fabled history

of the inhabitants of Lilliput and Brobdignag, particularly when Lambert rose for the purpose of affording the diminutive count a full view of his prodigious dimensions. In the course of conversation, Mr. Lambert asked what quantity of cloth the count required for a coat, and how many he thought his would make him.—"Not many;" answered Borulawski. "I take goot large piece cloth myself—almost tree quarters of yard."—At this rate one of Mr. Lambert's sleeves would be abundantly sufficient for the purpose. The count felt one of Mr. Lambert's legs: "Ah mine Got!" he exclaimed: "pure flesh and blood. I feel de warm. No deception! I am pleased: for I did hear it was deception." Mr. Lambert asked if his lady was alive; on which he replied: "No, she is dead, and (putting his finger significantly to his nose) I am not very sorry, for when I affront her, she put me on the mantle-shelf for punishment."

The many characters that introduced themselves to Mr. Lambert's observation in the metropolis, furnished him with a great number of anecdotes, which a retentive memory enables him to relate with good effect.

One day, the room being rather crowded with company, a young man in the front, almost close to Mr. Lambert, made incessant use of one of those indispensible appendages of a modern beau, called a quizzing-glass. The conversation turned on the changes of the weather, and in what manner Mr. Lambert felt himself affected by them.—"What do you dislike most?" asked the beau—"*To be bored with a quizzing-glass,*" was the reply.

A person asking him in a very rude way the cost of

one of his coats, he returned him no answer. The man repeated the question with the observation, that he thought he had a right to demand any information, having contributed his shilling, which would help to pay for Mr. Lambert's coat as well as the rest. "Sir," rejoined Lambert, "if I knew what part of my next coat your shilling would pay for, I can assure you I would cut out the piece."

On another occasion a lady was particularly solicitous to have the same question resolved. "Indeed, madam, answered Mr. Lambert, "I cannot pretend to charge my memory with the price, but I can put you into a method of obtaining the information you want. If you think proper to make me a present of a new coat, you will then know exactly what it costs."

A person who had the appearance of a gentleman, one day took the liberty of asking several impertinent questions. Mr. Lambert looked him sternly in his face, but without making any reply. A lady now entered the room, and Lambert entered into conversation with her, on which the same person observed that he was more polite to ladies than to gentlemen. "I can assure you, Sir," answered Mr. Lambert, "that I consider it my duty to treat with equal politeness all those whose behaviour convinces me that they are gentlemen."—"I suppose," rejoined the querist, "you mean to infer that I am no gentleman."—"That I certainly did," was the reply. Not yet abashed by this reproof, he soon afterwards ventured to ask another question, of a similar nature with the preceding. Irritated at these repeated violations of decency, which bespoke a deficiency of good sense as well as good manners, Mr. Lambert fixed his eyes full upon the stranger: "You

came into this room, Sir, by the door, but——" — "You mean to say," continued the other, looking at the window, "that I may possibly make my exit by some other way."---"Begone this moment," thundered Lambert, "or by G---d I'll throw you into Piccadilly."---No second injunction was necessary to rid him of this obnoxious guest.

After a residence of about five months in the metropolis, where we believe his success was fully adequate to his most sanguine expectations, Mr. Lambert returned in September, 1806, to his native town.

We shall now proceed to state what we have been able to collect relative to the habits, manners, and propensities, of this extraordinary man.

It is not improbable that incessant exercise in the open air, in the early part of his life, laid the foundation of an uncommonly healthy constitution. Mr. Lambert scarcely knows what it is to be ailing or indisposed. His temperance, no doubt, contributes towards this uninterrupted flow of health. His food differs in no respect from that of any other people: he eats with moderation, and of one dish only at a time. He never drinks any other beverage than water, and though at one period of his life he seldom spent an evening at home, but with convivial parties, he never could be prevailed upon to join his companions in their libations to the jolly god. One of the qualifications that strongly tend to promote harmony and conviviality is possessed in an eminent degree by Mr. Lambert. He has a fine, powerful, melodious voice. It is a strong tenor, unlike that of a fat man, light and unembarrassed, and the articulation perfectly clear.

Mr. Lambert's height is five feet eleven inches, and

in June 1805, he had attained the enormous weight of fifty stone, four pounds. He never felt any pain in his progress towards his present bulk, but increased gradually and imperceptibly. Before he grew bulky he never knew what it was to be out of wind. It is evident to all those who are now acquainted with him, that he has no oppression on the lungs from fat, or any other cause; and Dr. Heaviside has expressed his opinion that his life is as good as that of any other healthy man. He conceives himself that he could walk a quarter of a mile, is able to go up stairs with great ease, and without inconvenience, and notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, can not only stoop without trouble to write, but even keeps up an extensive correspondence, insomuch that his writing-table resembles the desk of a merchant's counting-house.

Mr. Lambert sleeps less than the generality of mankind, being never more than eight hours in bed. He is never inclined to drowsiness either after dinner, or in any other part of the day; and such is the vivacity of his disposition, that he is always the last person to retire to rest, which he never does before one o'clock. He sleeps without having his head raised more than is usual with other men, and always with the window open. His respiration is so perfectly free and unobstructed, that he never snores, and what is not a little extraordinary, he can awake within five minutes of any time he pleases. All the secretions are carried on in him with the same facility as in any other person.

We have already adverted to Mr. Lambert's fondness for hunting, coursing, racing, fishing, and cocking. He was likewise well-known in his neighbourhood as a great otter-hunter. Till within these five years

he was extremely active in all the sports of the field, and though he is now prevented by his corpulence from partaking in them, he still breeds cocks, setters, and pointers, which he has brought to as great, or perhaps greater perfection than any other sporting character of the present day. At the time when terriers were the vogue, he possessed no less than thirty of them at once. The high estimation in which the animals of his breeding are held by sporting amateurs, was fully evinced in the sale of the dogs which he brought with him to London, and which were disposed of at Tattersal's at the following prices: Peg, a black setter bitch, forty-one guineas; Punch, a setter dog, twenty-six guineas; Brush, ditto, seventeen guineas; Bob, ditto, twenty guineas; Bounce, ditto, twenty-two guineas; Sam, ditto, twenty-six guineas; Bell, ditto, thirty-two guineas; Charlotte, a pointer bitch, twenty-two guineas; Lucy, ditto, twelve guineas.——Total, 218 guineas. Mr. Mellish was the purchaser of the seven setters, and Lord Kinnaird of the two pointers.

If Mr. Lambert has a greater attachment to one kind of sport than another, it is to racing, for which he always manifested a peculiar preference. He was fond of riding himself, before his weight prevented him from enjoying that exercise; and it is his opinion, founded on experience, that the more blood and the better a horse was bred, the better he carried him.

During his residence in London, Mr. Lambert found himself in no wise affected by the change of air, unless he ought to attribute to that cause an occasional, momentary, trifling depression of spirits in a morning, such as he has felt on his recovery from inflammatory

attacks, which are the only kind of indisposition he ever remembers to have experienced.

The extraordinary share of health he has enjoyed has not been the result of any unusual precaution on his part, as he has in many instances accustomed himself to the total neglect of those means by which men in general endeavour to preserve that inestimable blessing. As a proof of this, the following fact, is related from his own lips. Before his encreasing size prevented his partaking in the sports of the field, he never could be prevailed upon when he returned home at night from these excursions, to change any part of his clothes, however wet they might be, and he put them on again the next morning, though they were perhaps so thoroughly soaked, as to leave behind them their mark on the floor. Notwithstanding this, he never knew what it was to take cold. On one of these occasions he was engaged with a party of young men in a boat, in drawing a pond. Knowing that a principal part of this diversion always consists in sousing each other as much as possible Lambert, before he entered the boat, walked, in his clothes, up to his chin into the water. He remained the whole of the day in this condition, which to any other man must have proved intolerably irksome. At night, on retiring to bed, he stripped off shirt and all, and the next morning, putting on his clothes again, wet as they were, he resumed the diversion with the rest of his companions. Nor was this all; for lying down in the bottom of the boat, he took a comfortable nap for a couple of hours, and though the weather was rather severe, he experienced no kind of inconvenience from what might justly be considered as extreme indiscretion.

HORSE CHASE UPON THE FROZEN SEA.

THAT very judicious and entertaining traveller, Mr. Joseph Acerbi, speaking of his passage over the Gulf of Bosnia, is highly curious and interesting.

" When a traveller is going to cross over the gulf on the ice to Finland, the peasants always oblige him to engage double the number of horses to what he had upon his arrival at Griolcham. We were forced to take no less than eight sledges, though being only three in company, and two servants. The distance across is forty-three English miles, thirty of which you travel on the ice, without touching on land. This passage over the frozen sea, is doubtless, the most singular and striking spectacle that a traveller from the south can behold. I expected to travel forty-three miles without sight of land, over a vast and uniform plain, and that every successive mile would be in exact unison, and monotonous correspondence with those I had already travelled; but my astonishment was greatly increased in proportion as we advanced from our starting-post. The sea, at first smooth and even, became more rugged and unequal. It assumed, as we proceeded, an undulating appearance resembling the waves by which it had been agitated. At length we met with masses of ice heaped one upon the other, and some of them seemed as if suspended in the air, while others were raised in the form of pyramids. On the whole, they exhibited a picture of the wildest and most savage confusion, that surprised the eye by the novelty of its appearance. It was an immense chaos of icy ruins, presented to view under every possible form,

and embellished by superb stalactites, of a blue green colour.

Amidst this chaos, it was not without much fatigue and trouble that our horses were able to find, and pursue their way; it was necessary to make frequent windings, and sometimes to return in a contrary direction, following that of a frozen wave, in order to avoid a collection of icy mountains. In spite of all our expedients for discovering the evenest paths, our sledges were every moment overturned to the right or the left, and frequently the legs of one or the other of the company raised perpendicularly in the air, served as a signal for the whole of the caravan to halt. The inconvenience and the danger of our journey were still farther increased by the following circumstances. Our horses were made wild and furious both by the sight and smell of our great pelisses, manufactured of the skins of Russian wolves or bears. When any of the sledges were overturned, the horses that belonged to it, or to that next to it, frightened at the sight of what they supposed to be a wolf or bear, rolling on the ice, would set off at full gallop, to the great terror of both passenger and driver. The peasant, apprehensive of losing his horse in the midst of this desert, kept firm hold of his bridle, and suffered the horse to drag his body through masses of ice, of which the sharp points threatened to cut him in pieces. The animal at last, wearied out by the constancy of the man, and disheartened by the obstacles continually opposed to his flight, would stop; then we were enabled again to get into our sledges, but not till the driver had blinded the animal's eyes: but one time, one of the wildest and most spirited horses in our train, having taken

fright, and completely made his escape, the peasant who conducted him, unable any longer to endure the fatigue and pain of being dragged through the ice, let go his hold of the bridle. The horse, relieved from his weight, and feeling himself at perfect liberty, redoubled his speed, and surmounted every impediment; the sledge, which he made to dance in the air, by alarming his fears, added wings to his flight. When he had fled a considerable distance from us, he appeared, from time to time, as a dark spot, which continued to diminish in the air, and at last totally vanished from our sight. And now the peasant, who was the owner of the fugitive, taking one of the sledges, went in search of him, trying to find him again by following the traces of his flight. As for ourselves, we made the best of our way to one of the isles of Aland, keeping as nearly as we could, in the middle of the same plain, still being repeatedly overturned, and always in danger of losing one or other of our horses, which would have occasioned a very serious embarrassment. During the whole of this journey on the ice, we did not meet with so much as a man, a beast, a bird, or any living creature. These vast solitudes present a desert abandoned, as it were, by nature. The dead silence that reigns is interrupted only by the whistling of the winds against the prominent points of ice, and sometimes by the loud crackings occasioned by their being irresistibly torn from this frozen expanse: pieces thus forcibly broken off, are frequently blown to a considerable distance. Through the rents produced by these ruptures, you may see the watery abyss below; and it is sometimes necessary to lay planks across these rents, as bridges, for the sledges to pass over.

After considerable fatigue, and having refreshed our horses, about half way on the high sea, we at length touched at the small island of Signilskar, about thirty-five English miles distant from where we started; but from the turnings we were obliged to make, not less than ten miles might be added. All this while, however, we were kept in anxious suspence about the fugitive horse, supposing him lost in the abyss; we had even prepared to continue our journey, and had put on new horses to the sledges, when with inexpressible pleasure we espied the two sledges that went in pursuit, returning with the fugitive. The animal was in the most deplorable condition imaginable; his body was covered all over with sweat and foam, and was still enveloped in a cloud of smoke. Still we did not dare to come near him; the excessive fatigue of his violent course had not abated his ferocity; he was as much alarmed at the sight of our pelisses as before; he snorted, bounded, and beat the snow and ice with his feet; nor could the utmost exertions of the peasants to hold him fast have prevented him from once more making his escape, if we had not retired to some distance, and removed, the sight and sense of our pelisses. From Signilskar, we pursued our journey through the whole of the isles of Aland, where you meet with post-houses, that is to say, places where you may get horses. You travel partly by land, and partly over the ice of the sea. The distance between some of these islands is not less than eight or ten miles. On the sea, the natives have had the precaution of fixing branches of trees, or putting small pines along the whole route for the guidance of travellers in the night time, or direct-

ing them how to find out the right way after the falls of snow."

JOHN TALL, THE HUNTSMAN.

JOHN TALL, aged 87 years, huntsman to the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. of Blatchford, Devon, was born in the parish of Cornwood, near Blatchford, in the year 1719, and very early in life evinced a great predilection in favour of hunting; so much so, that he would constantly give his parents the slip, in order to attend about the neighbouring kennels and stables, so as to get all the information he could on his favorite subjects of horses, hounds, and hunting; or, whenever he had an opportunity, he would go out with the hounds, and follow them, on foot, throughout many a long and hard day's sport. This strong and early propensity not only recommended him to the huntsman, but also attracted the notice of his master, W. Savery, Esq of Slade, near Blatchford, and he took him into his service, where the following extraordinary circumstance occurred, in the course of a few years, to elevate him to the appointment of huntsman; a situation, which of any other in the world, he considered as the summit of all earthly happiness.

The accident which gave rise to his promotion, was this:—In the dead hour of the night, the hounds were extremely noisy, and Mr. Savery being at that time much indisposed, the huntsman, anxious that his master should not be disturbed, rose from his bed, and incautiously went into the kennel for the purpose of quieting them, without taking his whip or any other means of defence; and either from the hounds not

knowing him, or finding him to be unarmed, and consequently that it was in their power to be revenged for the many stripes and blows he had before given them, for he was a rigid canine disciplinarian, they all commenced a most ferocious attack upon him—got him down—tore him to pieces, and literally devoured a considerable part of him, before any discovery was made of his melancholy situation. This took place about the year 1740, in the kennel belonging to Slade, then in the possession of Mr. Savery, but now the property of John Spurrel Pode, Esq. who has rebuilt the house in a modern style, preserving only the centre part of the old edifice, which consists of a spacious lofty apartment, a large gallery in it, with a gothic arched roof of old English oak, very curiously carved; and no doubt can be entertained, from the construction of it altogether, but that it was originally a place of divine worship; most probably a chapel appertaining to the mansion. It is now converted into an entrance-hall, and a very handsome one it makes; from which, as well as its singularity and antiquity, the seat is in general called Slade Hall. Mr. Pode, the present owner of it, keeps an excellent pack of harriers: indeed few gentlemen's seats in the neighbourhood are so well situated for the enjoyment of all the sports of the field.

But, to return to the subject of these memoirs—He remained about twenty-five years in the service of Mr. Savery, when the death of that gentleman occasioned him to be thrown out of employment, but the very excellent character he had acquired, both as a huntsman and a faithful servant, easily recommended him to the notice of the late Sir Frederic Rogers, Bart. who appointed him his huntsman, in which situation he re-

mained nearly forty years, when the death of his second master again deprived him of his place; for the present Sir John Rogers was then in his minority, and not having finished his studies at the university, the hounds at Blatchford were consequently discontinued, and the venerable old huntsman, with his careful and well-earned savings, amounting to a small competency, retired with a cheerful uncorrupted heart, and an unbroken constitution to enjoy the fruits of his faithful services in a small farm and a mill, which himself and his eldest son still carry on at a short distance from the seats of his late masters; where he exhibits the happy effects of a life spent in healthful exercise, cheerful service, and uniform temperance; for although now in his eighty-eighth year, yet he stands very upright, and is nearly six feet high, being scarcely bent down in the smallest degree by the heavy hand of time: his sight, his voice, and in short all his mental and corporeal faculties are but very little impaired, his complexion is florid as that of a healthy man only forty or fifty years of age. He is capable of walking twenty or thirty miles a day with the greatest ease, as it is by no means uncommon for him to go on foot to Plymouth, twelve miles from his residence, dine with a son he has living there, and walk back again in the evening.

His passion for hunting still holds nearly the same power over him as it ever did, for if by chance the hounds come within his hearing, he cannot resist the temptation. The farm and the mill are left to the care of his son, and you will see him following the hounds on foot, with the activity of a man only forty or fifty years old. The writer of these memoirs was present,

lately, and saw him run the whole morning after the hounds when a leash of three hares were killed, and apparently he felt no fatigue, but enjoyed the sport with as much glee as any young man then present in the field.

Here let those who lead a life of riot and dissipation, who pervert the order of nature by consuming the night in debauchery, and wasting the greater part of the day in the relaxing indolence of a bed; here let them take a lesson from a healthy old sportsman of eighty-eight, and from the happy and salutary effects of a life spent in temperance, early hours, and in the invigorating sports of the field. Then, instead of suffering under all the baneful effects of gout and rheumatism, shattered nerves, and universal debility, they may exclaim, with the subject of these memoirs, and in the language of our immortal bard:

"Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty,
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors to my blood;
Nor did I with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility.
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly."

DEEP PLAY.

The late General Ogle was a noble minded man, a pleasant companion, a sincere friend, and a most indulgent parent. His only failing—which in these fashionable dissipated times the fashionable will not call a fault—was his unconquerable attachment to play.

A few weeks before he was to sail for India, he constantly attended Pam's, in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where he alternately won and lost large sums. One evening there were before him two wooden bowls full of gold, which held fifteen hundred guineas each: and also four thousand guineas in *rouleaus*, which he had won.—when the box came to him, he shook the dice, and with great coolness and pleasantry said—"Come, I'll either win or lose seven thousand upon this hand: will any gentleman set me the whole? Seven thousand is the main." Then rattling the dice once more, cast the box from him, and quitted it, the dice remaining covered. Though the general did not consider this too large a sum for one man to risk at a single throw, the rest of the gentlemen did, and for some time he remained unset. He then said—"Well, gentlemen, will you make it up amongst you?" One set him 500*l.* another 500*l.*—"Come," says he, "whilst you are making up this money—7000*l.*—I'll tell you a story." Here he began to relate a story that was pertinent to the moment; but perceiving that he was completely set, stopped short—laid his hand upon the box, saying, "I believe I am set, gentlemen?"—"Yes Sir: seven is the main." He threw out! then with astonishing coolness, took up his snuff box, and smiling, exclaimed, "Now gentlemen, I'll finish my story, if you please!"

OWEN CARROL,

THE CELEBRATED IRISH HUNTSMAN.

This man died, some time since, at Duffry Hall, the seat of Cæsar Colclough, Esq. at the advanced

age of 96; near 60 years of which he passed in the Colclough family. Being originally a farmer, he had such an inclination for hunting, that he always kept a horse of his own, and hunted with the hounds of Colonel Colclough for many years; but when the late Adam Colclough set up a pack of his own, he came and hunted his hounds at first for his amusement; but as he lived at too great a distance, to be always regular, Mr. C. gave him a farm near him; and he acted in the triple capacity of huntsman, steward, and master of the family. During the rebellion, in 1798, he and his family acted with uncommon fidelity to their employers; as one of his sons, when Mr. C. was obliged to fly, came down and remained to protect the house and property; and he never quitted his post. Another of his sons brought off horses and clothes to his master, at the risque of his life, when he was informed where to find him; and during that period the old man buried a large quantity of the family plate, which he afterwards conveyed to a place of safety. Until the last year of his life, he regularly went out with the hounds, and his voice retained its clearness and sweetness; he was well known to all sportsmen in that part of Ireland. Mr. Kelly, the late judge, about his own age, some time since, spent a day at Duffry Hall, to see and hunt with him. At one period, his and his horse's age amounted to 106 years, and yet neither could be beat. As the custom in Ireland is to attend funerals, for 70 years he never missed one within many miles.

THE KNOWING ONES TAKEN IN.

At the Rural Revels, in 1804, on the Dicker, in Sussex, called the Bat and Ball Fair, the knowing ones in horse-racing were completely taken in by a younker, who came there just as the horses were entering for a large silver cup, mounted on a shabby looking mare, with her legs bound up, and having the appearance of a complete cripple; the youth, whose exterior was as mean as that of his mare, said, after surveying three horses which had already been entered, and which were walking about in all the pride of ornament, "Dang it I've a great mind to enter my Old Mare;" the bye-standers smiled contemptuously at the young man, and sneeringly advised him to do so. The deposit having been made, and the mare entered, the youth declared he had a twenty pound note in his pocket, which he would bet, his mare won the cup; the bet was presently taken, and others to nearly double the amount laid. On preparing for the race, the knowing ones were not a little surprised at finding the young man's old mare converted, by rubbing off a coat of dust and sweat, and by taking the bandages from her legs, into a fine blood filly, and the shabby looking youth by throwing off a ragged coat and waistcoat, was as instantly transformed to a smart looking jockey, in a satin jacket and cap. The race commenced, and the old mare, with apparent difficulty, won the first heat: at the second she easily distanced all competitors; and the youth having received the cup and his bets, resumed his shabby coat, remounted his *bit of blood*, and rode off,

saying, "I hope, gentlemen, you'll remember the Old Mare!"

MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

A FEW months since, as Captain Jones, of the Royal Flintshire Militia, quartered at Hythe, who had that morning accompanied the regiment to field-exercise, on the heights near Folkstone, was standing with several officers, near the edge of the cliff, the earth suddenly gave way, under him; in consequence of which, he was instantly precipitated to the distance of 28 yards, in an oblique direction from the top; but was most providentially stopped in his fall by a small abutment on the surface of the rock, against which, his foot accidentally struck. In this dreadful situation he lay suspended, near a quarter of an hour, without daring to move, before any effectual assistance could be rendered him. Scarcely, however, had this distressing circumstance occurred, when Thomas Roberts, a private in the regiment, alarmed at the truly perilous situation of his officer, endeavoured, at the obvious risk of his own life, to extricate him; but unfortunately, in the attempt, literally fell from the top to the bottom of this tremendous precipice, being a distance of 549 feet, of which 261 feet were quite perpendicular. Providentially, the latter in his fall did not touch the captain, who, anxious to save him, had already extended his hand to him for that purpose. During this interval, a rope was expeditiously procured from the signal-house, and a noose being made at one end, it was lowered to the spot where Captain Jones lay; when he, with much difficulty, succeeded in fastening

it round his body; and was thus gradually drawn up by the spectators, who still for some time doubted the possibility of rescuing him; however, at length, he happily escaped without having sustained any material injury.

The soldier, though terribly cut and bruised in the head and various parts of his body, was taken up alive, and without a single bone being fractured, on the beach near a large stone-quarry, and immediately conveyed to the regimental hospital, at Hythe; where, to the utter astonishment of every one, he is now able to walk about, and is declared by the surgeon of the regiment to be out of all immediate danger.

The height of the cliff having since been accurately taken, by an officer of the regiment, is found, by actual admeasurement, to be as follows, viz.

	Yds.	*Ft.*
Oblique distance of Captain Jones's fall	28 or	84
Perpendicular height from the above point downwards	87 —	261
Remainder, again oblique, to the base	68 —	204
	183 or	549

FEMALE INTREPIDITY.

The singular contest which took place between the lady of Colonel Thornton, and Mr. Flint, in 1804, must not only stand recorded on the annals of the turf, as one of the most remarkable occurrences which ever happened in the sporting world; but likewise a

lasting monument of female intrepidity. The following are the circumstances which gave rise to this extraordinary race.

An intimacy once existed between the families of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint, the two ladies being sisters, when the latter gentleman frequently partook of the exhilarating bottle at the hospitable board of Thornville Royal.

In the course of one of their equestrian excursions in Thornville Park, the lady of Colonel Thornton and Mr. Flint were conversing on the qualities of their respective horses; and (as it generally happens where a spirit of rivalry exists) the difference of opinion was great, and the horses were occasionally put at full speed for the purpose of ascertaining the point in question; Old Vingarillo, aided by the skilfulness of his fair rider distanced his antagonist every time, which so discomfited Mr. Flint, that he was at length induced to challenge the lady to ride on a future day. This challenge was readily accepted (on the part of the lady) by Colonel Thornton; and it was agreed that the race should take place on the last day of the York August meeting, 1804. This curious match was announced in the following manner:—

A match for 500gs. and a 1000gs. bye—four miles.—between Colonel Thornton's Vingarillo, and Mr. Flint's br. h. Thornville, by Volunteer.—Mrs. Thornton to ride her weight against Mr. Flint's.

This match having excited much curiosity, and many observations in the newspapers, we shall here give the extract of a letter to one of the editors, dated York, Wednesday evening, August 22, three days previous to the race—

"This day after the races Mrs. Thornton, mounted upon Vingarillo, took an exercising gallop of four miles. She was dressed in mazarine blue, and wore a neat black jockey cap, looked very well, and was in high spirits. She went off in a canter, sat her horse amazingly tight and snug; at times put him to the top of his speed, winded him, and shewed that she had all his powers perfectly at her command. All the knowing ones were astonished at the style of *horseship* in which she performed her gallop, and declared it equal, if not superior, to any Cluffney or Buckle, of Newmarket celebrity. Unfortunately, when within about three distances of being home, the saddle girths gave way, and she came with considerable violence to the ground. You cannot conceive the interest we take in our fair equestrian, or the anxiety which her fall produced among those who witnessed it. I am happy, however, to assure you, that she did not sustain the slightest injury. Being a smart, active, elastic figure, she recovered her feet in a moment, did not appear in the least alarmed, made light of the tumble, and walked from the course in the same good spirits with which she came upon it. She will exercise again to-morrow, when, no doubt, every possible care will be taken to prevent the recurrence of a similar accident. Indeed I hope we shall have no reason to regret this circumstance, as it may prove the means of preventing the like on the day of trial, when such a mishap would be more serious.

"And, now Sir, to come to that which appears the grand source of curiosity and interest among many of your silly contemporaries—'The sporting Mrs. Thorn-

ton is to ride the four miles, in *buck* skin breeches—she is to ride in *doe*—she is to ride like a *man*.'

In contradiction to these assertions, made by idle scribblers, who ridicule that spirit in a woman which they do not themselves possess; the lady did not wear buckskin breeches, or doe skins, nor did she ride astride. These witlings certainly manifested a great depravity of lash, when that heroism which was admired in our female ancestors, and formed a distinguishing quality of our great and glorious Elizabeth, is treated and received with levity. But to proceed with the extract:—

The betting is now six to four upon Mrs. Thornton; and, I think, will be probably more in her favour before Saturday.

"This city, and every gentleman's house in its vicinity, are now as full as they can hold. Should more company come, I know not where they can be accommodated. Every part of the kingdom appears to have furnished its quota. I own I am not surprized at this result. It required all the dashing talents of Colonel Thornton, which are ever contriving something new with which to astonish the sporting world, to make so extraordinary a match; and in no place could the scene be laid with such *eclat* and effect as in Yorkshire."

On Saturday, August 25, this race took place, the following description of which, appeared in the York Herald:—

"Never did we witness such an assemblage of people as were drawn together on the above occasion—100,000 at least. Nearly ten times the number appeared on Knavesmire than did on the day when Bay

Malton ran, or when Eclipse went over the course, leaving the two best horses of the day a mile and a half behind. Indeed expectation was raised to the highest pitch, from the novelty of the match. Thousands from every part of the surrounding country thronged to the ground. In order to keep the course as clear as possible, several additional people were employed; and, much to the credit of the 6th Light Dragoons, a party of them also were on the ground on horseback, for the like purpose, and which unquestionably was the cause of many lives being saved.

"About four o'clock, Mrs. Thornton appeared on the ground, full of spirit, her horse led by Colonel Thornton, and followed by Mr. Baker and Mr. H. Boynton: afterwards appeared Mr. Flint. They started a little past four o'clock. The lady took the lead for upwards of three miles, in a most capital style. Her horse, however, had much the shorter stroke of the two. When within a mile of being home, Mr. Flint pushed forward, and got the lead, which he kept. Mrs. Thornton used every exertion; but finding it impossible to win the race, she drew up, in a *sportsmanslike* style, when within about two distances.

"At the commencement of the running, bets were 5 and 6 to 4 on the lady: in running the three first miles, 7 to 4 and 2 to 1 in her favour. Indeed the oldest sportsmen on the stand thought she must have won. In running the last mile, the odds were in favour of Mr. Flint.

"Never surely did a woman ride in a better style. It was difficult to say whether her *horsemanship*, her dress, or her beauty, were most admired—the *tout ensemble* was *unique*.

"Mrs. Thornton's dress was a leopard-coloured body, with blue sleeves, the rest buff, and blue cap. Mr. Flint rode in white. The race was run in nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds.

"Thus ended the most interesting races ever ran upon Knavesmire. No words can express the disappointment felt at the defeat of Mrs. Thornton. The spirit she displayed, and the good humour with which she has borne her loss, have greatly diminished the joy of many of the winners. From the very superior style in which she performed her exercising gallop of four miles, on Wednesday, betting was greatly in her favour: for the accident which happened, in consequence of her saddle-girths having slackened, and the saddle turning round, was not attended with the slightest injury to her person, nor did it in the least damp her courage; while her *horsemanship*, and *close seated* riding, astonished the beholders, and inspired a general confidence in her success.

"Not less than 200,000*l.* were pending upon Mrs. Thornton's match; perhaps more, if we include the bets in every part of the country, and there is no part, we believe, in which there were not some.

"It will be seen, by the time of performance, that Haphazard was the best horse at the meeting. Seldom have we witnessed a meeting at York, where the races have been so well contested. Almost the whole have been run, and the horses rode, in a style of great superiority. To add to the pleasure attending the meeting, the weather has been most favourable, and the company numerous and fashionable."

It is but justice to observe, that if the lady had been better mounted, she could not possibly have failed of

success. Indeed she laboured under every possible disadvantage; notwithstanding which, and the *ungallant* conduct of Mr. Flint, she flew along the course with an astonishing swiftness, conscious of her own superior skill, and would, ultimately, have outstripped her adversary, but for the accident which took place. Still confident of success in the event of another trial, the following humorous article was inserted by the lady in the York Herald.

"Having read in your paper, that Mr. Flint paid me every attention that could be shown on the occasion of the race, I request you will submit the following Elements of Politeness to the gentlemen of the turf, for them to sanction or reject, upon any future match of this kind taking place.

Element 1.—Mr. Baker, who kindly offered to ride round with me, on account of the dangerous accident I met with on the Wednesday before, from my saddle turning round, was *positively* and *peremptorily* refused this permission.

Element 2.—At the starting post, the most distant species of common courtesy was studiously avoided; and I received a sort of word of command from Mr. Flint, as thus—

"Keep that side, Ma'am!"

For a morning's ride, this might be *complimentary*; but it was here depriving me of the *whip-hand*.

I did not expect Mr. Flint to shake hands with me, that I understand being the common prelude to boxing.

Element 3.—When my horse broke down in the terrible way he did, all the course must have witnessed

the very handsome manner in which Mr. Flint brought me in, *i. e. left me out*, by distancing me as much as he possibly could.

If these should be received as precedents, the art of riding against ladies will be made most completely easy.

Challenge.—After all this, I challenge Mr. Flint to ride the same match, in all its terms, over the same course next year—his horse, Brown Thornville, against any one he may choose to select out of three horses I shall hunt this season."

The following reply (written by some poetic wag for the gentleman) appeared in the public prints, with the introduction of which we shall conclude this interesting article.

"FLINT, *Respondent*—THORNTON, *Appellant*.

My *Pegasus* dull, has the honour and pride
To acknowledge your *elements* bright:
And first, though you hint that I took the *wrong side*,
The *end* of the *race* prov'd it *right*.

In *courtesy*, next, you are pleas'd to suggest,
That I was deficient on *starting*;
But to *give you the lead* was clearly a test,
How *civil* I was at the *parting*.

I denied you a *friend* to *ride by*, I confess,
And for why?—not for the sake of the *pelf*;
But I wish'd to enjoy, in a case of such bliss,
All that pleasure and honour *myself*.

Four-fifths of the race, you must candidly own,
You had the "*whip-hand*," while behind
I humbly pursued, till your nag "was broke down"—
Then *before you to go* sure was *kind!*

But believe to the Fair I am warmly inclin'd—
To be always *polite* I am ready;
Tho' my *Horse* was so *rude* as to leave you *behind*,
I will ne'er *run away* from a Lady.

To your challenge anew, I beg to reply—
When your Ladyship's made ev'ry bet,
I'll be proud to attend, the contest to try,
For the honour again of your *wit*."

THE MUTTON-LOVING POINTER.

"I HAVE a fine pointer (said a gentleman to his friend) staunch as can be at birds, but I cannot break him from sheep." His reply was, that the best way would be to couple him to the horns of an old ram, and leave them in a stable all night, and the discipline he would receive would prevent his loving field-mutton again. The same person meeting the owner of the dog some time afterwards, accosted him thus, "Well, sir, your pointer is now the best in England, no doubt, from my prescription."—"Much the same, sir, for *he killed my ram, and eat a shoulder!*"

ARGUMENTS A POSTERIORI.

Two Leicester sportsmen were beating the meadows about Aylstone, and one of them taking aim at a snipe, brought it down on the other side of the canal, which had been cut near that place, and contains water breast high. Unable to cross the water, and thus gain their prize, they engaged a working-man, for sixpence, to strip and carry them over. The fellow performed his engagement with one of them, and then,

after carrying the other as far as the middle of the water, he declared he would set him down in that place unless he would give him a shilling. This being positively refused, the man kept his word, and throwing his rider off his shoulders into the water, ran away. Our sportsman, however, being a good shot, took his revenge, for, as the fellow was reaching the bank, he discharged his fowling-piece, and lodged the whole contents in his posteriors. The man was severely, though not dangerously, wounded. The sportsman, who was one of the faculty, generously lent his assistance, and having administered a dose so well calculated to cure the fellow's pranks in future, he felt perfectly contented at his own ducking.

A PARABLE, ADDRESSED TO REPORT-CATCHERS.

Upon the credit of a clerical sportsman, the following recipe was lately given for catching wild geese:—Tie a cord to the tail of an eel, and throw into the fens where the fowls haunt. One of the geese swallowing this slippery bait, it runs through him, and is swallowed by a second and a third, and so on, till the string is quite full. A person once caught so many geese in this manner, that they absolutely flew away with him!

TROTTING MATCH.

In a provincial town, a gentleman was exhibiting at the door of an inn a capital trotting mare, which she had been engaged in; when a butcher of the town stepping up, offered to trot his black poney against her

for twenty guineas. A smile of contempt was the only notice he at first received. However the knight of the cleaver persisting in his original offer, the bet was accepted, and the next morning appointed for the match; four miles from the spot where they then were. The black poney was one of those *shuffling bits of blood*, which are very commonly the property of butchers. His owner appeared at the starting post, mounted on his tramp, with his tray before him, and, by way of *switch*, as he called it, brandished a small marrow-bone. He was allowed the start, when immediately afterwards, as his competitor was rapidly passing him, he rattled a flourish upon his tray, which, of course, had the instantaneous effect of frightening the high mettled mare into a gallop. This repeatedly was the case, and as often, according to the etiquette of trotting matches, was the too hasty beast obliged to stop and turn round; and thus, ultimately, the black poney was made to win hollow.

EPITAPH ON AN OLD SPORTSMAN.

Reader, here lies a genuine son of earth,
Like a true fox hound sportsman from his birth;
O'er hills and dales, o'er mountains, woods and rocks,
With dauntless courage he pursued the fox.
No danger stopp'd him, and no fear dismay'd,
He scoff'd at fear, and danger was his trade.
But there's a bound no mortal can o'er-leap,
Wide as eternity, as high, as deep,
Hither by death's unerring steps pursu'd,
By that sagacious scent which none elude:
By a strong pack of fleeting years run down;
He leaves his whip—where monarch's leave their crown.

No shift, no double, could this hero save,
Earth is his kennel, his abode the grave.
Still let us listen to his parting voice,
That sound, which once made all the world rejoice,*
Still Exton's plains and Walcot's woods resound,
With the shrill cry, that cheer'd the opening hound,
Hark forward, mortals! forward! hark away!
To the dread summons of that awful day,
When the great judge of quick and dead shall come,
And wake the mould'ring corpse to meet his doom;
For this important hour may each prepare,
Midst all enjoyments, this your constant care;
Above this world let your affections live,
Nor seek on earth what earth can never give;
With stedfast faith, and ardent zeal arise,
Leap o'er time's narrow bounds, and reach the skies.

PHILLIS IN LOVE. A SPORTING TALE.

TALKING with a learned physician,† a great connoisseur in pointing and setting dogs, upon the subject of puppies, he told the following singular tale of a bitch he had, of the setting kind.

As he travelled from Midhurst into Hampshire, going through a country village, the mastiffs and cur dogs ran out barking, as is usual when gentlemen ride by such places; among them he observed a little ugly pedlar's cur particularly eager, and fond of ingratiating himself with the bitch. The doctor stopped to water

* We presume the poet has here availed himself of poetical licence; unless he means (abstractedly speaking) the Sporting World. ED.

† The late Dr. Smith is supposed to be the person here alluded to.

upon the spot, and whilst his horse drank, could not help remarking how amorous the cur continued, and how fond and courteous the bitch seemed to her admirer; but provoked in the end, to see a creature of Phillis's rank and breed so obsequious to such mean addresses, drew one of his pistols and shot the dog dead on the spot; then alighted, and taking the bitch into his arms, carried her before him several miles. The doctor relates farther, that madam, from that day, would eat little or nothing, having in a manner lost her appetite; she had no inclination to go abroad with her master, or come when he called, but seemed to repine like a creature in love, and express sensible concern for the loss of her gallant.

Partridge season came on, but she had no nose; the doctor did not take the bird before her. However, in process of time Phillis waxed proud. The doctor was heartily glad of it, and physically apprehended it would be a means of weaning her from all thoughts of her deceased admirer; accordingly he had her confined in due time, and warded by an admirable setter, of high blood, which the doctor galloped his grey stone-horse forty miles an end, to fetch for the purpose. And that no accident might happen from the carelessness of drunken, idle servants, the charge was committed to a trusty old woman housekeeper; and, as absence from patients would permit, the doctor assiduously attended the affair himself. But, lo! when the days of whelping came, Phillis did not produce one puppy but what was in all respects the very picture and colour of the poor dog he had shot, so many months before the bitch was in heat.

This affair equally surprised and enraged the doctor.

For some time he differed, almost to parting, with his old faithful housekeeper, being unjustly jealous of her care: such behaviour before she never knew from him; but, alas! what remedy? He kept the bitch many years, yet, to his infinite concern, she never brought a litter, but exactly similar to the pedlar's cur. He disposed of her to a friend of his in the neighbouring county, but to no purpose; the vixen still brought such puppies; whence the doctor tenaciously maintained, that bitch and dog may fall passionately in love with each other.

REYNARD'S SAGACITY.

A FOX having been hard run, took shelter under the covering of a well, and, by the endeavours used to extricate him from thence, was precipitated to the bottom, which was 100 feet. The bucket being let down, he instantly laid hold of it, and was drawn up a considerable way, when he again fell; but the same method being resorted to a second time, he secured his situation, and was drawn up safe; after which he was hurried off, and got clear away from the dogs.

WORDS TAKEN LITERALLY.

A CAPITAL farmer in Lincolnshire had a favourite greyhound, which was generally his kitchen companion, but having a parlour party, he ordered his dog, by way of keeping that room clean, *to be tied up*. About an hour after he enquired of the servant if he had done as he directed. "Yes, sir, I *has*."—"Very well,"—"I dare say he is dead before now."—"Why,

damn you, you have not hanged him!" rejoined the master. "Yes, sir, you bid me *tie him up!*"

"ALL HIS FAULTS."

A CELEBRATED veterinarian writer was once requested to give a professional opinion upon a new purchase, from one of the fashionable receptacles, for *figure, bone, speed,* and *perfection;* when, upon the purchaser's anxious enquiry whether it was not a fine horse, and exceeding cheap at *forty,* the cautious examiner felt himself in the awkward predicament of acknowledging he certainly was, had he possessed the advantage of *seeing* his way *in* or *out* of the stable! "SEEING his way *in or out!*" why, what the devil do you mean?"—"Only that this paragon of perfection is *totally blind!* Was he *warranted* sound to you?"—"No, I bought him with—*all his faults!*"

PARALLEL BETWEEN A NEWMARKET GROOM AND A MINISTER OF STATE.

THE groom, notwithstanding his views are very different from those of the minister, must possess the same talents, and often exert them upon similar subjects; though horse-racing is an idle diversion, and the administration of a government a most important employment. If the minister must have sagacity to penetrate into the characters and dispositions of men, so must the groom. If the minister must comprehend a very extensive and complicated scene of things, to judge with probability of future events respecting mat-

ters of state; the groom must observe and consider innumerable circumstances, equally complicated and various, to judge as probably of events relating to matches.

The minister must scheme, and so must the groom; the minister must have recourse to artifice and cunning, so must the groom; but this cunning must be subordinate to powers of a higher class; for both the minister and groom, if their paramount principle be cunning, will impose only on themselves and fools. The thorough good groom, like the able minister, moves in a large circle; they both judge of the probability of an event, not from considering that it has once happened, but from a knowledge of the causes which will probably produce it. The groom as well as the minister, must also judge for himself; and not rely implicitly on the judgment of another, whatever may be his character for sagacity and discernment; they will, therefore, in every instance, avail themselves of their own abilities, which, by undeviating deference to the authority of others, would become useless.

Both the statesman and the groom are convinced, that to produce the event which they desire, a great variety of circumstances must concur, many of which lie wholly out of their power; neither of them will be ignorant of the probability in his own favour; nay, upon some occasions, they know it is their interest, in a general view, even to make an attempt in a particular instance, where there is but a possibility of success.

The good jockey will generally profit more from believing what deserves credit, than from suspecting what does not deserve it, and so will the able states-

man; for both will be superior to that fatal error of a contracted mind, indiscriminate suspicion. As the conduct of the good groom, and the good statesman, will be thus regulated by reason, neither of them will be mortified at the blind censures of other men, or at a disappointment which can only happen by causes which they foresaw without power to prevent, or by some accident which could not be foreseen; but this very disappointment, which short-sighted men will impute to an error, by the enlarged mind of the statesman, will perhaps be improved into a means of future advantage.

THE PRIEST AND OSTLER.

Once at some holy time, perhaps 'twas Lent,
An honest Ostler to confession went,
And there of sins a long extended score,
Of various shape and size he mumbled o'er;
Till, having clear'd his conscience of the stuff,
(For any mod'rate conscience quite enough)
He ceas'd.—"What more?" the rev'rend Father cried—
"No more!" th' unburden'd penitent replied.
"But," said the artful priest, "yet unreveal'd
There lurks one darling vice within you, though conceal'd:—
Did you, in all your various modes of cheating,
Ne'er grease the horses' teeth, to spoil their eating?"
"Never!" cried Crop—So then, to close each strain,
He was absolv'd, and sent to sin again.
Some months from hence, sad stings of conscience feeling,
Crop, at confession, soon again was kneeling;
When lo! at ev'ry step his conscience easing,
Out popp'd a groan, and horses' teeth, and greasing.
"Santa Maria!" cried th' astonish'd priest—
"How much your sins have with your days increas'd!

" When last I saw you, you deny'd all this."
" True," said the Ostler, " very true it is;
And also true, that, till that blessed time,
I never, Father, heard of such a crime!"

HUG OF FRIENDSHIP; OR, THE CORDIALITY OF A BEAR.

LEOPOLD, Duke of Lorraine, had a bear, called Marco, of the sagacity and sensibility of which we have the following example:—

During the winter of 1709, a Savoyard boy, ready to perish with cold in a barn, in which he had been put by a good woman, with some more of his companions, thought proper to enter Marco's hut, without reflecting upon the danger which he ran in exposing himself to the mercy of the animal which occupied it. Marco, however, instead of doing any injury to the child, took him between his paws, and warmed him, by squeezing him to his breast, until the next morning, when he suffered him to depart and ramble about the city. The Savoyard returned in the evening to the hut, and was received with the same affection. For the following days he had no other retreat; but what added much to his joy, was to perceive that the bear had reserved part of his food for him. Several days passed in this manner.

One day, when one of them came to bring his master his supper, rather later than ordinary, he was astonished to see the animal roll his eyes in a furious manner, and seeming as if he wished him to make as little noise as possible, for fear of awakening the child, whom he clasped to his breast. The animal, though ravenous, did not appear in the least moved with the food

which was set before him. The report of this extraordinary circumstance was soon spread at court, and reached the ears of Leopold, who, with part of his courtiers, was desirous of being satisfied of the truth of Marco's generosity. Several of them passed a night near his hut, and beheld, with astonishment, that the bear never stirred as long as his guest shewed any inclination to sleep.

At break of day the child awoke, was very much ashamed to find himself discovered, and fearing that he would be punished for his rashness, begged for pardon. The bear, however, caressed him, and endeavoured to prevail on him to eat what had been brought him the evening before; which he did, at the request of the spectators, who conducted him to the prince. Having learned the whole story of this singular alliance, and the time of its continuance, the prince ordered care to be taken of the little Savoyard, who, without doubt, would have soon made his fortune, had he not died a short time after.

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